Australian PENTHOUSE

THE AUSTRALIAN MEN'S MAGAZINE

FOR SUBSCRIBERS ONLY

OCTOBER 1986

BLACK LABEL EDITION

BUNDERA GOES TURBO

Now the sporty Bundera offers you more sports performance with Bundera Turbo Diesel. Turbo power with Toyota reliability.

LANDCRUISER'S SPORTY SHORTY

Bundera has always been an agile performer. Lighter and sportier than other LandCruisers, it was the first with all coil suspension.

A fun machine with the LandCruiser heritage.

Now, thanks to advanced Toyota turbo technology, the sporty shorty goes harder than ever, in the same comfort and style.

POWER YOU CAN USE

Bundera Turbo gets extra power from a compact, lightweight turbocharger which uses exhaust gases to spin a compressor up to approximately 110,000 rpm boosting intake air pressure for increased power output.

In fact, the turbo gives 14% more power and 20% more torque than the same engine without a turbo, for easier towing and safer overtaking.

Utilising advanced Toyota technology, the turbo is protected from over-boost by a wastegate system and is water cooled for long and reliable life.

ADVANCED VEHICLE TECHNOLOGY

The power keeps coming, sweet and smooth thanks to many technological improvements. The 2.4 litre 2L-T engine includes a swirl-type pre-combustion chamber for cleaner, quieter running, eight crankshaft balance counterweights for reduced noise and vibration, and a cam profile, ground to give you plenty of torque down low.

There's also a front stabiliser bar to refine handling and stability.

THE POWER AND THE COMFORT

Sure, Bundera Turbo gives you a power boost.

But you still get the creature comforts and convenience features that make city driving, highway cruising and off road adventures more relaxing and enjoyable. Like a slick five-speed gearbox, push-button* selection of high range 4WD, a 90 litre fuel tank, fabric covered seats, AM/FM radio, door pockets and a digital clock/stopwatch.

DRIVE IT TO BELIEVE IT

You can still choose the fresh air excitement of Bundera Convertible, the extra luxury of Bundera Hard Top Deluxe or the standard Bundera Hard Top, all with petrol engines.

But for turbo power with Toyota reliability you need Bundera Turbo. See your Toyota dealer and take a test drive soon.

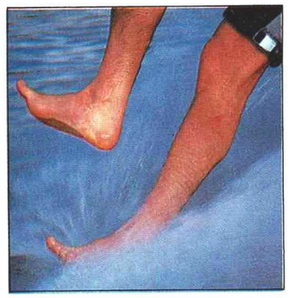
*Push button option only available in Hard Top Model.

TOYOTA

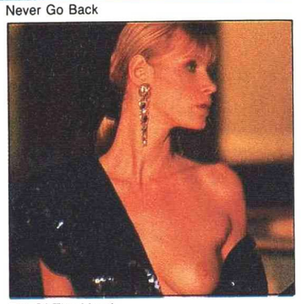
Oh what a feeling!

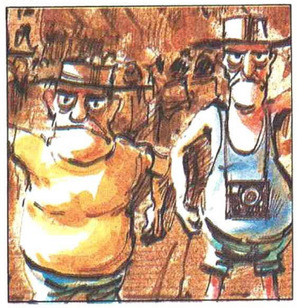
DFS/TT868

Australian
PENTHOUSE
The Australian Men's Magazine/Vol 7 No 10/October 1986


Bare Feat

Never Go Back


Pet Of The Month


World Wary

REGULARS

		PAGE
CONTENTS		
COVER	*By Nick Brokensha*	
HOUSECALL		*4*
FEEDBACK		*6*
FORUM		*9*
ANGER	*S.R. Gibbs*	*23*
LUST	*Anita Newman*	*24*
AVARICE	*David Quicksilver*	*26*
GLUTTONY	*Elisabeth King*	*28*
VANITY	*Michael Korda*	*30*
ENVY	*Greg Hunter*	*32*
SLOTH	*Fred Baker*	*34*
COMPETITION/WIN A SWISS SKI HOLIDAY		*118*
LOOSE ENDS	*Edited by C.J. Mackay*	*137*
SOUNDS	*Edited by Jeremy Cook*	*138*
FILM	*Edited by C.J. Mackay*	*139*

FEATURES

THE CURRENCY OF CRIME	*Nick Tosches*	*38*
WORLD WARY	*Colin Bowles*	*54*
THE TERRORIST TIME BOMB	*James Crown*	*74*
BARE FEAT	*Nick Carroll*	*80*
NEVER GO BACK	*Fiction by James Keith*	*88*
KATHY KEETON INTERVIEW	*C.J. Mackay*	*102*
FIGHTING BACK	*Motoring by Peter McKay*	*112*
LE PUB CRAWL	*John Emery*	*122*

PICTORIALS

BASES LOADED/PATTY	*Hank Londoner*	*44*
BLACK ROSE/LUCY	*Nick Brokensha*	*61*
THE SECRET NUDES OF LAUREN HUTTON		*94*
SERVICE STATION	*Stephen Hicks & Ed Holzman*	*129*

Australian and New Zealand Editorial Office: PH Editorial Services Pty Limited, P.O. Box 42, Cammeray, NSW, Australia 2062. Advertising Office: Horwitz Grahame Books Pty Limited, P.O. Box 42, Cammeray, NSW, Australia 2062. Telephone (02) 929 6144 Telex AA27833. Copyright © Penthouse International Limited (1983). All rights reserved. Portions are reprinted by permission of Penthouse International Limited, Original Copyright (1982). All rights reserved. Portions are reprinted by permission. On request licensee will issue formal copyright assignment of licensed material appearing by permission of licensor. Member of the Audit Bureau of Circulations. Fiction manuscripts are welcome but these must be typewritten, double-spaced, using only one side of the paper, and accompanied by a self-addressed stamped envelope for return. Names and addresses should also be written on the manuscripts. Australian Penthouse does not accept responsibility for lost manuscripts. Please allow several weeks for return. Printed by Dai Nippon, Hong Kong, ISSN 0158-0655

*Recommended price only

The Haines Hunter you need depends on what you're trying to catch.

773L

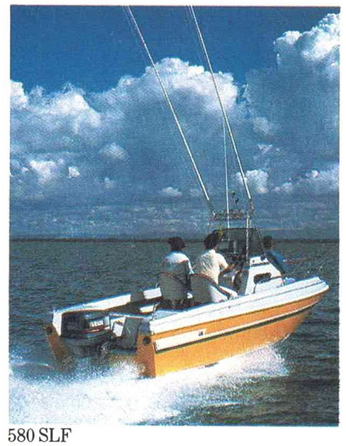
Every fisherman knows that catching the right fish requires the right kind of planning. The wrong choice of tackle or bait or timing can be disasterous. And the wrong boat can limit a good fisherman's skill for years.

At Haines Hunter we design and manufacture thirty-two different types of fibreglass boats. Each craft was built to meet the demands of varied fishing conditions. You don't have to adapt to your boat's limitations, we've adapted our boats to your needs.

The 580 SLF was designed with one purpose in mind. Fishing. The unique centre console design, forward game chair and four firm rod holders make the 580 SLF the classic fishing boat. And with a two berth walk around cabin and under floor ice-box this boat suits the overnight fisherman.

For the fishing family there is the 550 SL which features a roomy comfortable cabin, bucket seats and cockpit table. This is one of a generation of boats that combine room and performance as well as versatility to water skiing.

Off shore fishermen demand manoeuvrability from their boats.


580 SLF

The 600R is not only manoeuvrable but low and fast. The 600R has the capacity to take 235 h.p. motors and the added floorspace for all that fishing gear.

The Haines Hunter Sea-Wasp is the ideal first boat for the young fisherman. This 13 ft. open fishing boat can comfortably fit three adults. And the deep V-hull design gives the Sea-Wasp the best ride in its class at an unbeatable price!

Whether moving places in a hurry or venturing out to raid the reefs, the Haines Hunter 773L is the ultimate combination of speed, space and style. And for the really big game the 850 FBC is the only choice. If you want to cruise at 25 knots, sleep seven adults, sit back, relax and pull in the big ones, then this is your boat.

Regardless of what you're trying to catch or the kind of boat you need, Haines Hunter is the best boat a fisherman can buy. For over twenty-five years Haines Hunter have been designing, building and testing fibreglass boats for Australian conditions. The tough offshore racing circuit bred a unique hull design that cuts through water like a hot knife through butter and gives you the smooth, dry ride you deserve.

Step into your nearest Haines Hunter dealer. Take a close look at the thirty-two available models. And find the Haines Hunter that's right for you. It all depends on what you're trying to catch.

Contact your nearest Haines Hunter dealer.

HAINES HUNTER

Excellence bred from experience.

OM/HAI 1022

Australian
PENTHOUSE
THE AUSTRALIAN MEN'S MAGAZINE

EDITOR
Phil Abraham

EDITORIAL
Art Director: Doug Finley; *Senior Editors:* Corinne Mackay, Greg Hunter; *Copy Editor:* Graeme Sims; *Assistant Art Directors:* Rosanne Hyndman, Brett Fuller; *Motoring Editor:* Peter McKay; *Contributing Editors:* Mungo MacCallum, Frank Robson, Adrian Tame, Jeremy Cook, Fred Baker; *Office Manager:* Lisa Holden; *Typesetting:* Love Computer Typesetting.

ADVERTISING
Advertising and Marketing Director: Howard Jenkins; *NSW Advertising Manager:* Deborah Spicer; *Advertising Traffic Manager:* Jill Van Der Horn; *Victorian Advertising Manager:* Kieran Brazil, 153 Park St, South Melbourne 3205. Tel (03) 690 7606; SA: Krystyna Benson, Admedia Group Pty Ltd, 24 Kensington Street, Rose Park, SA, 5067. Tel. (08) 332 8144. *Qld:* Sue Horne, Geoff Horne Agencies, 16 Bellbowrie Centre, Bellbowrie, Qld, 4069, Tel. (07) 202 6813; *WA:* Tony Allen, Allen and Associates, 284 Stirling Street, Perth, WA, 6000. Tel. (09) 328 9833. *NZ:* John Scull, International Media Representation, P.O. Box 37-094 Parnell, Auckland, Tel. 793 178; *Japan:* Banco Media Services, Dai-ichi Nisawa Building, 3-1 Kanda Tacho 2-chome Chiyoda-ku, Tokyo 101. Tel. 252 2721. Telex: J25472 (BMSINC)

PUBLISHERS
Published in collaboration with Penthouse Publications Ltd c/o Ronald Fletcher, Baker and Co., 80A Stoke Newington Rd, London N16 7XF England. Edited by PH Editorial Services Pty Limited, Cammeray, NSW, Australia, 2062.

EDITORIAL OFFICES
PH Editorial Services Pty Ltd, P.O. Box 42, Cammeray, NSW, Australia, 2062. Telephone (02) 929 6144.

ADVERTISING OFFICES
Horwitz Grahame Books Pty Ltd, P.O. Box 42, Cammeray, NSW, Australia, 2062. Telephone (02) 929 6144. Telex AA 27833. Facsimile: (02) 957 1814.

DISTRIBUTORS
Horwitz Grahame Books Pty Ltd; Gordon & Gotch Ltd.

PENTHOUSE INTERNATIONAL LTD
(US edition)
Bob Guccione *(Chairman);* Kathy Keeton *(Vice-chairman);* David J. Myerson *(Chief Operating Officer);* Anthony J. Guccione *(Secretary-Treasurer);* John Evans *(Senior Vice President/Foreign Editions)*

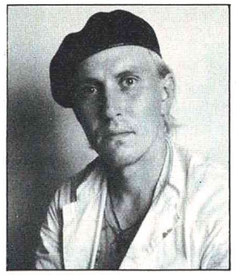
EDITORIAL
Editor-in-Chief: Bob Guccione; *Art Director International:* Joe Brooks; *Managing Editor:* Claudia Valentino; *Executive Editor:* Peter Bloch; *Graphics Director:* Frank DeVino

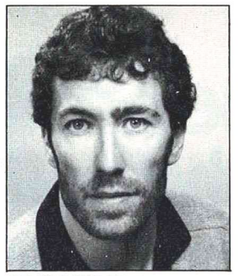
ADMINISTRATIVE
Vice-chairman: Kathy Keeton; *Executive Vice President:* David J. Myerson; *Senior Vice President/Production Director:* John Evans; *Senior Vice President/Administrative Services:* Jeri Winston; *Foreign Editions Manager:* Eriko Kusomoto.

EDITORIAL OFFICES
New York: 1965 Broadway, New York, N.Y., 10023-5965. Tel. (212) 496-6100. Telex no. 237128. *West Coast:* 924 Wedstwood Blvd., Suite 1002, Los Angeles, Calif., 90024, Tel. (213) 824 -9831.

FOREIGN EDITIONS
Brazil: Grafipar, Rua Jordania 411 Curitiba; *Germany:* Redaktion PH, Walter Greminger Presse AG, Postfach CH8021, Zurich, Switzerland; *Japan:* Kodansha, Ltd. 2-12-21 Otowa, Bunkyo-Ku, Tokyo 112; *Spain:* Editorial Formentera, Rocafort 104 Barcelona; *United Kingdom:* Sightline Publications, Ltd, Northern & Shell Bldg, PO Box 381 Mill Harbour, London E14 9PB, England.

OCTOBER


DRAHOS ZAK


COLIN BOWLES

JAMES KEITH

NICK CARROLL

YVONNE SUTHERLAND

HOUSECALL

THE CURRENCY OF CRIME
"Never, in any book, any government report, any newspaper, any magazine, has there been published an accurate explanation of money laundering." So said Michele Sindona, one of the most mysterious and powerful figures in the world of international high finance, before he revealed exclusively to *Penthouse* writer **Nick Tosches** the precise details of secret money laundering techniques used by criminal empires world-wide. Tosches' remarkable story starts on page 38.

WORLD WARY
It's unlikely any magazine has ever published a guide to overseas travel quite like this one, either. World wary **Colin Bowles'** hilarious primer on how to have loads of fun while others are dying all around you starts on page 54 with artwork by **Bill Leak.** It'll leave you howling for more.

THE TERRORIST TIME BOMB
Australia has allowed itself to become a soft target for terrorists at a time when the threat has never been greater. Having spent the past five years analysing 7000 incidents of international terrorism, **James Crown** presents a clear, concise, aggressive strategy which, if it were adopted by the Federal Government tomorrow, would reverse the shameful downgrading of the nation's counter-terrorism capabilities. **Drahos Zak's** illustration starts that story on page 74.

BARE FEAT
You don't need connections with the Almighty to walk on water. You only need enough guts to hang in there while howling along at 80 km/h with only the soles of your feet for brakes. **Nick Carroll** and **Graham Monro** capture in words and pictures the gut-thumping excitement of a barefoot blast, starting on page 80.

LE PUB CRAWL
John Emery and his partner Gonzo lose their cool and fry their brains in the heat of a Tahitian night. Are there any women on Earth more arrogant, more unattainable, more excruciatingly beautiful than these? It's enough to make a man sell his soul to the Devil — and God knows, they tried. Le Pub Crawl starts on page 122.

NEVER GO BACK
Mitch was the gun cane-cutter on the North Queensland coast, and everyone was out to shut him down — including the girl he couldn't leave behind. They got him in the end, but for a heavy price. Action-packed Australian fiction by **James Keith,** beautifully illustrated by **Yvonne Sutherland.** Turn to page 88.

KATHY KEETON INTERVIEW
One of the highest-paid female executives in the world, Kathy Keeton is the author of *Woman Of Tomorrow* — an incisive manifesto which accuses the feminist movement of embracing reactionary ignorance rather than encouraging women to educate themselves for the future. *Penthouse* Senior Editor **C.J. Mackay** explored with Keeton some of the important implications of her book in a fascinating interview starting on page 102. **David Kennedy** shot the accompanying photo.

A top view from a Penthouse.

APB 1418-A HKN0215 Foster Nunn Loveder

PENTHOUSE FEEDBACK

Is a dialogue between readers and editors concerning the editorial content of Australian *Penthouse*—
its aspirations and its areas of interest. Letters for publication should carry name and address (in capitals), although these
will be withheld on request. Send to Penthouse Feedback, Australian Penthouse Box 42, Cammeray, NSW 2062.
Views published are not necessarily endorsed editorially.

Shooting the breeze

I recently read the article A Lot Of Hot Air in the June issue and would like to get my hands on the book from which much of the story's information was taken. The author mentioned that the book was called *Reports From Behind* and that it was written by Colin Spencer and Chris Barlas, but I have been unable to find it in any bookshops.

Farting is a subject that's as close to my heart as it is to my jocks and I feel a book such as this would greatly enhance my knowledge of the subject. I am currently making a tape recording of a variety of my own farts and a few of those of friends. Additional information will be very handy for me to convince other friends and relatives to contribute to my project. — *G.I., Carrum Downs, Vic*

Reports From Behind *is not available in Australia. If you're really keen you can direct further enquiries to Enigma Books, 4 Brook St, London, WIY IAA* — Ed

The New Wrong

I was slightly bemused by your article on The New Right in the US in your July edition. It was an interesting story, but I just wonder why you didn't have one from the Australian perspective. Believe me, up here in the far north of Queensland there are goons roaming around spreading a doctrine of hate just as vehemently as in the States — though less organised.

At least the KKK would seem to observe a little ceremony — no such formalities around here. Admittedly, it will be a brave — if not stupid — man who writes this story. I assure you it won't be me. — *A.J., Atherton, Qld*

Ooh la la

Just thought I'd write to let you know that I nearly over-cooked my camembert at the sight of the incredible Miss France — defrocked in your July issue. *A la carte!* What a woman! The English language fails me, I'm afraid, and as you can read so far I'm no good at writing a French letter either — but what the hell. Here's an Aussie *cooee*. — *Tim Roberts, Perth, WA*

Nice day at the orifice

All day long I sit at this desk. You should see me now, flicking through my *Penthouse* while my IN-tray is groaning under its weight. Ah, public service life — it can all wait.

Karen Lyle . . . a public service

My July *Penthouse* has helped though. Every ten minutes I have to go back and have another look at the gorgeous Karen Lyle, photographed so brilliantly in that office setting. (I buzz Iris, my secretary, for a coffee — she's been in this department for 35 years — so I don't have to break my train of thought. She puts my coffee down and sneaks off without a word. She knows I'm a busy man.)

You called that pictorial Private Enterprise. Believe me, in presenting Karen you performed a very public service. It may be an understatement but she could sure liven things up around here. — *A.K., Curtin, ACT*

Hot tips

I enjoyed the amusing article How Not To Pick Up Girls (June *Penthouse*). Believe it or not, some of the opening lines and strategies lampooned by the writer do really work, though I admit I haven't chalked up a great average with: "You can help me explore my favorite planet — Uranus."

A modified version of "Pardon me, miss, but I think you dropped your IUD," can come in handy though. I carry a tampon around with me and approach good looking women to ask them if they've dropped it. If they get all embarrassed and grab it, you know not to waste your time because they've got their period. If they say it isn't theirs you know you can proceed towards intimate acrobatics with no strings attached — and you've broken the ice!

The bit about hanging around the ladies' toilets to work out which women are going the most times — and thus are the drunkest and easiest — doesn't always work. I used the trick to snare a girl — she'd been eight times and I thought she was a pushover. When I got her home it turned out that she had a severe case of cystitis and we didn't have sex. Ripped off! Keep up the good work. — *Name and address withheld*

Shit scared

Something about Rangi Nicholls' hint on dispersing eight freaks who are out to neck you (Who Dares — August *Penthouse*) worries me. "Put your hand in your pants, get a hand full of crap and throw it at them," he says.

Frankly — not that I'm in the habit of organising lynch parties — if someone threw crap at me, it'd make me rather mad. If someone did that to me *then* perhaps I'd feel like rounding up a few buddies to rub their noses in it. And does he really believe eight heavies are going to stand there while you unbuckle your belt and undo a fly to get a hand down your jocks? And then watch mesmerised while you summon a turd?

Admittedly, this guy *was* trained in the New Zealand SAS; I know Kiwis are full of shit, so perhaps it is a feasible idea over there. Until then, I'm sticking to my Magnum. — *Name and address withheld*

Come raw prawning

It's often said that opportunity knocks but once; for June centrefold Kristina Dwyer, this has never been truer. I have the honor of offering Kristina a position in which all her talents can be utilised, offering extensive travel, and the chance for discourse with some of the best minds in the Territory — at least, what is left of them.

Too good to be true? The stout and fearless crew of the prawn trawler *Perpetua* are willing to let Kristina sign on to put her education to use, before her talents are lost on the barbarians of Sydney society. Kristina, are you ready? A bus ticket will be made available on request. — *Voltaire, Dangerous, Swamp & Scolly,* F.V. Perpetua, *Darwin*

The World's Best Radar Detectors Are Now Available In Australia!

If you follow motorsports and auto enthusiast magazines throughout the world, you've probably noticed that whenever the American press reviews radar detectors, one source is singled out time and time again: Cincinnati Microwave, makers of the ESCORT and PASSPORT radar warning receivers.

In The Beginning

About ten years ago, we were just a small group of engineers that also happened to be car enthusiasts. After evaluating all the radar detectors on the market, we decided that the only way we could have the best detector possible was to design and build it ourselves. Two years later, we introduced ESCORT.

Report Card

When *Car and Driver* first tested ESCORT in 1979, they were overwhelmed: **"The ESCORT truly stood out from the rest...In no test did any of the other detectors even come close."**

Our Secret

How did a small company come from nowhere to take such a lead? We had extensive background in military and communications electronics, which allowed us to design the first high performance dual band superheterodyne detector circuitry. But what was equally important was the fact that we were car enthusiasts. The detectors on the market at that time told you that radar was there, but nothing else.

All the Right Moves

We knew that a detector should tell you how close the radar was, so we developed a geiger-counter-like audio alert that pulses slowly when the radar is weak, quicker as it strengthens, and is a constant tone as you approach the radar unit. A volume control lets you set the level for your car.

We realized that the two different bands of radar acted differently, so we used different warning tones for each: "beep" for X band, a more urgent "brap" for K band because you have less time to act.

We also added a meter to indicate signal strength. And realizing that a bright alert lamp is necessary in the daytime but would interfere with night driving, we added a photoelectric sensor that automatically adjusts the alert lamp to suit the lighting conditions in your car, night or day.

Car and Driver noticed. They said, **"Once you try the ESCORT, all the rest seem a bit primitive...In almost every way, this is a brilliantly conceived device."**

Momentum Not Enough

Naturally, we were proud that our efforts were recognized, but we knew that there is only one way to stay on top. And that is to never stop working. While others are proliferating models, we just keep working to make our detectors better. When we find an improvement, it goes straight into production. So our products are always state-of-the-art.

Modern Classic

In the years since its introduction, ESCORT has become the classic instrument of radar detection. Our policy of continuous refinement has maintained its leading-edge performance. In fact, when it comes to finding radar, nothing can replace ESCORT.

But the person on the move, switching between cars or using rentals in distant cities, needs the smallest detector possible. And for these people we developed PASSPORT.

Small Wonder

PASSPORT offers ESCORT performance and features in a miniaturized package, about the size of a cassette tape. This miniaturization is possible only with SMDs (Surface Mounted Devices), micro-electronics common in satellites but unprecedented in radar detectors. It's no surprise that such a superlative design should be greeted by superlatives by the experts.

Track Record

Our continuous product development has been noted many times over the years, as the following quotes will attest:

1980 *Car and Driver:* **"The ESCORT has become the most coveted high performance road equipment since the turbocharger."**

1981 *BMW Roundel:* **"The ESCORT is the best there is, nothing else even comes close."**

1982 *Car and Driver:* **"The ESCORT is still the best radar detector money can buy."**

1983 *BMW Roundel:* **"The ESCORT simply keeps getting better."**

1983 *Car and Driver:* **"The ESCORT is clearly the leader in the field in value, customer service, and performance."**

1984 *Rotary Rocket:* **"Countless refinements keep ESCORT at the leading edge of technology."**

1985 *Car and Driver* tests PASSPORT and ESCORT against 12 remote units. The results: **PASSPORT and ESCORT earned over 400 points each, with the next unit receiving only 274 points! "In a word, the PASSPORT is a winner."**

1985 *BMW Roundel:* **"Whether you pick the PASSPORT or ESCORT, you can't go wrong. In this league, made in Cincinnati means the best."**

Rapid Growth

We've grown, but the spirit that started the company remains. We're dedicated to designing and making the world's most advanced radar detectors. In fact, *Car and Driver* said this about us when we introduced PASSPORT: **"Science, as they say, does march on. In this case, it's an aggressive bunch of car enthusiasts and electronic whiz kids in Cincinnati, Ohio, who are calling the cadence, and we'll all have to pick up our feet to keep the pace."** That's probably our favorite quote ever.

New Australian Office

Unlike some other people, we're in this business for the long haul. We're bringing our technology to Australia with detectors designed for Australian drivers. We know that satisfied customers are the best way to assure future sales, so we've set up a full sales and service facility in Sydney. In the U.S., we've got a reputation for fast, efficient service, and we're putting similar systems in place to earn that reputation in Australia.

Our Sydney facility is prepared to serve you in person, or through the mail. Unlike other people that sell radar detectors, we don't sell radios, watches, tyres, or refrigerators. Radar detectors are the only thing we sell. Our staff is trained to answer any questions you may have.

Try at no risk

Take the first 30 days with Escort or Passport as a test. If you're not completely satisfied return it for a full refund. You can't lose. We also back our products with a full one-year limited warranty on parts and labour.

ESCORT®
RADAR WARNING RECEIVER

PASSPORT®
RADAR·RECEIVER

Local call fee only
(008) 22 6155
Sydney callers phone: 437 6377
For your convenience we accept, Bankcard, Visa and Mastercard.

Cincinnati Microwave Australia Inc
Department No. 100 010 A06
360 Pacific Highway
Crows Nest N.S.W. 2065

"Let's go back to the future."

"What a Sterling idea."

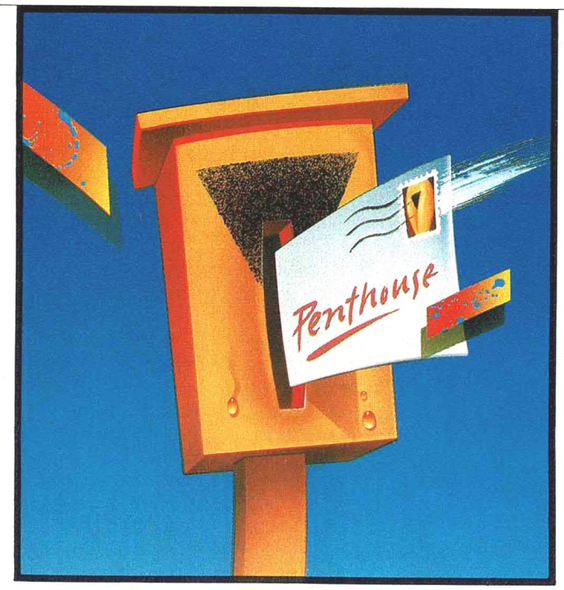
WARNING - SMOKING IS A HEALTH HAZARD

BENSON and HEDGES
STERLING 25s
VIRGINIA, SPECIAL MILD AND MENTHOL

BH7914PEN mojo APB0963/C

PENTHOUSE FORUM

Letters should carry name and address (in capitals), but these will be withheld by the Editor on request.
Letters become the property of Australian *Penthouse*. Send to Penthouse Forum, Box 42, Cammeray, NSW 2062.
Views published are not necessarily endorsed editorially.



A friendly

An invitation to a game of tennis with a beautiful girl is not the kind of proposition I'm likely to turn down. My game is of a barely reasonable standard; I can feel more than proud of myself with the simple sweet smack of a backhand — certainly not your competition player. But I felt reasonably confident of holding my own, so to speak, against Carol. She had told me when we met at a party that she had played a bit and had had some lessons, but frankly, I've never played with a woman who wasn't just of the hit-and-giggle brigade.

So understand that my mind was on anything *but* tennis when I met her at the court — I was in the mood for fun and furthering our relationship. Even the fact that she was done out to the hilt in her whites — a mini-skirt revealing the firm thighs and calves of an athlete, and her blouse close-clinging to her gorgeously firm breasts — didn't dawn on me at all. Her hair she had tied up and back — revealing a graceful neck: ready for business.

I could only ogle her beauty, and feeling quite horny I felt a tremor at the sight of her, the warm flood of lust in my loins. We took our places though, and began a warm-up rally at a gentle pace. I was giving the shots a bit of air to give myself a chance to watch her move — *oh so gracefully* — and return, which she did extremely competently. When our very first rally lasted over a minute, I felt a little intoxicated by it all — almost hypnotised.

I dragged one lazily into the net. "Okay, my serve," she said. "Give me those balls of yours . . ."

I gulped. "Jeez, if you want them after one point, what's going to happen if you win the match?"

She smiled. "No mucking around here. Give them to me."

I gulped again as I saw her hold out her hand to me, impatiently wiggling her fingers — and only then made the connection with the tennis balls I'd stuffed in my pocket. I tossed them to her, and let her words loll around my brain as I savored their erotic overtones. I moved into sexual first gear, and noticed my daks tightening.

She took her serving stance; holding two balls in the cup of her left hand, she switched them and deftly rolled them about as she chose one, secreting the other in a pocket.

Suddenly she tossed the ball — and I saw an insane flash of pink on nothing more than a G-string as her skirt rode up. I didn't even have time to realise that the ball had come at me like a bullet, not only aceing me, but taking me squarely in the guts on the up.

I burst into shocked laughter and rubbed myself. *It hurt*. I looked up again . . . to see that she had swapped to the other court and was impatiently bouncing a ball in readiness for her next serve, waiting for me to get into place. *Oh oh — second gear*

Next serve, I returned — just — only to see her gracefully sweep into the net and send it flashing past crosscourt.

"Thirty-love," she called.

I fought the fat in my pants, cackling to myself, desperate now for some concentration. The next serve — *no faults, for Chrissake* — I returned sweetly. Then her backhand — my forehand with a little air, for another perve — then her slicing backhand to the baseline, taking me by surprise with its depth. It sat up just enough for me to return it, though loosely. She hunted it down . . . I sprang to my toes in readiness. I had to lunge fully to return but was still able to get a strong one in down the line. She lunged on her backhand, and as she did the rear of her skirt flashed up revealing the delicate plump of a perfect arse, brown and flexed . . . Her shot scorched past me for a winner.

So it went, rally after rally, pumping that ball back and forth like I had never played before. I was at my wit's end as I fought to hold my serve and force the tie-breaker. "I'll break you, you bastard," I heard her grunt as she humped a top-spin forehand, thinking she had the point in the bag. I lunged towards its landing point, anticipating it down the line.

Instead, like magic, it clipped the net and spun into the air before dropping just on my side. I was virtually off-balance, half on the ground.

Yet I sprang up somehow, shaking sweat from my eyes, and flew towards it. She waited poised on the baseline.

I jammed it . . .

Incredibly, my shot hit and clipped the net, it too spinning into the air . . . before just dropping over on to her side, still in play.

She sprang like a cat, closing in . . .

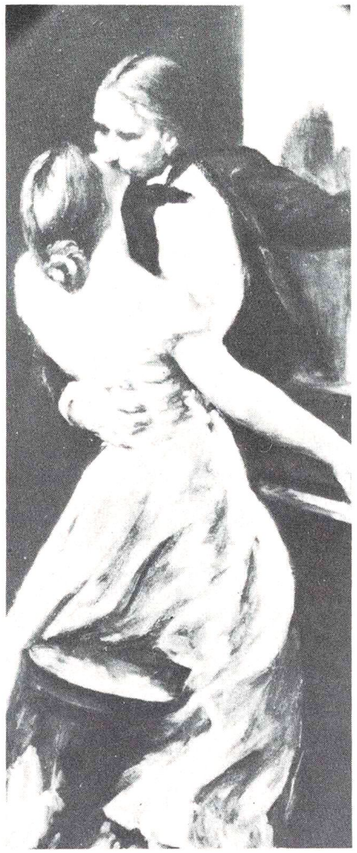
I stood my ground on the net and watched her, as if in slow motion, draw her racquet back and cock her wrist . . . I knew she was going to make it, *the bitch*, and I just had time to turn my back as she made impact, with a huge grunt/squeal as she smacked it with full power.

The sound of her voice instantly turned me to jelly. Yet the ball connected squarely with the cheek of my arse, instantly stinging — incredibly so. Water filled my eyes and my knees gave way . . .

I collapsed to the ground, my cock pumping and contracting as the most intense orgasm of my life gripped me, *but dry* . . .

I think I must have fainted, because the next thing I knew she was cradling me in her sweaty arms and blowing on my face, her dress drenched to the touch and her breathing frantic.

Seeing my look of recognition, a huge smile broke out across both our faces. I saw her look down towards the huge bulge in my pants, my erection pressing out-



Tabu . . . an embrace that lives forever in a fragrance.

The Forbidden Fragrance

FORUM

wards almost painfully against its confines. "Quick," she said. "Let me help you inside. We've got to loosen your clothing."

Somehow I staggered to my feet and, half resting on her shoulder, we made our way to the small shed on the side of the court. Once inside, she helped me on to the lunch bench and pillowed my head with a towel. Her next move almost had me fainting again. Sliding her hand up the inside of my leg, she bore down upon my rigid cock while slipping two fingers beneath my shorts, settling her cooling fingers upon its head. With the other hand, she gently eased my waistband down until my rod suddenly sprang clear, waving towards her. In one movement, she released her pinned-up hair and let it cascade over my mid-section, allowing me the pleasure of her cooling gossamer. Somehow it completely shielded her face from view — the next thing I knew, it was the hot moistness of her breath, and dripping saliva as she entombed my cock in the gorgeous shrine of her mouth. I flexed and tensed against her slow, ponderous, succulent licking as she pursed her lips and let me sink deeply into her. I began shuddering; with that single stroke she brought me again to the brink of orgasm. However, she clenched down hard at the base of my penis with her lips, forming a firm but hindering pressure against her jaws. Somehow, the wave of climax passed for the moment. As it did, I grappled for her and found the cool dark flesh of her upper thigh — and that cheek of arse that tormented me so.

"Come on," I urged. "I want to taste you, too." Still holding me in her mouth, she slipped off her G-string and slowly climbed the table, casting her leg across my head until her pussy was poised above me as we assumed the 69 position. I held her hips and urged her down. The aroma was sweet and wild. As I made the first pass with my tongue, slightly craning my neck to feel the drench of her glistening lips, her pressure on my cock released again and it was slavering softness.

I licked and slapped her clit with my tongue, parting her labia as she increased the rhythm of her licking and sucking. Then in one movement, she dropped her arse fully upon my face, and I was at once breathless and feverish as I began to maul her cunt. She ground down upon me, draping sweet pussy juice and lips across my face while I fought for breath and control of my pulsating cock. Suddenly she was coming, panting and crying above me, virtually fucking my nose, it seemed, in her frenzied ecstasy. I simply held firm, overawed by her passion. As the moment of orgasm passed for her, she lifted her arse up, suddenly over-sensitive, allowing me my first clear breath for about a minute. I was still rock hard.

I moved her off to one side, slid my feet on to the floor, and then flipped her over, spreadeagling her over the edge of the table face down. Grabbing and lifting her thighs, I parted her labia and gently guided myself into the firm recesses of her vagina from behind. She bucked and tensed against me. I lifted her skirt to get a better view of her flexing arse and then began jamming it into her as she cried out and flailed her arms back towards me to try and gain some footing against my thrusting. I avoided her, allowing her to be cut loose from such ties, until she was bawling for pleasure and mercy at the same time. I reached around and under, forcing the heel of my palm against her pubic mound and raising her slightly aloft, before completely losing control and thrusting wildly — both of us crying and coming together, jerking insanely, my semen pumping way, way inside her and incredible jets of energy surging between us. The aroma of our climaxes filled the air as I soon withdrew, drew her to me, and kissed her long and slow as our feelings subsided — before half-carting her to my car and taking her back to my bedroom.

So much for old-fashioned courting. — *Name and address withheld*

Up, and away

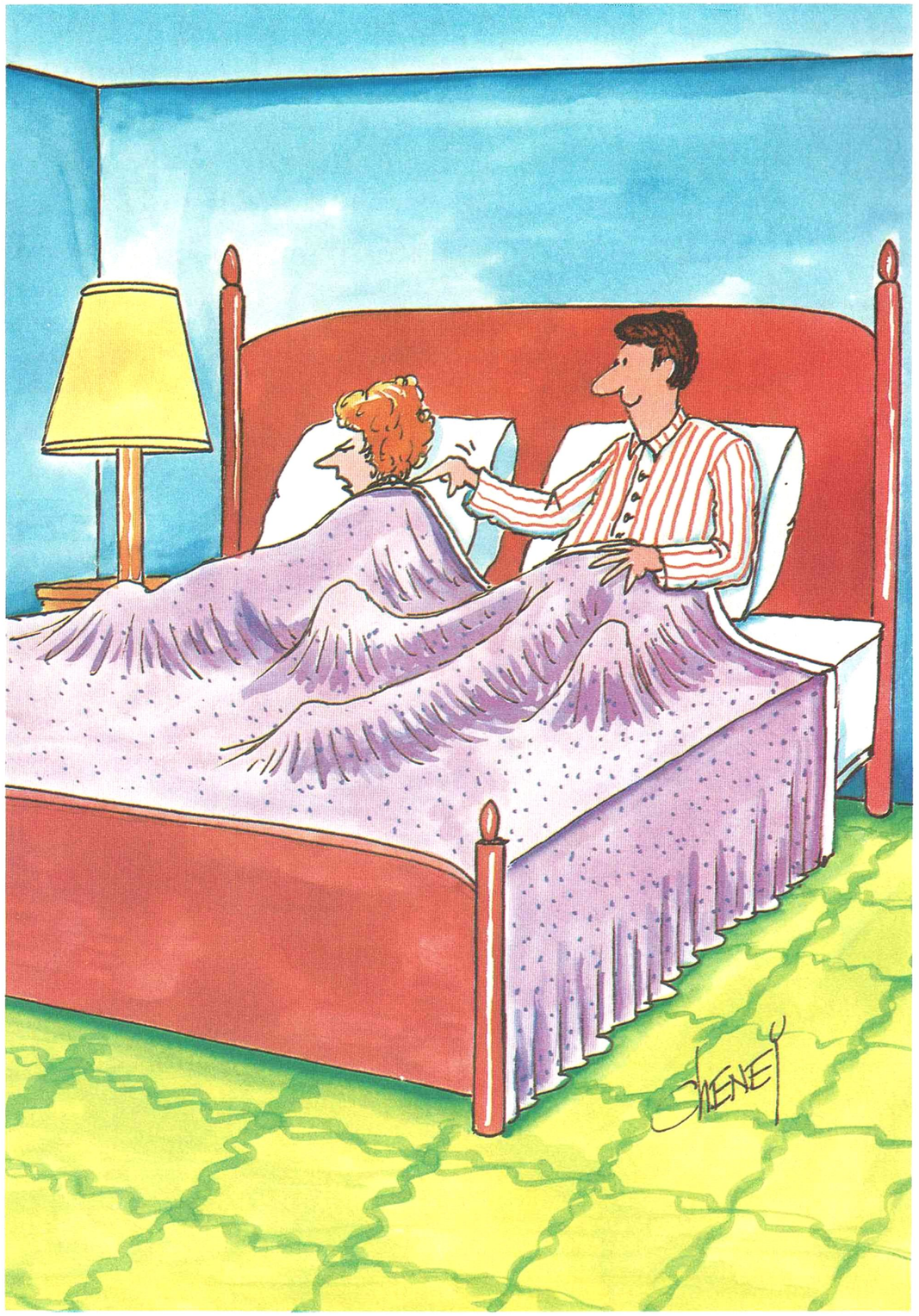
I am a 22-year-old student, currently attending an uptight university. The girls here are incredibly conservative; in other words, I've been laid only once in my career.

Three weeks ago, at the beginning of semester, I looked forward to a dry final year, my only excitement being flying lessons. My desire for a private pilot's licence, however, was not so great as my intense need to get some pussy. Now both of these wishes are being fulfilled beyond my wildest dreams.

The solution to my frustrations came in the form of my flying instructor, Trish. When I was first introduced to her, I was shocked to find a gorgeous young blonde smiling mischievously at me. Trish was 25, with honey-blonde hair hanging to her pert, upturned breasts. She had on a green jumpsuit, which was zipped from her crotch to her cleavage. I couldn't help noticing how the suit sneaked up her arse and outlined her luscious, bulging cunt.

Trish grabbed my hand and led me to the Cessna, which was to become our airborne bedroom. Since this was my first flight, she preflighted and taxied the plane to the designated runway. At this point she reached across, placed her hand on my inner thigh and whispered, "We'll be up soon." She then gave the plane full throttle, and soon we were hurtling down the runway and lifting off.

Once the plane was airborne and out of the traffic pattern, she trimmed it for level flight and told me to take the wheel. By this time my dipstick was rock-hard from the engine vibrations and the closeness of my



"Not tonight, Floyd . . . I don't feel like climbing."

With over half a million kilometres of sealed roads in Australia, you may have to drive a long way on bitumen to get off the beaten track.

Yet most tyres that are built for the bush can't come to grips with "civilised" roads.

Especially in the wet.

What is needed is an off-road tyre that performs like a passenger tyre on the road. And vice versa.

Bridgestone Desert Dueler gives you the versa without the vices.

As Bushdriver Magazine reported: "We couldn't fault the Bridgestones in rocky or boulder, gravel or sandy conditions. The Bridgestone Steel Radials gripped the rock surfaces with confidence and ease, whilst the sidewalls flexed beautifully.

After hard abuse and punishment, we noticed no fractures, bruising or damage of any sort."

The same advanced steel belted radial construction that makes light work of any heavy going in the bush easily handles the irregularities of the "civilised" road.

The precisely angled dynamic block tread pattern of the Bridgestone Desert Dueler minimises all tread movement, to provide a longer wear life and noticeably reduce road noise on bitumen roads.

And the flexible sidewalls keep the tread flat on the road giving outstanding adhesion and excellent steering stability – even on the wettest of roads.

Bridgestone Desert Dueler: a dual purpose tyre that is not just another compromise.

Rather, a tyre that is totally at ease on or off-road.

BRIDGESTONE

Desert Dueler. Built to survive the outback and the road back.

BAL4145

FORUM

instructor. As I tried to keep the plane under control, she turned to me, running her tongue over her full lips and said, "How would you like to be in two cockpits at once?" My throat was dry as she slowly unzipped her jumpsuit down to her silky blonde fur. I turned the plane to bank left, an unexpected manoeuvre that landed Trish's face in my lap. Her fingers skilfully undid my fly. She grabbed my throbbing throttle with both hands and yelled, "Switch on the auto pilot, and I'll teach you how to really fly!"

I let go of the wheel, pulled her on to my lap and muffed her steaming cunt for all I was worth. I rotated my fingers like a propeller around her swollen clit, while she tried to suck my purple helmet inside her. With this my altimeter maxed out, and she quickly climaxed on my dick. I began to thrust wildly as my cock took off on its final flight. I let loose like a turbo jet, grabbing her firm little cheeks as we both climaxed, panting "Mayday, Mayday!"

Trish sat back down, took over the controls and calmly proceeded to fly us back to the airport. After parking, I walked her to her car, where she gave me a quick kiss and said, "You fly very well. See you next week!" I knew I was in for a great year. I wonder if anyone else has taken off like this. — *Name and address withheld*

Lucky at the library

I have always joked that if it weren't for bad luck, I'd have no luck at all. But man, did I get lucky a few nights ago.

I attend night school at tech college and I often go to the library after class. While I was browsing through the stacks recently, I felt someone watching me. Turning toward the tables at the end of the aisle, I caught the eye of a very pretty young girl. She smiled tentatively and nodded. I assumed she was someone in one of my classes whom I simply hadn't noticed, though I was thinking that the man who failed to notice this creature needed his balls examined. So I went over and asked her if I had ever had the pleasure of meeting her. Her voice quivered when she spoke. "No, but I bet you'd like to get to know me, wouldn't you?" she said. She looked at me sheepishly and turned away. Immediately I knew the score. My god, I thought, I'm being picked up by a chick who's afraid of her own shadow. I figured I'd better take charge before she lost her nerve, and I this golden opportunity.

So I sat down and gently put my hand on her shoulder. "I sure would like to get to know someone as pretty as you," I said softly. Then I started tracing little circles down her arm, along her side and finally across her thigh.

"I bet you would," she said hoarsely. Her eyes were closed, and she flinched when I touched her knee."

"But you shouldn't be out so late by yourself," I said. The words obviously relaxed her because she slumped down in her seat and unconsciously spread her legs. Quickly, I slid my hand underneath her short skirt. "Because you never know when someone might slide his hand up your skirt," I joked, "and put it here." I fingered her mound through her panties, and to my surprise the girl shot up out of her seat like she'd just sat on a tack. The gasp that caught in her throat and the expression on her face told me what was really happening here: 'You're a cherry!" I exclaimed, pointing a finger in her face. "You're shopping for your first screw." She hung her head and turned two shades of red. I lifted her chin and peered into her soft brown eyes: "Of course, this'll be a tremendous sacrifice on my part," I said. "But I think I can help you solve your problem." We both laughed.

Looking around and seeing that there was no-one in the immediate area, I got the girl to her feet and flicked my tongue across her lips. She moaned deep in her throat. Then, pinching myself — I still couldn't believe my luck — I kneeled and slowly rolled her moist panties down her trembling legs and stuffed them in my pocket. Then I hoisted her up on to the table, and gently lay her on her back. She spread her thighs and presented me with an arresting view of paradise.

Taking every precaution, I left the girl lying there a moment while I checked out the area. Being so close to closing time, it appeared we had the whole library to ourselves. The girl was lying there with her skirt pulled back over her belly, her pelvis undulating wildly, her tongue licking her dry lips, and her fingers rummaging through her blonde pubic hair. She was really turned on. Cupping one hand under her cheeks I shoved my darting tongue way up inside her wet pussy. "Oh God, no!" she shrieked as she tossed her head from side to side. Her body lurched convulsively toward the head of the table as she tried to escape my probing tongue; yet at the same time she squeezed my skull like it was a head of lettuce and tried to cram it inside her oozing cunt. When I rolled my tongue over her swollen clit a second later, she came with such intensity I thought she was going to fall off the table.

After dabbing at the wet spot on the front of my pants with a sheet of looseleaf paper, I decided to quickly check the aisles again. When I returned to the table after not seeing anyone, the girl was seated upright and breathing almost normally again. "God, I thought I was dying," she told me with a sigh, her eyes dancing in her head.

I unzipped my pants. "It's not over yet," I said. I pulled out my manhood and shoved my tongue halfway down her throat. Getting the girl to her feet, I spun her around and bent her over at the waist, laying her face down on the table. I punctured her pussy sheath with my cock

"Okay, Mr. High Tech.
You've shown me some software. Now show me some hardware."

head and slowly worked my seven inches all the way up inside her. She really was a cherry, too. I hadn't felt a pussy hug my prick that tightly in so long, I shot off almost immediately — falling exhaustedly across her back, which I felt shudder ecstatically in orgasm. We lay like that for hours, it seemed.

Apparently, I have lucky stars after all. As for Becky, she's tickled pink that she learned her "lesson in life", as she calls it, in, of all places, the library. She agrees with me that it's wiser, however, to continue the lessons in the privacy of her room. — *Name and address withheld*

The hot tub

Whenever I go away on holidays, wild things seem to happen. I'm talking about events that just don't happen at home. On a recent weekend ski trip, for example, I had a rendezvous I will not soon forget.

My friend Scott and I arrived at the resort about five o'clock on a Friday afternoon and immediately began to party. After we drank a bit, we were ready for anything. At about 11 o'clock that night, we decided to hit the jacuzzi. By this time I was feeling particularly brave, so I took off my shorts and climbed into the steaming water. Being in a public jacuzzi, I knew that this might not be the smartest move, but I didn't care.

After a few minutes of uneventful soaking, two attractive females showed up. Scott and I watched as they dropped their towels and robes and slipped into the embracing warmth of the water. They must have known we were staring at them, because they looked at us and then just giggled. Temporarily put off by their haughtiness, Scott and I turned our attention back to the bottle of tequila we had with us. We were passing the contents back and forth when one of the girls asked if she could join us. She was blonde and had tits like ripe melons fresh off the vine, so of course we did not deny her our bottled heat. She took a deep swallow of the stuff and then her friend came over to join us. A brunette with smaller more compact breasts, she introduced herself as Tracy and her blonde friend as Robin. Scott and I introduced ourselves and the party was in progress.

With the four of us now sharing the bottle, it wasn't long before we needed another. As I was naked — which the girls hadn't realised — Scott volunteered to run up to our room to get a replacement. I, on the other hand, had no desire to leave the comfort of the water, not only because it was freezing out that night, but also because it hid the erection I had gotten from staring at Tracy's firm little breasts. They were a perfect fit for my hands, with nipples blaring through thin bikini fabric. I guess Robin noticed my interest in her friend's chest, because with a taunting gleam in her eyes she asked me what I was looking at. I stammered for a moment and then I just kind of figured "what the hell", so I replied, "Tracy's tits." Now that I think about it, I can't believe I said that, but it's a good thing I did because Robin then said, "Yeah, I like them too." And with that, she undid Tracy's top and took one of those inviting love jugs in her hand. And to think I had been nervous about being naked!

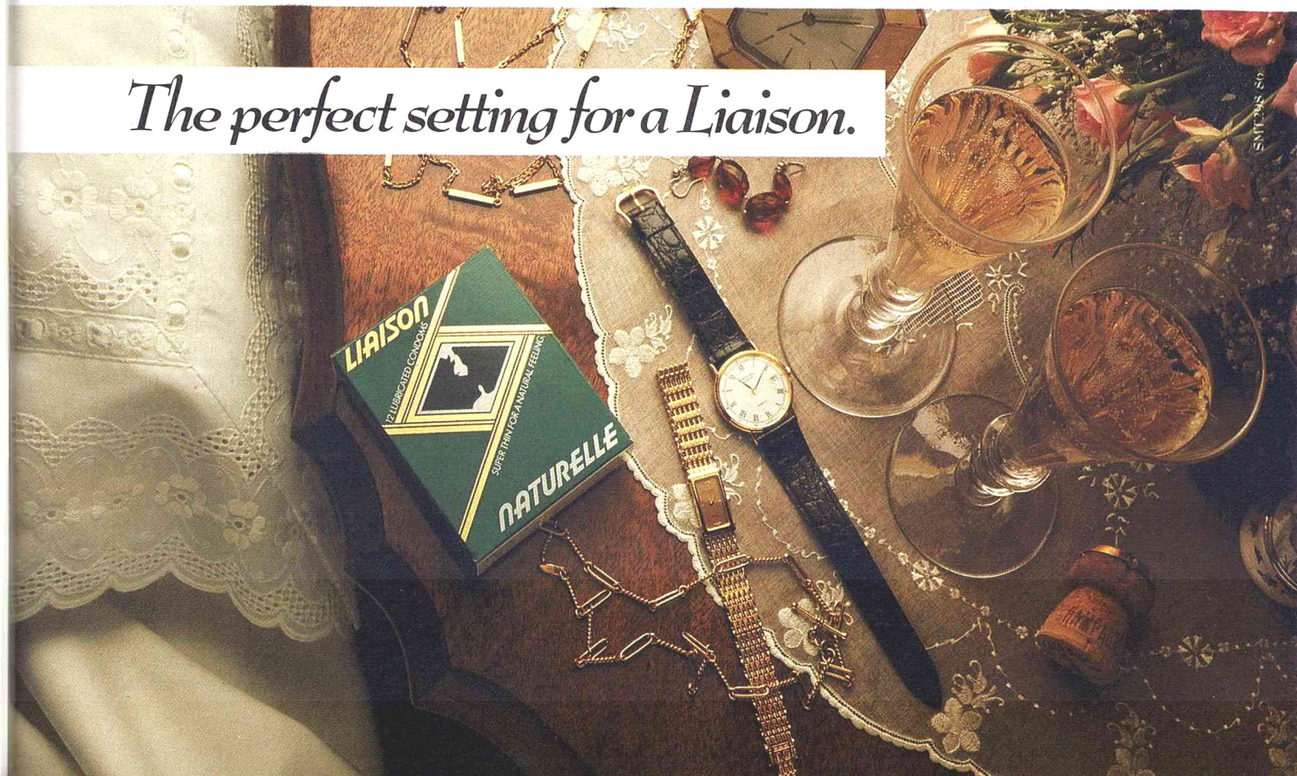
I needed no further provocation and slid over next to Tracy and began to French kiss her while my hand found her right tit. Her nipple was already hard, so I bent down and took it in my mouth. As I flicked at her with my tongue, Robin came over to me and reached for my engorged member. She was delighted that I was completely ready for her, and in no time at all she was playing with my balls with one hand and stroking my shaft with the other. By this time I was oblivious to my surroundings, so I raised myself out of the water just enough for Tracy to go down on me without drowning. She began by nibbling on the head of my cock while Robin continued to fondle my nuts. Then, with amazing deftness, she wrapped her lips around me and slowly, teasingly, worked her way down my throbbing shaft. If I had died right then, my life would have been complete.

It was at this point, as these two vixens were giving my meat a thorough workover, that Scott returned with the fresh bottle of tequila. The look on his face was

Some situations demand the finest expressions of romance, charm and thoughtfulness.
The Liaison range. Finest quality condoms in four distinctive styles.

For lovers who care about more than just themselves. Available from leading pharmacies.

LIAISON CONDOMS



one I'll never forget, but it took him only a second to get over his shock. He joined the proceedings by ripping off his shorts, jumping in on Robin's side, and immediately stripping her. He bypassed her healthy mammaries, instead going right to work on her snatch, teasing her love canal with his curious fingers. By the look on Robin's face, you could tell he knew what he was doing.

Meanwhile, Tracy was really doing a number on me. She would lick my balls, then nibble on my pud, and then practically swallow my whole midsection before going back to my balls again. This girl obviously had practice in the fine art of fellatio, because just at the point where I expected to blow my wad up the back of her throat, she stopped, smiled, and asked me if I had had enough. I managed to utter, "Not yet," and down she went again. But, in seconds, I was past the point of no return, and my come exploded out the tip of my cock. Tracy, talented as she was, swallowed every drop.

As I was catching my breath, I glanced over at Scott and Robin and couldn't help but do a double take, because Robin was sitting up on the edge of the jacuzzi with my friend's face buried in her thick blonde muff — while he rubbed two scoops of snow across her tits! I could see his tongue darting in and out of her honey pot as he worked the melting snow over her own double scoops. Robin looked like a crazed Amazon, the way she was bucking and flailing.

After I applauded Scott's creativity, I turned my attention back to my own snow bunny. I slid her bikini bottom past her arse and began to massage her snatch with a gentle, roundabout motion, paying special attention to the area around her clit. I was toying with her, massaging closer and closer to her magic button and then pulling back, when I ventured a bit too close and brushed against her sensitivity switch. She shuddered, and then with a force that surprised me, began to grind herself against my gifted fingers. I leaned down to suck on a breast as she grabbed for my rod, which was just now coming back from the dead. Rock-solid once again, I knew that it was time. So did Tracy, for she positioned herself on the top step of the jacuzzi with her legs spread wide, offering me easy access to that dripping pink tunnel. I placed my tip up against her pussy lips, and with one swift, even thrust, I was buried to the hilt and her legs were wrapped around my shoulders. We started pumping excitedly, both of us completely lost in the heat of the moment.

The jacuzzi was now boiling with activity. Tracy and I were going at it like demons, and so were Scott and Robin. As they did their thing and Tracy and I did ours, the spa water sloshed and spilled and washed over the four of us — and over the sides.

Tracy's first orgasm seemed to well up from the deepest part of her snatch, and she moaned loudly as her body tensed, released, and gave in. Then another one hit, and another one, and with each successive orgasm, her actions grew wilder. Finally, with her animalistic thrusting and moaning and her pussy lips grabbing at my meat, I couldn't last any longer. My own primal scream escaped from my lips as I came like I had never come before. My body shuddered and my legs almost gave out as I spilled my load inside of her. For a moment I couldn't move, and then all was calm. I fell up against Tracy's breast with a sigh, utterly exhausted from the workout. Moments later, Scott and Robin reached their own inevitable climax.

We drank a little more tequila and then Tracy and Robin excused themselves, saying that they were waking up early to ski. They each gave us a small kiss, dressed, and then they were gone. Scott and I just sat there and smiled at one another, hardly believing what had just happened. We drank a little more and then went up to our room and passed out.

The next morning we tried to wake up to ski but there was no way — we were both wiped out. We never saw the girls again, and the rest of the weekend was spent trying to recover from that first wild night. — *Name and address withheld*

"If it weren't for the movies, I'd never have the opportunity to hear that kind of language."

A change of heart

I am a member of a rugby club at a large university and my brothers and I are known for the wild parties we throw each semester. The day before a party, a small committee is appointed to post an "odds sheet" on the bulletin board, which lists each brother's estimated chance of getting laid. Having recently broken up with my steady girlfriend, my only intention for the evening was to get disgustingly drunk, and getting pussy was the last thing on my mind.

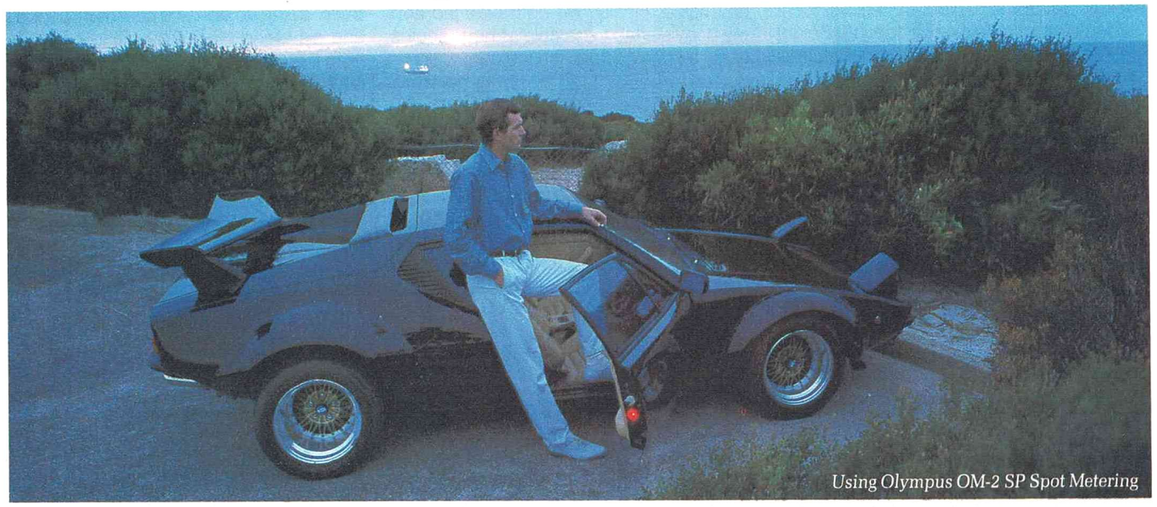
The party was a phenomenal blowout. The "odds sheet" turned out to be fairly accurate, and a steady stream of couples slowly filed upstairs as the evening progressed.

As I said earlier, I was in no mood to go through the usually frustrating act of chasing pussy. However, after a while I found myself staring at an intriguingly sexy brunette who was sitting on the railing of our deck. I had seen her occasionally on campus, but I had never spoken to her.

After another hour or so, I was feeling pretty good and I noticed that the girl was still sitting on the deck. It was getting pretty late at this point and most of the people had already left. Deciding to take a chance, I walked over to her and started to talk. She had on a tight miniskirt that barely covered her legs. I longed to rub my hand across her gorgeous thighs and finger her pussy. As we continued to make small talk, I

Using Centre Weighted Average Light Metering

SPOT


Using Olympus OM-2 SP Spot Metering

THE DIFFERENCE.

Spot Metering.

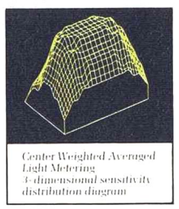
It's frequently the difference between those creatively memorable compositions, and your average ordinary shot.

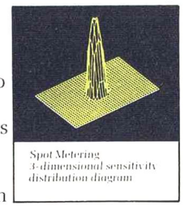
Usually when you try for lighting effects like these, with brilliant highlights and almost impenetrable shadows, you're in for a big disappointment.

That's because most program 35mm SLR cameras measure the average light of the whole scene which can leave the bright areas washed out and the areas in shadow too dark.

Not so with the advanced program Olympus OM-2 SP.

Switch from PROGRAM through AUTO to MANUAL/SPOT with the flick of a thumb, and instantly you're master of an exciting new creative tool.


Center Weighted Averaged Light Metering 3-dimensional sensitivity distribution diagram


Spot Metering 3-dimensional sensitivity distribution diagram

To take highly accurate exposure readings for the key areas of your compositions, without the time and trouble of using hand-held light meters.

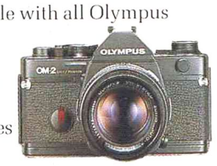
Resulting in pin-point exposure control, even under the most difficult lighting conditions.

The Olympus OM-2 SP not only gives you the creative functions of spot/manual metering but also full PROGRAM metering for normal or fast shooting situations. Plus PROGRAM/AUTO flash settings to utilise the benefits of the advanced Olympus Flash System.

Plus the Olympus TTL direct-off-the-film metering for normal light or flash takes a reading at the very instant of exposure not before you take the shot.

Of course the OM-2 SP is fully compatible with the highly acclaimed Olympus OM System; a vast range of lenses, motor drives and flash units that are fully interchangeable with all Olympus cameras.

The Olympus OM-2 SP advanced Program SLR with Spot Metering makes all the difference!



OLYMPUS®
OM-2 SP
Vive la différence

De Tomaso Pantera courtesy The Toy Shop North Sydney.

Distributed by R. Gunz (Photographic) Pty. Ltd. P.O. Box 690, Darlinghurst N.S.W. 2010.

watched her shapely breasts heave in and out as she spoke, and I felt an enormous erection rising between my legs. While I was trying to think of a line to get her upstairs, she suddenly asked me to escort her to the ladies' room. I guarded the door for her as she used the room, and then took her to my room for a drink.

Under the dim lights in my room her body looked even more arousing, and I knew that I wouldn't be able to control myself for long. Neither of us could think of anything else to say, but it didn't matter because soon we had our tongues in each other's mouths. I held her tight up against me, and even though we still had our clothes on, I could feel the heat and wetness of her pussy pressing against my stiff cock.

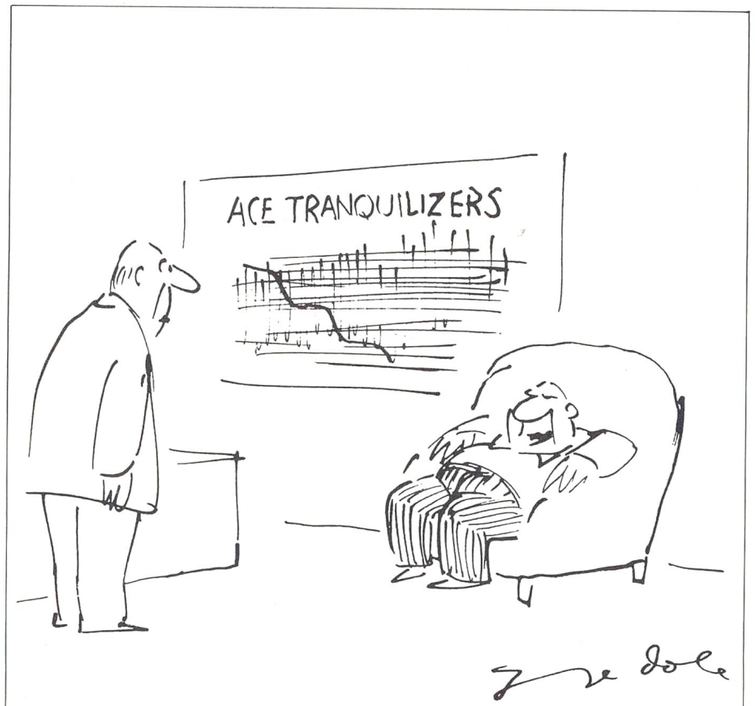
I quickly unbuttoned her blouse and began to lick her nipples, feeling them stiffen against my flickering tongue. Before we could blink, we both had our clothes off and I was running my tongue up and down her soft, firm thighs and licking her pussy. I felt her clitoris become stiff while I flicked my tongue across it and sweet vaginal juices began to seep into my mouth. She moaned and pulled at my hair while she wrapped her legs around me. I rubbed my throbbing cock gently against her soaking pussy, but I wasn't ready.

I lifted myself up and straddled her chest. I wrapped her gorgeous tits around my dick and fucked them. Then she climbed on top of me and started to lick the tip of my cock.

I started to moan as she took my whole shaft into her mouth and started to lick my balls. As she bobbed up and down on my dick, I realised I had never wanted to fuck someone as badly as I did then. I told her to put my dick inside her cunt and she mounted me and began to slowly and gently ride my cock. I softly caressed her thighs and breasts while we fucked. She leaned back and caressed my balls as she continued to ride.

We increased our tempo and then decided to switch positions, with me on top. She dug her nails deep into the flesh of my back as I slammed my dick deeper into her. We slowed down for a while, and then I realised that I wasn't going to last much longer and began slamming as hard as I could. Finally, we both moaned and my body started to tremble as huge squirts of my semen gushed into the depths of her quivering pussy. I lay on top of her for a while and we both breathed heavily, exhausted. Soon after we fell asleep.

When I awoke the next morning, she was already gone. I ran into her at a club soon afterward, but when I went to talk to her, she acted embarrassed and seemed to regret the incident. Anyway, this semester's blast is only a few weeks away and I look forward to enjoying another sexual encounter, perhaps one even more exciting. — *Name and address withheld*



"Hey, man—looks like I'm going down the ol' Hershey highway. . . ."

Party of four

This is an unusual experience that my roommate, Lori, and I thought your readers would be interested in. We set up a backyard party for one Saturday night. The idea was for a couple to wear costumes made out of no more than a square metre of material between them — jewellery and belts extra. Together, Lori and I bought two metres of white cotton, which gave each of us three 15cm by two-metre strips. With one strip we each had a loincloth around our waist and through our crotch. With the other we had an X-like halter top. The last two strips were for our men's loincloths.

Lori had recently broken up with her longtime boyfriend, and I knew she was horny by her masturbating sounds in bed at night. My boyfriend, Skip, and I have been going together since high school, and his friend Neil was visiting on leave from the Army. I knew Neil and Lori would hit it off, so we set up a blind date.

The party was going great; the band was red hot. We had given out the door prizes and Lori, Neil, Skip, and I went up to our room for a break. The band could easily be heard from our room. I could see Lori and Neil were really getting along. I felt like dancing, and the others offered to watch. I started off slowly, with my halter and loincloth on. I teased Skip with the bow on my top and he gladly undid it, revealing my tits and rosy nipples. I had Skip in his loincloth sit on a chair facing Neil, and Lori and I danced around him, letting him kiss my nipples. Then, with his legs spread in the chair, I wiggled my arse down against his hard cock while facing the others with my tits bare and his cock rubbing against my loincloth. His hard cock slipped out of the side of his loincloth. My crotch piece slid to the side, exposing my wet, aching love hole and allowing him to enter me as I wiggled down. I felt exhilarated and came as soon as Skip shot his hot come into my cunt right in front of Lori and Neil.

This excited Lori, who is a great dancer. Neil had already undone her top, revealing her perfect, flushed breasts with hard, pointed brown nipples. Lori has danced before, professionally, and slowly removed her loincloth, showing off her muscular arse first, then turning to display her silky pussy. She lay on the bed in front of us, spreading her long thighs and showing us her moist twat. She gently fingered herself.

Neil was not slow to get the idea. He deftly removed his loincloth, uncovering his large, thick member with its apple-red head. With his back to us, we could see the tip of his cock enter Lori's love hole. He slowly proceeded until it was all the way in, with his balls against her arse. They screwed in time to the music until Neil pulled out his shining cock and shot his wad all over Lori's pussy and belly. By then Skip and I were out of our loincloths. Skip had expertly fingered me to two orgasms during Lori and Neil's show. By now I was ready to show my stuff. Lori and Neil watched from Lori's bed as Skip stood up with his penis at full glory and I knelt before it. I started lightly kissing Skip's balls, sucking one and then the other completely into my mouth. I licked slowly up and down the shaft until I got to the head. Then, with skill only practice could give me, I advanced the penis down my throat. I knew Skip couldn't stand this for long. I felt his balls tighten, and I withdrew his cock so that the thick, rich come spurted on my mouth and face and ran down my chin to my breasts as I milked his shaft.

By now, both boys were limp. They suggested Lori and I entertain them together. I have been intrigued with Lori's firm body since our first year. We were a little shy about making it in front of an audience, though we had enjoyed each other in private before, so we knew what to do. As Neil and Skip looked on, Lori kissed my mouth and our tongues explored each other. Lori lovingly caressed my come-covered breasts and stroked my nipples with her fingers. I allowed one hand to drift down her belly over her love mound. My finger found her clit as my other hand caressed her pussy. She lay down on her back on the bed, spreading her legs at the edge as I straddled her head in the sixty-nine position. As she pulled my head toward her womanhood, I slipped two fingers into her hole and wildly tongued her sweet clit. She was driving me crazy, sucking my juicy love hole like it had never been sucked before. As I came in her mouth, I felt the spasm of her orgasm.

Skip's and Neil's cocks were obviously ready for action again. Lori and I were still in the sixty-nine position, with my arse in the air and her pussy at the edge of the bed. Skip came over and supported her legs as I spread Lori's lips with one hand and guided his cock into her preheated vagina with the other. I fingered Lori's clit and caressed Skip's balls as he pumped her. Neil mounted me from behind. Skip came first, deep inside Lori's box. Then I felt Neil come inside me.

By now, we were all thoroughly satisfied and put on our loincloths and halter tops to rejoin the party downstairs. — *Name and address withheld*

Saddle up

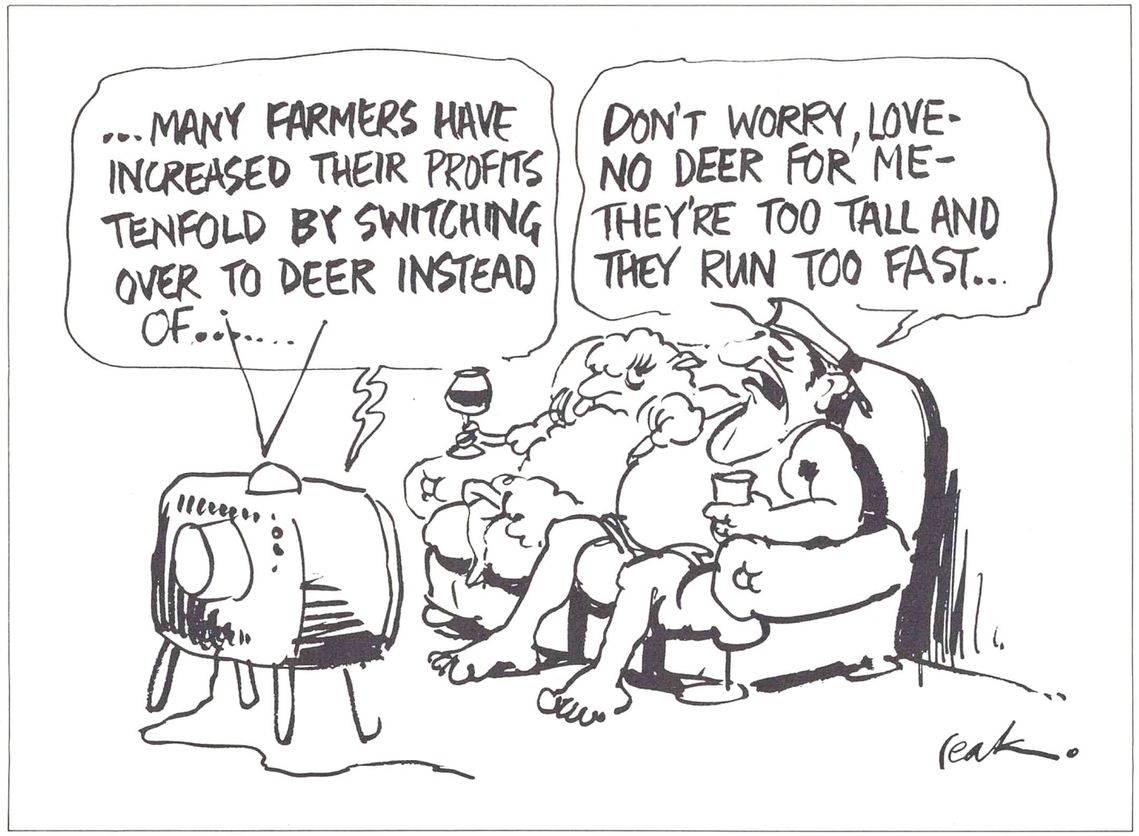
I was travelling around last year, and I dropped in on an old mate from school. He took me out to the rodeo practice grounds to watch some of the riders honing their skills for competition. We gained a perch on the top rail of the fence, a position that put us practically eye to eye with the mounted riders.

I noticed one of the women riders. Her long blonde hair bounced as she rode by, and her blue jeans were moulded like a second skin to her thighs, hips, and firm butt. The ends of the silk scarf, which she had tied around her neck, teased across the clinging body shirt and swayed across her perfect breasts. I found myself hypnotised by her firm nipples, which pushed at the thin fabric of her shirt.

When I asked my friend what her specialty was, he smiled and told me she was one of the top women barrel racers in the country. He called her over to our perch and introduced us. Mandy and I talked for a few minutes, and our eyes locked in an embrace both of us understood and craved. Then she rode across the arena and took her place at the starting point with the others.

She flicked her horse into action and locked her firm thighs and knees to the saddle as the horse cut within inches of each barrel. At the end of her third run, she came back to our perch and asked me if I wanted to help her get her horse into its trailer. I slipped from the fence to the back of her horse and let my hands grace her perfect waist and hips. When we reached the trailer, she turned in the saddle and my right hand slid into the taut fabric covering her pussy. I told her how beautifully she rode and pulled my hand into the folds between her legs. She gave me a teasing kiss before we both slipped from the saddle on to the ground next to the horse.

Mandy asked me if I'd ever helped load


...MANY FARMERS HAVE INCREASED THEIR PROFITS TENFOLD BY SWITCHING OVER TO DEER INSTEAD OF.....
DON'T WORRY, LOVE- NO DEER FOR ME- THEY'RE TOO TALL AND THEY RUN TOO FAST...

a horse into a trailer before. When I said no, she took my hand and led me into the covered vehicle. In the dim area at the front of the trailer, she let my hand drop and our bodies melted together. She didn't say a word but let her tongue fence with mine in an exciting duel. In what seemed like one motion, we unbuttoned each other's shirts and shed our boots and jeans. I released her taut nipples from the thin bra and took one between my lips, nibbling at the end with my teeth. She put her hand behind my head and pushed her breast deeper into my mouth. My one hand squeezed her free breast while the other caressed the wet crotch of her sheer panties.

She told me she never settled for less than grand champion and stroked my stiffening penis. I released her tits from my grasp. We probed each other's mouths with our tongues again. Then she flicked hers down my neck and across my chest and locked her lips on to my nipple. It and my penis instantly grew to full stiffness. Descending farther across my stomach, she slipped my bikini briefs to the straw-covered floor and took the head of my masculinity into the warmth of her hungry mouth. In no time, I exploded into her demanding throat. When I'd stopped thrusting, she licked the last drops of the sweet cream from the head of my penis. She kissed my still-erect cock, then stood up, removed her wet panties, and told me not to waste such a champion stud pole.

She got on her knees and pointed her firm butt toward my erection. "Fuck me from behind," she whispered. I knelt and took her hips in my hands as she guided my cock into her juicy cunt. I sank to the hilt, and she sighed with delight. Soon the sighs turned to throaty whimpers, which became more intense as my finger probed her dripping clit. "Fuck me harder. I want every inch of you," she pleaded. She rocked on her hands and knees, forcing my penis to glide from tip to hilt again and again. Her tempo rose to a frenzy. "Oh God. I'm coming. I'm coming," she screamed, thrusting her cunt over my eight inches and taking me to the hilt. We exploded in unison.

We got dressed, and I helped her lead the horse into the trailer aisle opposite the one we had initiated with our passion. I've moved to the area now and spend my weekends at the rodeo practice grounds. The season's young. I hope Mandy comes out for more practice runs. — *Name and address withheld*

Search, seize and suck

I am a 28-year-old man, and I work for a legal firm. I am on 24-hour call about four or five times a month. Recently I received a call about a young girl who had been picked up, and I had to go to detention hospital to deal with the case. While there, I got to talking with the young matron on duty. Since it was the middle of the week and things were slow, she was bored out of her mind.

As we talked about a multitude of subjects, including sex, Tracy sat on the corner of the desk, sort of sideways from the chair I was sitting in. Although I couldn't see anything because her long skirt was draped over her knees, I could definitely smell the sweet, enticing aura of pussy, making me hornier and hungrier by the minute.

Suddenly, smiling impishly, she pointed to a sign on the wall that read: "Everyone entering Detention is subject to search", and she said, "Do you realise you haven't been searched?" With that she asked me to stand up and remove everything from my pockets. Tracy began running her hands over my upper body from behind as if searching for a concealed weapon. She than ran her hand up the inside of my left leg. Giving my cock a slight squeeze, she said, "Aha, what's this?" and before I could respond she said, "It feels like a weapon strapped to your leg. You'd better drop your pants." As I began to undo my pants, I realised that I had neglected to put on any underwear when I left the house, so that when I dropped my pants my cock sprang up in her face because she was now kneeling in front of me.

She gripped my cock at the base with her forefinger and thumb and said, as if to herself, "I wonder if this thing's loaded." She started bobbing her head on my shaft, and it didn't take her long to find that it was indeed loaded, because I shot stream after stream of hot come into her throat, which she swallowed with no trouble. The feeling of her throat muscles literally milking my cock was absolutely indescribable.

When she had finished the last of my semen, she sat back down on the edge of the desk and raised her skirt so that I could see that she, also, was not wearing any panties. I ran my tongue along her inner lips and gently lashed at her clit; she draped her knees over my shoulder and gripped the back of my head. She began to move her hips, literally fucking my tongue, and began moaning louder. As she neared her climax, she tightened her grip at the back of my head, as though she were trying to push my entire head into her pussy.

When her climax had subsided, I stood and aimed my still-hard rod at the beautiful gash. With each inch that I slid into her, she moaned with ecstasy. Once I was all the way in, I proceeded to fuck her furiously, and each time I lunged, she would scream, "Harder, harder!" until we both reached another gut-wrenching orgasm and I shot another load of cream deep into her. When we had finished, we both dressed, kissed and went home. — *Name and address withheld*

Cambridge Thirties.
Cambridge
THIRTIES
30
EXTRA MILD
WARNING: SMOKING IS A HEALTH HAZARD
Catch the Spirit
APB1393-C
KEI:Q2

Wynn's Revive!

Wynn's have been a leader in car care products for more than twenty five years.

During that time, Wynn's have followed one over-riding policy – to develop and offer only products of the highest quality.

The latest addition to the Wynn's range is WYNN'S REVIVE, a lightly scented spray-on treatment.

WYNN'S REVIVE renews and protects all vinyl, rubber and leather surfaces against cracking, dulling, hardening and fading, caused by aging and weathering.

WYNN'S REVIVE:

- RENEWS: Helps bring back original beauty, sheen and condition.
- PROTECTS: Silicone barrier retards weathering and aging of treated surfaces.
- RESISTS WASHOUT: Exclusive formula resists attack by water and detergent.

Obvious automotive uses for WYNN'S REVIVE include: the dashboard, vinyl surfaces on doors and accessories, tyres, rubber bumpers and mud flaps.

However, WYNN'S REVIVE is much more versatile. It has many uses within the home – vinyl kitchen furniture, vinyl and leather luggage, children's school cases, are just some of the items that can be given a new lease of life with regular use of WYNN'S REVIVE!

WYNN'S REVIVE is easy to apply. Just spray on clean dry surface, spread evenly with a cloth or sponge. Let penetrate, then buff dried surface with a clean soft cloth.

Over 1,000,000 sample sachets of WYNN'S REVIVE have already been distributed to Australia's public.

Now Wynn's would like you to try WYNN'S REVIVE in your home.

For a free sample sachet of WYNN'S REVIVE, just send a stamped self-addressed envelope to:

WYNN'S AUSTRALIA PTY.
LIMITED,
P.O. Box 672,
CHATSWOOD, N.S.W. 2067

THE SEVEN DEADLY SINS

ANGER

GROUP SECTS

After a self-destructive week of crazy goings-on at the new Gold Coast casino, which left me with a clear run to the poverty line and a blurred recollection of an oily encounter with an Under-18 girl's basketball team — one on one? — I badly needed a rest.

I also needed a billion dollars and a maid who answered to "Fifi", but I held no strong hopes there. What I didn't need was to be confronted by this.

It began simply enough. Hunkered down and cosy aboard a night train heading hopefully for wherever I parked that damn rent-a-car, I was killing time by mentally cataloguing everybody who owed me money. Or food. In a nasty piece of irony, this balanced out with the amount I owed. I decided to put all of them in touch with each other and let them work it out.

I felt measurably better . . . but still had time to kill. For some reason I'd snatched the hotel phone book — in lieu, I guess, of not being able to smuggle out the bar fridge. I thought I'd read a while.

Have you ever read a phone book? I mean really pounded the pages from Aaabenraa to Zzyxx? You can't tell the players without a program, and here is a list of everyone you've ever loathed, loved or laid your smelly body on. But something was terribly wrong. Something . . .

Ka-blam! The totality of the thing hit me like a thug in an alley. Hidden away in this bland, fat register are pockets of unrest. Lurking like hungry dogs, you could say. They call themselves Committees and Councils and Boards, and overflow with furious fleas whose single purpose in life is to annoy the hell out of you and me. Their numbers are out of control. And now so am I. Blood-thumping mad.

If you knew just how many committees and such-like lie festering under society's bed, just waiting for their chance to leap out ranting like some bereaved Italian grandmother, you'd probably go gaga and want to nuke Canberra or something.

But here in this book is the name of every self-possessed minority it's ever been the misfortune of this country to sire. Read them and weep:

ANTI-DISCRIMINATION BOARD — Designed to prevent bosses dorking their secretaries. More an outlet for girls to complain of getting touched on the bum by old Herb when they'd much rather it be that young despatch boy. Very much a vogue collection for a vogue condition. Should go away if we stop talking to it.

HUMAN RIGHTS COMMISSION — With a title so pompous, could it limit itself to mere concerns of mortal flesh? Run by people you wouldn't dare invite to a buck's night.

COUNCIL FOR CIVIL LIBERTIES — Formed to prevent anyone taking liberties with anyone else. Especially their daughters. Appears unable to publicly outline its charter, as it exists only in its opinions. Consists of joggers, so thankfully its life is limited.

FEDERAL PACIFIST COUNCIL— Dunno. Place is so mellowed, no-one's talking.

ANIMAL LIBERATION — Otherwise a thoroughly worthwhile group, but now so hopelessly lost up its own criterion. If AL had its way, kangaroos would live at the Regent and take whisky sours at six — instead of having their heads blown off by rednecks who've been drinking rubbing alcohol since dawn.

PUBLIC LENDING RIGHTS COMMITTEE — If I want to lend you $10, I leave a message on their answer-phone.

AUSTRALIA DAY COUNCIL — Meets once a year, gets absolutely shit-faced and has a great January 26. We cop the bill for the Tooheys and Berocca.

NON-SEXIST RESOURCES OF THE EDUCATION DEPARTMENT — Made up of men and women studying ways not to call themselves men and women. No wonder our children are illiterate.

The list goes on. They're all to be found in the book. Give them a call; let's annoy them for a change. After all, we're paying for many of them.

We live in sad and twisted times. The laughter packed up and left some time ago. "This is not my room," it said, fleeing. In its place is only false outrage from anyone with a soapbox, a grant and a semi-articulate plea.

We live in dangerous times. They've made me and a lot of people very angry. People who wouldn't normally get angry like this.

Like Lotto, you can't win. I don't know how to fight back. If you know, tell me. Perhaps we could form a committee. — *Steven Gibbs*

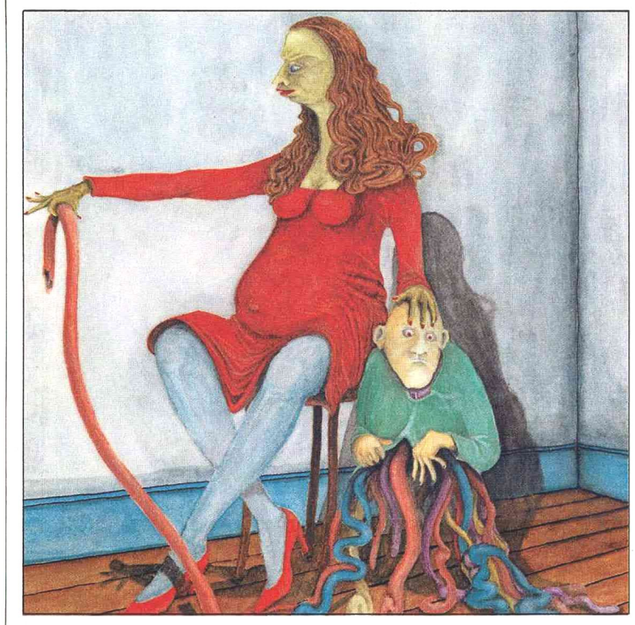


Illustration by Drahos Zak

LUST

THE HARDER THEY COME

Have you been feeling yourself lately? Is the Pope Polish? Well, just between you and me and the gatepost, how are your erections these days? Like a *gatepost*, or just a feeble echo of the days when your thing used to point to your belly button like a Rock Watch stuck on 12? And while you're down there, what about those orgasms? Like a $50 skyrocket on cracker night or are we talking about all the wild sensations of a fifth rerun of *The Partridge Family*? Now I'm going to grab your balls and ask you to cough. Ha ha, just joshing. I'll get around to that later . . .

If you fall into the latter category in both cases, but your health is otherwise good, improving matters may be a simple matter of exercising the muscles of your pelvic floor. You may be working out to improve your general muscle tone, but few regular forms of exercise will strengthen the muscles that allow you better control of your ejaculation, more powerful orgasms, possibly multiple orgasms — and give you harder and perhaps BIGGER erections.

Pelvic floor exercises for men are similar to those that women's magazines have for years been advising their readers to practice to ensure a firm grip during sex. It was only recently that research revealed that the exercises that heighten female sexual enjoyment can have a similarly beneficial effect on male sexual prowess. The exercise procedures outlined here have been taken from Bettina Arndt's *Take-Home Sex Kit*, a recent pamphlet guide to sex and fitness released by Sydney's Hyde Park Fitness Club.

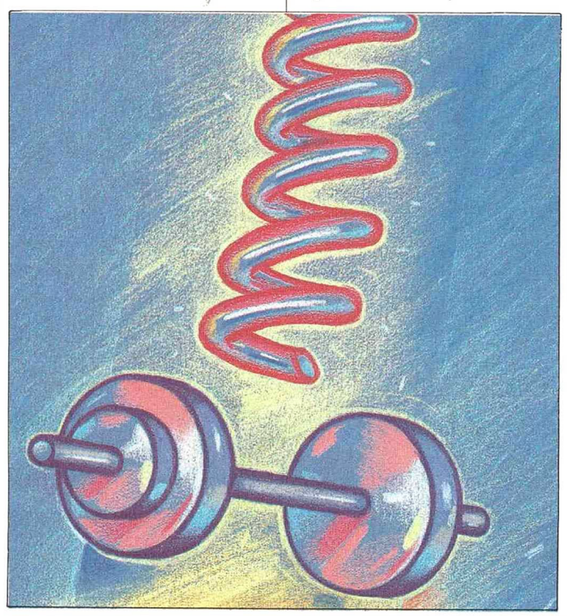
To begin improving sexual control you must first learn to identify your pubococcygeous muscle — or PC for short — and this is a little matter of learning to piss in Morse Code. Your PC muscle is the muscle you use to stop the flow of urine during urination — the one that turns the bladder tap on and off. When you do this you may feel a tightening around your anus as well. You are also using your PC muscles when you bear down to force out the last drops of urine. Concentrate on the sensations associated with making these movements, then practice both movements. Tighten the muscles and push out, then relax and repeat. With practice you'll learn that by tightening or relaxing your PC you can accelerate or reduce your arousal.

Various exercises to practise frequently once you've identified your pelvic muscles include:

Slow clutches — Tighten and clench (as you did to stop the flow of urine). Hold for a count of three. Relax. You should do this exercise about 25 times a day, in groups of five, spread throughout the day.

Flutters — Tighten and relax your muscles as quickly as you can. Do this one 25 times a day, in groups of five.

Pushouts — Bear down as if you're forcing out urine or a bowel movement. This one, too, should be built up to 25 times a day, in groups of five.



The towel trick — The previous exercises can be practised anywhere and anytime. This one's a bit different. You'll need an erection for a start. Now you've got to practice waggling your dick from side to side and up and down — using muscle control, no hands allowed. Then you get into a bit of weight training by hanging a towel over your member and then doing the waggling bit. Apparently, wet bath towels are for real musclemen. Bettina Arndt advises men to start out with something less demanding — like a teatowel. (That's one of those rectangular pieces of cloth used for drying the dishes, Kev).

Once you have good control over your pelvic muscles you should practise using the PC during sex to control ejaculation. Experiment with contracting muscles at the point of ejaculatory inevitability (better known as the vinegar stroke), when you feel the sensations warning you that you're about to come. Multiple orgasms involve experiencing the first half of the climax — the pleasurable sensation or orgasm — then stopping before ejaculation occurs. For more information, try reading *Any Man Can* (published by Angus & Robertson, 1984) and *ESO — Extended Sexual Orgasm* (Horwitz Grahame, 1985).

Now's the time to grab you by the balls. Another technique designed to help men control ejaculation involves the muscles used to raise and lower the testicles. Just before a man ejaculates his testicles rise and draw up against his body. If your testicles don't elevate, you don't ejaculate, so if you can learn to elevate and lower your testicles voluntarily, you can learn to control arousal.

Researchers advise men to try this one either sitting on the edge of a chair, or standing with the feet about 45cms apart, using a mirror to see what's going on. Try raising and lowering your testicles, first by using your lower abdominal muscles and building up to using your pelvic muscles alone. This one is to be practised with and without an erection.

You could also try the scrotal pull, which involves holding the scrotum above your testicles with thumb and middle finger and gently pulling down. When you can do this you'll be able to feel the slight movement of your testicles while you correctly contract and relax the internal muscles that control their elevation.

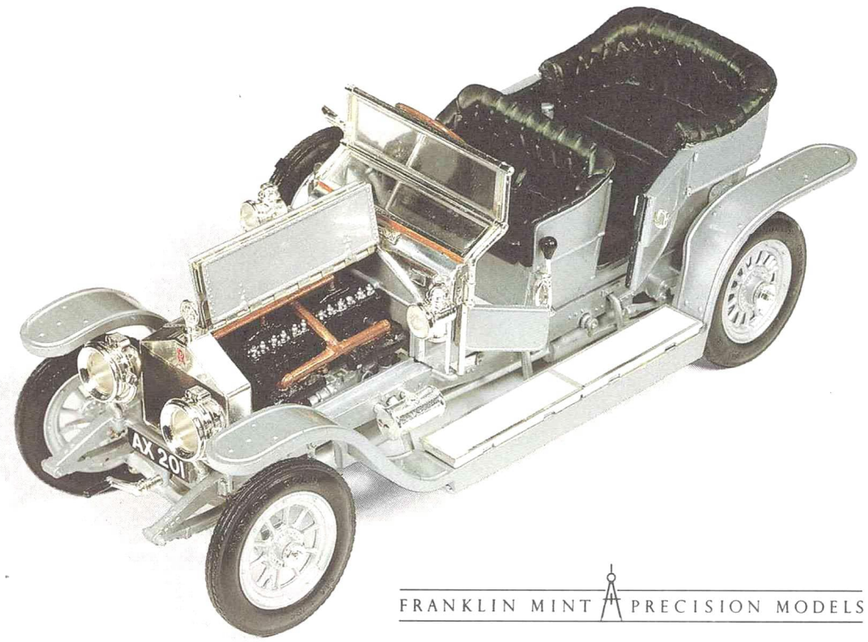
You can use the scrotal pull during sex to control ejaculation. Do it yourself or make it a double act by teaching your partner the technique.

All these exercises and techniques should form a part of your overall exercise program. Fit men are sexier men, and sexually fit men — the happy band of clever dicks — come on a lot stronger. — *Anita Newman*

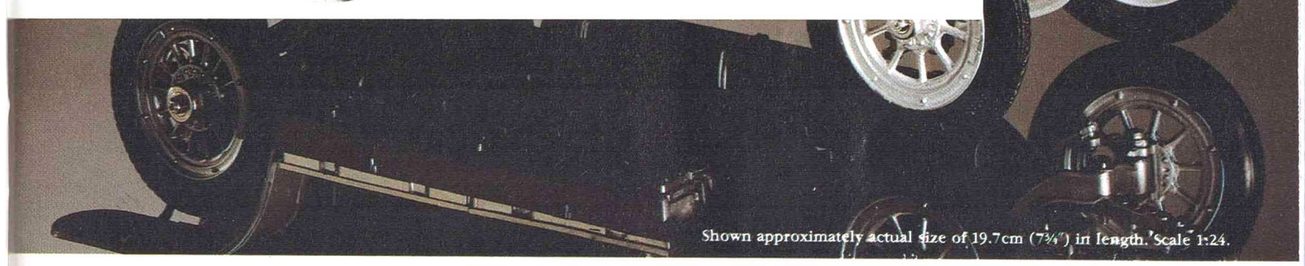
Illustration by Chris Payne

THE SILVER GHOST

otors Ltd.



FRANKLIN MINT PRECISION MODELS



Shown approximately actual size of 19.7cm (7¾") in length. Scale 1:24.

Hand assembled and ready for display. Available by direct application only.

ROLLS ROYCE

In the fascinating and popular field of model car collecting, there is one prize that has long remained elusive. An authorised, die-cast model of the 1907 Rolls-Royce Silver Ghost.

Now, Franklin Mint Precision Models is proud to announce the scale re-creation of the magnificent Silver Ghost, in a collector's model developed under the authorisation of Rolls-Royce Motors.

The Silver Ghost — named for its silver-plated trim, metallic-silver paintwork, and extraordinary silence — offered luxury and performance that was previously unknown. And every step in the creation of this exactingly detailed collector's model will reflect the original commitment of Charles Rolls and Henry Royce to build "The best car in the world."

The development of the model began in England, where The Silver Ghost is maintained in perfect running condition.

There, an exhaustive series of photographs, drawings and measurements were taken of the original car. Working from these studies over a period of months, a skilled modelmaker sculptured a 1:24 prototype that captured this legendary classic inside and out.

From this prototype, steel dies were taken. Each set of dies was machined and polished to create the more than 127 components needed to build a single model. And each component is cast, inspected, finished — and inspected again — before assembly can begin.

The model's chassis and body panels are all painted with metallic-silver automotive lacquer. And the exterior trim is plated with *sterling silver* — exactly like the original. On the front and side lamps. The acetylene and primer tanks that flank the bonnet. The door handles and bulb horns. The hood ornament. The Silver Ghost nameplate. And the distinctive Rolls-Royce radiator shell.

The result is a hand-built, precision-crafted model, comparable to a one-of-a-kind example that might cost hundreds or even thousands of dollars. But priced at just $150, and payable in convenient monthly instalments.

As an owner, you will also receive a specially prepared history of this magnificent automobile. And a Certificate of Authenticity, verifying that your model of The Silver Ghost has been created under the authorisation of Rolls-Royce Motors Ltd.

Crafted and imported exclusively by Franklin Mint Precision Models, The Silver Ghost is available only by direct application. So to be assured of earliest delivery, complete and return the enclosed Order Form by 31st October, 1986.

All trademarks identifying the ROLLS-ROYCE SILVER GHOST are registered and are used by The Franklin Mint under licence. The name DUNLOP appears on the tyres by permission of SP Tyres UK Limited.

A new standard of excellence
from Franklin Mint Precision Models.

© A division of Franklin Mint Pty. Limited (Incorporated in Victoria), 742 Springvale Road, Mulgrave, Vic. 3170. Phone: (03) 560 1711.

AVARICE

GOING STAG

The other day one of my old and dear friends gave me $5000 to invest on her behalf with the injunction that she expected to double her money within two years.

I had to say *whoa, hold on a minute*: if we got through with the $5000 intact, any extra would be a blessing. There are basic laws operating here. If you want high returns — and double your dough in two years is a bloody high return — you take on high risks. Another basic law is more to do with psychology than with money: sooner or later one of your friends will ask you to do something stupid that will get you both into trouble.

Being a fool I immediately took some of the money and invested it in Westralian Rorts Ltd, which just as immediately turned tail and ducked for cover, leaving us with only $4800 to lose. By the end of the year I should have lost the lot: dough, respect and her friendship. So why bother?

It's the way to get rich, that's why. People don't amass fortunes these days by discovering oil wells or gold mines or working hard. They discover a source of finance, a pool of money, which can be drawn on to generate more money. Money makes money, right? Not that my friend's savings would allow me to make money for myself — although it does provide an emergency stash which, possibly, could be used for a bit of temporary cover.

Of more importance is the potential of that money to generate more for her by "gearing up." I could virtually double the amount from the word go. So could you.

You simply get your nest egg and borrow a similar amount from a bank. You invest that and then borrow some more, using the investment as collateral; you invest that, borrow against that, and so on. As long as you're making profits to pay the interest charges, you're ahead. Eventually you'll end up with a million dollars of which you owe $950,000 — we hope. However, due to the vagaries of the world, you could end up with a million dollars of which you owe $1,050,000. That's the conservative route.

If we take the fast-track route to instant wealth and punt on high-risk ventures, we may well come out with one million but owing two; or even with no million owing three. At that point it is advisable to return to the drawing board. But if we content ourselves with solid plodding, we shouldn't get into too much trouble and should have better than even chances of turning a profit.

For instance: against my friend's $5000 I borrow, on her behalf, another $5000, interest only at say 18 percent, or $900 a year. (We'll ignore the tax implications, even though they are favorable. Interest on loans used to produce income is a deductible item.)

So all we have to do is make at least $900 a year and we're covered. That's a lousy nine percent on the total $10,000 — and if you can't earn a nine percent return you ought to stick to working for wages. I mean, you can stick the money in a term deposit at the bank and earn 14 percent.

If you are a shifty sort of bugger you can then go to another source of finance and say: look, I have $10,000 in the XYZ Bank — lend us $10,000 against that. If you insist then on simply sticking that money into *more* boring old term deposits, you will eventually find that although you're controlling zillions you're not really making any money in profit.

The trick then is to get high returns. High returns, high risk. *Come in, Spinner.*

Barring commodity futures and leveraged currency trading, on the grounds that you are 10/1 on to lose the lot, your best chance for good returns is the stock exchange. For even in bad times there's always a stock somewhere that's going places.

Property is the only other source of good profits, but the capital outlays are higher. You play property when you've turned $5000 into $50,000. To do that you need to find some good sharemarket plays, which you do by reading the financial press, listening to experts — and by crossing your fingers and praying.

Stagging is one way. This is when you get into a company before it is listed on the stock exchange. Pick the right one — that is, take all the guff the company says about itself with a grain of salt (with a *sack* of salt), examine the prospects from your own knowledge, and put your money up. Usually about two weeks later the thing comes on the market and, if it's a good one, it hits the boards at a little over par, which is what you paid.

Say you paid 50 cents as an original subscriber. When the company comes to the market — "floats" — and starts selling at 60 cents, you sell. Do that a few times a year and you're laughing.

Of course, not every company share "floats." Some sink. Others stink. Only experience can help you avoid those. But often even the stinkers will float for a while on the first day. The thing is to get out as fast as you can.

How do you get into this stagging game? Get a good broker to send you some prospectuses. Don't take his word as gospel and take a few chances. Don't use the rent money and don't expect to win every time.

And hey, when you've made your pile don't forget who told you how. I may be needing five grand or so to pay back a dear friend who thought I knew what I was talking about. — *David Quicksilver*

Photo by David Simmonds/Horizon

Take the VITAPLEX TEST

Hectic lifestyles, skipped meals may lead to an inadequate diet, which will often deplete our vitamins' reserves.

When selecting your vitamin supplement you need to be sure of the quality of a vitamin which may assist you in achieving health and wellbeing.

Vitaplex is the only vitamin company to offer a money back guarantee. If after taking any Vitaplex vitamins for 21 days, you are not completely satisfied, then Vitaplex will refund your money in full. That's how sure Vitaplex is of the quality of their vitamins.

Vitaplex—The only vitamin with a money back guarantee.

Vitaplex at all leading Health Stores and Pharmacies.

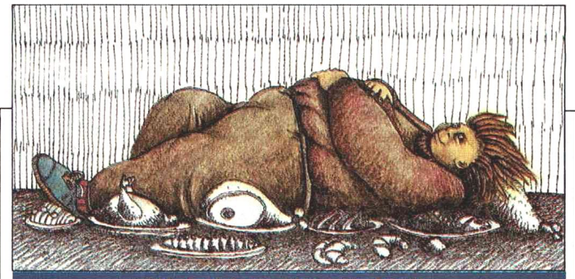
GUARANTEE
If after taking a Vitaplex vitamin for 21 days you are not completely satisfied, then I will refund your money in full.
Tony Falkenstein
Managing Director

Vitaplex

VITAPLEX PTY. LTD.
51 WARRAH ST. CHATSWOOD, NSW, 2067

APR 1053/T

GLUTTONY



BLACK IS BEAUTIFUL

Real caviar is like love — it should be approached with abandon or not at all. Glistening black pearls, shell-shots of intensely rich flavor and texture, caviar is the table delicacy of grace, subtlety, and social panache — the symbol of wealth, elegance and gastronomic indulgence since the Czars started wolfing it down 400 years ago.

Caviar, the eggs of the sturgeon that spawn best in the rivers emptying into the Caspian Sea, is one of the rarest and most prized of foods. Total production from the Caspian — controlled by the two nations that surround it, the USSR and Iran — is currently running at a skimpy 160 tonnes per year. This translates into a 15g spoonful apiece to satisfy the intense passions of ten million caviar cravers the world over, a group which continues to increase in size and affluence. Demand has tripled the price of fresh beluga caviar; today you can expect to pay between $300 and $400 for a 440g "pound" — about the same price as a share in a blue-chip stock company, and with more immediate price-increase potential.

Most of what is served today isn't the true sturgeon caviar. Rather, it is the roe of commoner creatures such as the white fish, the salmon or the lumpfish, natural or dyed. To be sure, these "affordable" caviars have their place, but those who have never tasted the real thing from the Caspian have simply never eaten caviar.

Getting your hands on real caviar is a task to undertake right now. Despite intensive research and concerned management by both the Iranian and Soviet governments, caviar production continues to decline. The Caspian is evaporating, and huge salt plains are forming along its edges. The causes of the problem are natural climatic changes and man-made irrigation systems. Every retreat cuts off the small rivers that once served as the main breeding grounds of the sturgeon.

During the high season, three kinds of sturgeon arrive at Caspian processing plants. The intricacies of processing the roe are handed down from father to son. One man might concentrate on handling beluga, averaging 136kgs and the largest of sturgeons. Another will process the osietra, averaging 34kgs; another the sevruga, at 20kgs the pygmy of the group. A quick slash with a razor-sharp knife opens up the fish to expose the roe. Then the caviar is pushed through a strong absorbent cotton sieve; wire mesh would ruin the delicate eggs. The roe is then washed carefully in salt water, ready for curing.

Caviar is the table delicacy of grace, subtlety and social panache.

Ideally caviar should contain little salt, but without it, the roe would go off in a few days. Experience alone influences a caviar curer's judgement. Mistakes are catastrophic, so a good curer really is the salt of the earth. The term "malossol" indicates that a minimum of salt has been added, generally about four or five percent.

First-grade caviar, whether beluga, osietra or sevruga, is usually packed in two-kilo tins, sealed and refrigerated to just under 0ºC. Freezing ruins caviar and a temperature rise of even a few degrees can destroy flavor and quality. In first-grade, the roe always comes from the same species. Each fish's roe has its own color, flavor and size.

Size and color has nothing to do with flavor; personal taste is the arbiter. The Americans prefer beluga, while Europeans buy more sevruga. Whatever the continent, however, the connoisseurs' selection is osietra, nutty in flavor and shining with a green-gold light.

So-called leftovers, still worth a king's ransom, are made up of varying amounts of top-grade eggs that could not fill a two-kilo tin. These are collected and packed in 22kg kegs to be labelled second-grade. Second-grade caviar is normally pasteurised and re-packed in small vacuum jars, able to be stored for several years without refrigeration.

Caviar lovers of the world shouldn't despair that the bell is relentlessly tolling for their heart's desire. Attempts to breed sturgeon for commercial caviar production in California bode well for the future. A quiet Russian defector of the Sixties, Serge Doroshof, brought with him the secrets of successful artificial reproduction of the sturgeon.

Under natural conditions, it takes a sturgeon 15 years to grow from birth to reproductive age. By selective breeding, intensive feeding and temperature regulation, that time span can be reduced to six years. Doroshof and his team can successfully remove roe from a live fish, stitch it up and return it to the water, where it will reproduce again. The future promises readily accessible, if not over-abundant, caviar.

For true aficionados, enjoying caviar can be a simple matter of placing a spoonful on the back of the hand between thumb and index finger and sucking in the precious substance unaccompanied. But if you don't want to be that straight, serve it chilled and mounded over toast, fresh bread, plain crackers or cucumber rounds. Or spread a little unsalted butter first, then add caviar and a drop of lemon juice. A baby's pinch of chopped hard-boiled egg and chopped onion lends a racy Peter The Great cachet.

On the other hand, there may be occasions when you're feeling generous and/or want to impress. Whip out the icy vodka and dull its effect with a hot baked potato drenched in butter and stuffed with caviar. Or go for the ultimate pasta dish — fresh fettucine, sour cream and beluga.

What do you do if you aren't in a situation where money is as nothing? Simply brazen it out with a vacuum-packed tin or jar of white fish, lumpfish or salmon roe — never letting anyone see the container, of course. — *Elisabeth King*

Photo courtesy of *Australian Gourmet Magazine*.

Bacardi rum. Sip it before you add the juice.

You'll discover the reason why any drink made with Bacardi rum tastes so good . . . it's the Bacardi. Smooth and subtle, Bacardi rum has a character all its own. For a copy of the Bacardi rum Party Book with more than 80 recipes, write to: Bacardi rum Party Book, PO Box 498, Milsons Point, NSW 2061.

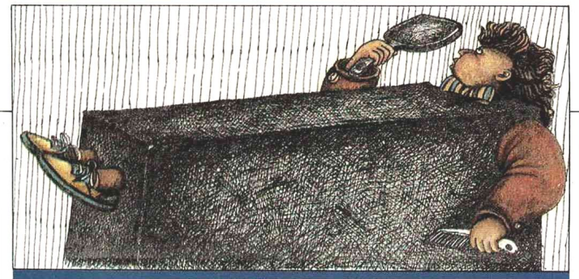
Get to know the real taste of Bacardi rum.

AB 3833/85

BACARDI and the Bat Device are registered trademarks of Bacardi & Company Limited.

Ogilvy MBA 0072 PH

VANITY



WINNING SUITS

Anybody looking at men's fashion magazines might suppose that every male in Australia intends to dress like Don Johnson in *Miami Vice* — and is at least five foot ten, broad-shouldered, narrow-waisted, and under the age of 30.

Unfortunately, none of these propositions is true. The men's fashion business exists on fantasy, just as the women's fashion industry does — how many women actually *wear* the clothes in *Vogue* or *Harper's Bazaar*, or could afford to buy them? — and both are alike in defying practicality and the needs of the work-place.

Clothes may not "make the man," but there is certainly no quicker way of making yourself look bad in the eyes of your peers and superiors in the business world. True, nobody ever got to the managing director's office by the cut of his lapels alone, but why give yourself a handicap when you don't need one?

The rules for successful dressing are pretty much graven in stone, as a matter of fact, and are neither arcane nor particularly hard to follow. Thirty or 40 years ago, they were still learned by peer pressure and example, but since that is no longer the case — you can get through uni now with a pair of jeans, a sloppy Joe and running shoes — the dress code for business success has assumed a kind of mystery, to the point where it even spawns "how-to" books and a small entrepreneurial army of men's fashion "advisers." None of this is necessary. There are only Ten Commandments for power dressing:

1. *Thou shalt keep clean and neat as a pin at all times.* Let it be plainly understood: powerful, successful people *never* look sweaty, stained, rumpled, or grimy. Shoes should be shiny. Trousers should be sharply creased. If you have dandruff, *do* something about it. If there are stains on your tie, get it cleaned or buy a new one.

2. *Thou shalt wear no other colors but blue and grey.* Does this sound boring and dull? Too bad, chum. You want to wear bright colors? Become an actor or a rock star. Powerful businessmen wear blue suits or grey suits, possibly with a muted stripe (not the kind of stripe favored by American mobsters, however) or a faint pattern — bird's eye or check. Shirts should be plain white or plain blue, and ties should be solid and conservative. Very narrow ties make you look like one of the Blues Brothers, and very wide ties tend to look like napkins.

3. *Thou shalt not wear brown shoes with a blue suit, nor brown shoes with anything after six in the evening.* This is basic and self-explanatory. One can only add that shoes ought to be plain, and should not have the kind of thick soles that look as if you have to stand on your feet all day. Gucci loafers are okay (if you can afford them) in the entertainment business and the media, but not for bankers, lawyers, or business executives, until they are so successful that they can afford to break the rules.

Illustration by John Mitchell

4. *Thou shalt not wear jewellery.* A wedding ring is okay, but that's about it. Cuff links are out for wear during the working day, and my own feeling is that tie clasps are probably out, too — certainly people at the top never seem to wear them. Bracelets and watches that buzz, beep, light up, or have digital faces or plastic bands are bad medicine. A plain, simple watch with a leather band is best.

5. *Thou shalt not carry any of the following items:* a pen or pencil that is visible, a belt with a big, fancy buckle, a wallet that's so bulky people think you're carrying a .44 Magnum, or a ring with so many keys on it that you look like a prison guard.

6. *Thou shalt avoid like the plague the following:* embroidered crests on blazers, vests with lapels, fancy stitching, boots of all kinds (except for Queenslanders reaching for power *in* Queensland), bow ties, your own initials placed anywhere where they can be seen, and designer initials even where they *can't* be seen.

7. *Thou shalt consider adding the following to thy wardrobe:* a three-piece suit, a plain, dark, *warm* winter overcoat and a good raincoat.

8. *Thou shalt not wear a hat unless some impartial person tells you you look good in one.* Most men look bloody silly in a hat. Do not rely on your own opinion. This is the kind of thing a woman will be happy to tell you. Trust her.

9. *Thou shalt make sure thy clothes fit!* It isn't necessary to go to London's Savile Row to get a proper fit. Any good tailor can make a suit fit reasonably well, and *will*, if you show that you're interested. Trousers should cover the tops of your shoes, necklines shouldn't sag, and the collar at the back of the neck shouldn't bulge out. A suit, by the way, shouldn't fit like a second skin, unless you're planning to move to Rome. The Aussie business suit is working clothing, and is commonly worn a little on the loose, comfortable side, trousers especially — powerful people don't go for the bulging-crotch look, nor is the seat of their pants commonly stretched drum-tight across their buttocks.

10. *Thou shalt pay close attention to what your superiors wear!* This is the most important commandment of them all. Every organisation has its own style, its sense of what's right. If the boss wears dark-blue three-piece suits, white shirts, and a dark tie, you may be sure that it will do your career no harm to emulate him. Originality is not an asset.

Look toward the top, wherever you are. After all, that's where you're trying to get to, clothes and all. — *Michael Korda*

PRODUCT:
De Castella Footwear Range
DE CASTELLA TRAINER. High mileage training shoe.
DE CASTELLA COMPETITION. High performance competition shoe.
DE CASTELLA CENTAUR. Excellent intermediate/ beginners training shoe.
DEEKS. First class junior training shoe.
FUNCTION:
Training, jogging and competition.
COLOUR:
White with navy and red.
OTHER:
Performance proven range of running shoes developed by adidas with champion runner Robert de Castella.
DISTRIBUTION:
Sporting goods stores and fine department stores.
MANUFACTURER:
adidas
adidas de Castella. performance proven.
ADI 011/Y&R MEL

ENVY

ON TURNING THIRTY

Of all the Seven Deadly Sins, envy is the most pathetic. It satisfies no craving, seeks no goal, takes no direction but inward in ever-decreasing circles. It is a festering canker on the delicate membrane that binds the human psyche. And it's festering right now on mine.

I have just turned 30, and I envy those who haven't. It's a neurotic reaction to a more or less meaningless milestone on the long haul to oblivion, and the hardest thing is to convince younger people that it's genuine. When they get to 30, they know it is.

I never recognised any kind of milestone before this one. Does a 16-year-old ponder the implications of reaching the age of consent? Does an 18-year-old feel constrained or exhilarated by the right to vote or be sentenced to life imprisonment? Does a 21-year-old bemoan or rejoice in the arrival of adulthood? No. Milestones are for people who understand that time is limited, and that no-one achieves the goals which, as children, they announced with sparkling eyes, firm jaw and manic determination before an indulgent collection of relatives at Christmas time. Turning 30 means reaching that understanding.

From the point when I began to fall apart physically, succumbing to a lifestyle of idiotic excess, it always seemed the condition was temporary. It was possible to pretend that, given a major psychic shift, I might still play football for Australia, or surf Banzai Pipeline at 20 feet, or at least recapture the smooth joy of movement, the lithe effortlessness of adolescence. I have at last come to realise that this is not going to happen, and the sense of loss is greater than I'd ever imagined. Is this because no animal apart from man has to reckon with the fact of its own mortality?

Adolescence is said to be a time of great uncertainty, of painful introspection that saps the spirit of its victims and leaves them to carry the weight of their wretched world on thin ungainly shoulders. It wasn't like that for me. The answers seemed to be everywhere I looked: in the ocean's waves and in the lyrics of *Morning Of The Earth* and inside matchboxes stuffed with grass and in between the thighs of innocent little girls who'd give the whole of themselves, without hesitation, just for the sheer fun of being in love. Adolescence was a world of stupid, blissful certainty.

Thirty is not. Being no longer a person of the Here and Now, I can't sit down with my father over a civilised whisky and explain to him why his university students care less about nuclear war than the value of the Australian dollar, or why more than half of them approve of Joh Bjelke-Petersen, or why they don't smoke marijuana on the campus lawns but save up their allowances to buy speed and smack instead. And I can't explain to him why punks and mods and yuppies and trendoids and radical feminist separatists are riding a wave of popular neuroticism the like of which has never been seen on these shores. I don't know why. I only know that all of these people are as much in fear of the world and its ways as I.

Honest men recognise, I think, that much of their motivation springs from the ego. No woman, feminist or otherwise, has ever doubted it. My own, inflated at birth, tiresome through childhood and positively dangerous when attached to the body of a man, has finally been bludgeoned into submission. I have at last come to realise — even grudgingly accept — that there are women in the world with whom I will never have sex. I will never have sex with these women not because they are insufferably boring, mindless, immature, vain and capricious, but because they are unattainably young, intelligent, creative, vivacious . . . and beautiful. There is no great joy for me in this, but there is a profound sense of relief.

It's taken me far too long to get to this place. There was always time, and lust to consume in prodigious measures. Now, like many of my contemporaries, I'm asking myself whether I have the capacity to say the words "I love you", and to accept them, with the hard-won knowledge that it's *this* for which we've all been striving all this time.

Maybe I haven't. After all, I'm part of a massive trend toward isolation in the Age of the Single Person. People my age spent their formative years, sexually, in an unprecedented atmosphere of gross abandon. We lost our virginity as kids around about the same time that American adults were wallowing in the fuckfest of Woodstock, and from that point on we were trained to cast off any infantile distinctions between lust and love, and to boldly go where no post-pubescent generation had gone before. But the Sexual Revolution turned out to be a bit of a fizzer, and the veterans, barely out of their teens, straggled back to their homes to lick their wounds and to wonder whether or not they'd been scarred (which they were), and to wonder again, many years later, whether or not those scars might be with them for life.

There are 30-year-old people who are thinking those thoughts now, at night, in the lucid moments prior to sleep. Our dreams are of the past, not the future, and when we wake to see the person who happened to share our bed and who expertly soothed (for a little while) the lust in us, we wonder why it is that we feel no spark of love. We cast envious eyes on those whose youth shields them from such thoughts, because we've come to realise that there is no magical balm for this ailment, but for the final recognition that we are merely mortal, and fallible, and *human*. It hurts. — *Greg Hunter*

Illustration by Chris Payne

Peter Jackson 30's. You're laughing!

30 of the best. At a popular 25's price.

Peter Jackson

PREMIUM QUALITY 30

WARNING-SMOKING IS A HEALTH HAZARD

PHJ 268 APB 0813-C

SLOTH

LET'S GO EAT ITALIAN

One of the great pleasures for the slothful is eating and drinking: the truly lazy traveller will be as much interested in what he's going to swallow as in what he's going to see.

It follows, then, that the best countries to visit are those where food is taken *seriously*. You couldn't put the USA into this group, for example; eating is too often either a crude refuelling process in a fast-food joint or a disconcertingly expensive experience, complicated by elaborate and frequently mendacious menus. What ends up on the plate seems to owe more to the skills of the graphic designer than to the chef.

The French take food much *too* seriously, and look with condescending piety on the foreigner trying to wade through a code of gastronomic terms which amount almost to a third language.

Italy, however, has got it just right. Eating is as much an occasion as in France, but it comes without the quasi-religious French seriousness and without the commercial dishonesty of the US. It's a young nation politically, formed just over a century ago from some 20 regions; these have retained a strong local identity which is reflected in the food and the wine.

Scenery and culture aside, the greatest pleasure in Italy is eating and drinking your way through the country. Wherever you can, drink the local wine; centuries of experience have made it the best possible complement to the local food. The Italians are mighty and determined wine drinkers; they make about a quarter of the world's entire production, and drink about 80 percent of it themselves. In fact, they taught the French how to make wine. Because they like it so much they have, until lately, kept all the best and exported only the surplus and lighter grades.

Piedmont, the region around the cities of Turin and Alba, is the home of *Gran Spumante* — a drier, more alcoholic cousin of *Asti Spumante* — as well as the famous *Barolo* and *Barbaresco* dry reds, an ideal accompaniment to the rich cooking of the region which features soups, stews and roasts of beef, kid and game. Specialities for the more courageous eater are *ranc fritte* (fried frogs' legs) and *insalata di carne crude* (a tartare of veal).

The style of Italian cooking we know in Australia has its origins in Emilio-Romagna; its capital, Bologna, is known as *la grassa*: the fat one. It's the home of *Bolognese* and *Bescameglia (Bechamel)* sauces, Parmesan cheese, *mortadella, tortellini* and *lasagna*. Much prized are *zampone* (pigs' trotters), *anguilla marinata* (marinated eels), *fritto misto* (fried seafood) and Parma ham. Much *Lambrusco*, the popular slightly fizzy wine, is made around here, as well as very good *Aleatico* port.

Italy is the true haven for those who travel on their stomachs.

You'll find the best *minestrone* in Florence, which claims to have invented it; and don't miss *bistecca alla Fiorentina* (grilled basted young sirloin), especially if you can wash it down with plenty of one of the region's great reds, such as *Brunello di Montalcino* or *Vino Nobile di Montepulciano*.

South, in the province of Campania, with Naples as its capital, you'll find endless varieties of pizza. This is where the dish originated, although every town in Italy claims to have thought of it first; it makes the ones you buy from fast-food pizza joints taste like rubber hotties doused in ketchup. Pizzas apart, don't miss *zuppa di vongole* (baby clam soup) and *carciofi ripieni* (seasoned artichokes). Swill huge quantities of *Lachryma Christi* whites.

In Rome you'll find just about every regional speciality, but the authentic dishes are *abbachio* (very young lamb), *trippa alla Romana* (tripe in sauce — which will prove that you *can* eat with gusto things you never thought you could stomach), *saltimbocca* (veal with ham and cheese — on many Italian menus offered in Australia) and *straciatella* (chicken broth with parsley, egg and cheese).

Seafood addicts should head for The Marches and its capital, Ancona, which is home to one of Italy's biggest fishing fleets and to soft white wines which are exactly right for the slightly spicy cooking of the region. *Brodetto*, a fish stew, is every bit the equal of France's *bouillabaise*.

Around Bari and Brindisi in Apulia, on the heel of the Italian boot, you'll find the biggest variety of pasta dishes, which often precede a huge plate of *coratella* (spit-roasted lamb's fry) or *coniglio ai capperi* (rabbit with capers). Seafood treats include *polpi arriciati* (curled octopus), oysters and *fritura di pescespada* (fried swordfish steaks). The area's *Rivera* rose is the best wine to go with all this, and indeed with most Italian food if you prefer a lighter but full-flavored wine.

You'll find that all this food is simply prepared and presented, with none of the extraneous flourish and mumbo-jumbo typical of the tables of too many nations; it depends on fresh ingredients and quick cooking.

As a general rule, avoid the flashier establishments which cater to tourists; these have generally toned down their menu to suit the palates of American or British tourists who are used to bland, highly processed diets. Head for the simpler places where ordinary Italians eat; your welcome will be a lot more sincere and you'll pay less for the real thing. — *Fred Baker*

Photo courtesy of the Italian Government Tourist Organisation

The Yachtsman's Nikon

Once upon a time you had to be an Ernest Hemingway or a Joseph Conrad to capture the drama of beating into a 30 knot sou'wester.

Now you can bring it all back home with pictures: without having to worry about water on the lens or your camera rusting shut.

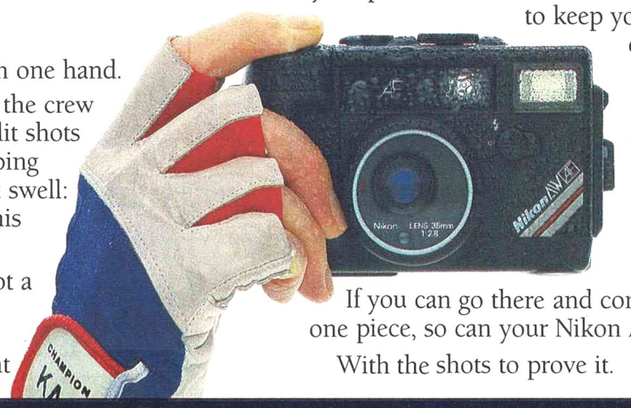
Now the Nikon all-weather autofocus is here.
We call it the Yachtsman's Nikon.
Because it's light.
It laughs at salt water.
And you can shoot with one hand.

From daytime snaps of the crew sharing breakfast to flashlit shots of the graveyard watch jibing under full sail in a 15 foot swell: they're a pushover with this exciting new compact.

The Nikon AW-AF is not a toy but an advanced photographic companion with an all-glass 4 element lens designed to the same high standards that have made Nikon's optical design a legend.

Everything about it is automatic: focusing, exposure, film loading, film advance, film rewind, flash exposure: the lot.

The AW-AD model even has an inbuilt data bank which lets you show the time or date on your pictures. And there's an optional float strap, to keep your camera afloat, even if you're not!



Stash it in the boat next to your wet weather gear. Or toss it in the boot of the car next time you're heading for the bush.

If you can go there and come back in one piece, so can your Nikon AW-AF.

With the shots to prove it.

Nikon

Up here, you could walk for hundreds of kilometres without seeing anyone.

Except the Army Reserve.

The vast northern region of Australia is one of the world's last areas hardly touched by human hands.

There isn't more formidable country anywhere else in Australia, nor probably anywhere else in the world.

Up here, you could walk for hundreds of kilometres without seeing anyone. Except the Army Reserve.

Here in Australia's north an unusual group of our Army Reserve carries out a task that is so important for our defence.

From the sparse Pilbara region and the incredibly harsh Kimberleys of Western Australia, to the dense jungles of the Cape York Peninsula, Army Reserve Surveillance Units called the Pilbara Regiment, Norforce and the Far-North Queensland Regiment carry out surveillance of Northern Australia.

NORFORCE TROOPER JIM LEIGH ON PATROL IN THE NORTHERN TERRITORY.

These Army Reservists are specially trained to work in small groups and to live off the land if necessary.

As Army Reserve Units, the Pilbara Regiment, Norforce and the Far-North Queensland Regiment are composed of young Australians who serve their country part-time.

They come from all walks of life. Station hands, students, office workers, mechanics. All are committed to doing their duty for their country.

It's not an easy job. Hot, thirsty and dangerous. But the Army Reserve's Surveillance Units are keeping an eye out up north for all of us.

ARMY RESERVE. THEY'RE DOING SOMETHING FOR AUSTRALIA.

AUTHORISED BY D.G.R., DEPARTMENT OF DEFENCE

AR172.DPS.46B

THE CURRENCY OF CRIME

Just before he suicided this year, Italian banker Michele Sindona revealed exclusively to *Penthouse* the secrets of Mafia money laundering worldwide

BY NICK TOSCHES

On March 20, 1986, after drinking his usual morning coffee in his cell in the maximum-security prison in Voghera, Italy, Michele Sindona collapsed before the guards stationed at his barred door. "They have poisoned me," he said. Those were to be his final words. Traces of the cyanide that killed him were later found, inexplicably, in the dregs of his coffee.

He was regarded by many as the greatest financial genius of our time, by others as a murderous monster, and by still others as a mad centaur embodying both the genius and the monster. All who knew or knew of Michele Sindona agree on one thing: his was one of the most mysterious, most powerful presences in the modern world.

Born to a poor family in Patti, Sicily, in 1920, Sindona rose to become one of the great figues in international high finance. Through wheeling and dealing on the grandest scale, he accumulated a personal fortune estimated at more than $500 million. He was a confidant of popes, presidents, prime ministers, shahs, and numerous denizens of the political and financial undergrowth.

By 1972, when he took over Franklin National Bank in New York, Sindona already controlled half a dozen banks throughout

ILLUSTRATION BY ALEX GNIDZEJKO

CURRENCY

the world. His other numerous and wide-ranging corporate holdings involved partnerships with the likes of the Vatican, the Bank of America, Nestle, the Hambros Bank of London, and Gulf & Western. The real estate holdings he controlled included Paramount Studios in Hollywood, all the property opposite the Place de l'Opera in Paris, the Montreal Stock Exchange, and the Watergate complex in Washington.

But in 1974, Sindona's empire began to fall. In the autumn of that year, amid rumors of evil manipulations, Franklin National Bank was declared insolvent. Other banks he owned were placed in liquidation almost simultaneously. Warrants for his arrest were issued by the government of Italy. Sindona came to be regarded as the sinister force at the heart of the world's three great intertwined powers: church, state, and Mafia.

In March 1980, months after faking his own kidnapping, Sindona was sentenced in New York to 25 years in prison for his complicity in the downfall of Franklin National. In September 1984, he was extradited to Italy, where he was sentenced to 12 years in prison for bank fraud. A year later, on March 18, 1986 — two days before swallowing that fatal cup of coffee — he was sentenced to life in prison for the 1979 murder of Giorgio Ambrosoli, the Milan attorney who had been appointed by the Italian government to liquidate Sindona's Italian banks.

What few knew, as Sindona was lowered into the dirt last spring, was that he had spent the last two years of his life secretly telling his own side of this infamous story to Penthouse *writer Nick Tosches. The result of those two years' work, from which the following piece has been excerpted, is Tosches' book* Power On Earth.

While the May rain fell, we sat alone in a locked and guarded room in the far reaches of the Voghera prison. I brought up the name of Rosario Spatola, a man Sindona came to know in the years between his downfall and his imprisonment, and a man whom the Italian press portrayed as one of the most dangerous mafiosi in Sicily. Sindona corrected my pronunciation of Spatola's name — the accent was on the first syllable, he said — and then he laughed.

"I will tell you about Spatola later," he said. "I will tell you this now: the Rosario Spatola I knew and the Rosario Spatola in the newspapers are different. In the newspapers, he is a big, scary tough guy. To me, he was always . . ." And Sindona, laughing again, brought his fingertips together before him like a schoolgirl in prayer, and in a farcical feminine voice mocked, "Oh, please, Mr Sindona, please." And then he lowered his hands, laughing again.

I watched him, and I smiled; and a thought occurred to me. "Did you ever meet anyone who scared you?" I asked.

"No-one ever scared me," he said, stressing the final word ever so slightly more than the rest. And as I looked at him, he began once again to laugh.

"The people who brought you down," I said, "have accused you of working for the Mafia."

"Yes." He nodded. "They have accused me of that. They have accused me of everything except nailing Christ to the cross." He laughed.

"You see, I never needed them, and they never needed me. You must remember that my banks in Italy were first-class institutions with first-class partners. The Mafia always used second-class institutions and professionals." His eyes narrowed sagaciously. "Those men are not so stupid, I think. They are much smarter than the government people who think they under

> "The government investigators are babes in the woods. This is why the so-called war on crime can't be won. They can't find the front."

stand them,"

"Which banks does the Mafia use?" I asked him.

He hesitated for a moment. "That is a dangerous question," he reflected. I shrugged, he smiled. With no further thought, he said, "In Sicily, sometimes Banco di Sicilia. In Milan, the little Banca Rasini in Piazza Mercanti."

He sat quietly then, listening to the sound of the falling rain.

"No matter what they claim, governments will never understand the Mafia," he said slowly. "With their silly charts and their lying, know-nothing informants, they try to reinvent the Mafia in their own image, the only image they can comprehend: that of an ordered, homogeneous organisation. Their delusion of 'organised crime' is one of an imagined ideal bureaucracy, and it exists nowhere but in the lacking minds of little men with big titles.

"Governments have unknowingly done a great deal to abet the amassing of criminal fortunes, through law ostensibly enacted to protect their economies or their citizens' welfare. Trade and customs restrictions gave life to smuggling and trafficking in contraband. The prohibition of alcohol in America served to found that country's greatest centres of illicit wealth. Most of the respected families of the world — the Rothschilds and the Warburgs, the Agnellis and the Pirellis, the Kennedys and the Rockefellers — can trace the origins of their fortunes to various illegal profits, and to the avoidance of taxes on those profits. Over the years, their money became clean, and they became the world's establishment.

"The drug trade is the means by which so-called organised crime finances itself on every continent. If drug laws were liberalised, that means would no longer exist. But governments do not seem willing to strike at the heart." He shrugged, then grinned. "You see, these governments are not as good at finding dirty money as they are at helping to create it.

"Government agencies in America and Europe often capture intermediaries in the drug traffic. They see these people as crime lords, as the heads of criminal organisations. But, in reality, they are only entities of, at most, second-class importance, pawns who do not themselves understand the complex economy of which they are a part.

"James Harmon, the director of the (US) President's Commission on Organised Crime, and Giovanni Falcone, the biggest of the anti-Mafia magistrates in Italy, both admitted to me that neither they nor their assistants knew anything about options on currencies or commodities, or about futures or forward contracts." His voice rose suddenly. "They told me that they had no idea how the international monetary system works!"

His eyes widened and he grinned sardonically. "It is ridiculous!" he howled. "They are babes in the woods! The Mafia could never have hoped for more.

"You see," he said, "this is why the so-called war on crime can never be won. They cannot find the front." He raised his eyebrows. "Never, in any book, any government report, any newspaper, any magazine, has there been published an accurate explanation of money laundering." He slammed his hand down. "Never."

"So," I said, "tell me about money laundering."

He inhaled deeply and exhaled slowly. He nodded abstractedly. He looked at me and he smiled.

"First," he began to explain, moving forward in his chair, "one must distinguish between black money and dirty money. Black money is simply money held or exchanged in secrecy — under-the-table money — usually for the purpose of avoiding taxes. The money placed in anonymous Swiss accounts is often black. Generally, it belongs to respected people, who can freely use it because it is rarely noticed in the flow of their greater legitimately accounted wealth.

"Dirty money is money made through crime — drug money. It is illegal gain. It

can be hidden, but it cannot be used in the light of day unless its owner can make it appear to be legitimate, tax-paid income. Many people hide dirty money, but few know how to turn it into clean money. Most people confuse hiding and laundering.

"There are many near-perfect ways to hide dirty money. The most obvious is to deposit it in a country with strict bank-secrecy laws. Switzerland was once popular with the Mafia. These days, Switzerland gets money that was made by evading taxes and currency laws. The Mafia has turned to countries where bank secrecy is more impenetrable. Austria, Holland, Ireland, Hong Kong, the Isle of Man, the Dutch Antilles, Luxembourg, Singapore, Malaysia, Thailand, Cost Rica, Paraguay, Uruguay, Lebanon — all these places, and others, offer more anonymity than Switzerland. Co-operative agreements exist with only a few of them, and where they do exist, they have no value at all, because they've been drawn up by people who are incompetent in international banking and monetary matters.

"The hiding of very large sums of money is done principally in two places: the Far East and Latin America. There are banks in Hong Kong, Singapore, and Kuala Lumpur that for years have catered to dirty money. Recently, they've been joined by the Bank of China. In Costa Rica, Paraguay, and Uruguay, banks are so eager to cope with their liquidity needs that they'd gladly accept money even if it was drenched in blood. Cash is taken into those countries as normal luggage by certain operators who have arrangements with customs officials. But in Latin America, things are not as sophisticated as in the Far East. Governments in Central America are prone to blackmail.

"These are some of the ways little criminals hide their money. Whenever one of them is caught scurrying around with a million or two, he is made out to be bigger than he is. This is not difficult, since he himself usually thinks he is bigger than he is.

"Laundering money is more difficult, but when it is properly done, it allows criminals to use their dirty money in the open, and allows the law absolutely no means of interfering. The real evil of laundered money is not that it deprives the government of revenue, because when money is effectively laundered, taxes must be paid on it. The tax money used to fund the [US] President's Commission on Organised Crime, for this reason, may be part of the dirty money that the commission is trying to trace." He smiled a smile that was slow to fade. "No," he said. "The real evil of money laundering is its power to allow dirty money — the instrument of crime — to enter the mainstream of economies undisturbed, to consume important sectors of those economies and transform them into *feudi* of an international criminal oligarchy beyond the reach of the law — an oligarchy that is to be brought down by men who do not understand money."

He leaned back in this chair.

"To launder relatively small amounts of dirty money — up to $150 million a year, say — all you have to do is set up a bearer-bond company in a tax-haven country. You deposit your money in the account of the company. The company is protected by secrecy laws, so nobody knows that the company is you. Then you draw up a consultancy agreement or an employment contract between you and the company, providing the terms of payment for some imaginary services. You have those payments made to you accordingly, and that's that. Hidden money becomes laundered money.

"This system has already been discovered by some federal prosecutors and financial journalists. But it's still virtually impossible for lawmen to demonstrate that such an arrangement is false, especially if the papers have been drawn up properly and a file of work reports has been maintained.

"Then there's the 'double-pricing' system. Very popular. What you do is buy some real estate property officially worth, say, $3 million. You make a recorded payment of $1 million, and you pay $2 million in black money under the table. After the purchase, you lay out some money for development — $300,000, say. In a few months or a year, you sell the property at its real value, $3.3 million. If you're an American citizen, say, and you do this in America, you must pay about 25 percent in taxes on your $2 million 'profit.' At the same time, you render clean and untouchable $1.5 million in dirty money.

"People who operate legal importing businesses in addition to their illegal activities sometimes use the 'double-invoicing' system. Through his bearer-share company, the importer anonymously buys goods from a legitimate foreign seller at, say, $2 a pound. He then buys those same goods from himself — that is, the bearer-share company — for, say, $1.80 a pound. The 20-cents-per-pound difference becomes a legal profit for the importers, while dirty money he owns in the name of the bearer-share company is cleaned by passing to the loss side of its profit-and-loss account.

"*Mutatis mutandis*." He grinned in a less than pleasant way. "That which is dirty is rendered clean."

He leaned forward again. The dim rainy light at the barred window was dwindling. Shadows in the chamber lengthened.

"There is another, more sophisticated method. It is a method used for two reasons: one is tax evasion; the other is the exploitation of special laws pertaining to financial easements and incentives.

"To use the method you must own a construction company or some kind of industrial business; and you need the help of an engineering firm — one of the several in Europe and America that specialise in such assistance.

"If your purpose is tax evasion, you have the engineering firm invoice your company for industrial projects that you have already carried out — projects whose costs have already been borne by your company's account. Often, the engineering firm supplies a blank letterhead or forms, on which you can draw up your own projects and reports — based, of course, on projects your company has already completed and paid for. The letterhead is then privately returned to the engineering firm, which officially mails it back to you along with an invoice. Your company then honors that trumped-up invoice, paying for services it never received from that firm. In effect, your company has paid twice for the same installation, doubling its cost. The engineering firm, of course, returns some of the money to you under the table — money that has now become black.

"This 'double-cost' system either reduces in whole or in part the profit of the project against which it is debited, or it falsely increases the value of your company's installation, allowing a higher amortisation that reduces taxable income for years to come. Besides offsetting taxes, the system permits you to create a reserve of black money, which can then be laundered by any of the methods I've explained.

"If your purpose is to exploit special financial laws, the procedure is not much different."

He stretched his arms and breathed the chamber's chill air. It seemed as if his talking, for now, was done. But then he drew his eyetooth slowly across his bottom lip, and his eyes narrowed, as if in forethought. And then those dark eyes glimmered.

"There is one more system," he said. "It is the most sophisticated and the most dangerous system of all." He was not smiling.

"To use this method, you must have knowledge of the international banking system and of the laws and regulations that govern the commodities and currency exchanges in various countries throughout the world. It is an extremely dangerous system — not for him who uses it, but for the economies of the world — because it allows the laundering of immense, almost limitless sums of dirty money.

"It is a system that has been used until now by only one or two small groups that operate in the Far East with the protection of several governments. You can forget all about this 'Pizza Connection' nonsense, all this 'Godfather' shit. It is these few men without names in the Far East who are the real rulers of crime.

"In this system, you deposit your dirty money, in the name of your bearer-share company, at the Hong Kong & Shanghai Bank, at the Chartered Bank, or at one of the other agreeable banks in Hong Kong or Singapore.

"Now," he continued, "you know that the Philadelphia Stock Exchange trades currency futures options on British pounds, Canadian dollars, German marks, Japanese yen, Swiss francs, and US dollars, and the Chicago Mercantile Exchange trades options on British pounds, German marks, and Swiss francs.

"Only about five percent of all the options traded are executed on behalf of corporations wishing to hedge the currency risks of their international trade. The vast majority of the trading is purely speculative in nature, carried out by banks on behalf of their clients or themselves.

"In the international currency flow of some $60 trillion a year, it is extremely hard to distinguish those transactions carried out simply to realise legal profits from those carried out to launder dirty money.

> "You can forget about all this 'Godfather' and 'Pizza Connection.' It is a few unnamed men in the Far East who are the real rulers of crime."

"So," he went on, "your dirty money has been deposited in Hong Kong or Singapore in the name of your ghost company. Now you buy, say, a yen option at 240 yen per dollar. This option gives you the right, but it does not obligate you, to buy 24 billion yen for $100 million six months from now. The premium for the option is $1 million.

"If, during those six months, the yen falls to, say, 260 per dollar, you can buy the 24 billion yen in the spot market for $92 million, or you can sell the option contract. In either case, you make a profit of $7 million. That is, $8 million less the $1 million premium.

"Your counterpart in the deal is officially the bank of Hong Kong or Singapore. But, in reality, that bank is acting only on behalf of the ghost company that deposited the dirty money with them. Your real counterpart is yourself. Therefore, the $7 million profit you earn is not recorded as the bank's loss, but as the loss of your anonymous bearer-share company.

"The deal has turned $7 million in hidden dirty money into a clean profit. You haven't even really lost the $1 million option premium, because it has been paid to the ghost company that was your counterpart in the deal — that is, to yourself. Your final profit from the transaction is reduced only by the commission you must pay the bank for the fiduciary transaction — here, about $20,000 — and by the income tax you must pay to the government.

"In practice, a man who is expert at this system might buy and sell the same option many times during the six-month period, according to the fluctuations of the market. In this way, he could launder hundreds of millions of dollars in a relatively brief time.

"All right," he then said. "But what if during those six months, the yen rises? What if it goes up to 220 per dollar?

"In this case, you allow the option to expire unexercised, and you lose only the cost of the premium, $1 million, and the $20,000 commission to the bank. But, again, that $1 million loss is not actually a loss. It is offset by the $1 million in black profits earned by your ghost company as a premium for the option you have granted it. And, as you can deduct the $1 million 'loss' from your income, not only do you suffer no real losses, but you also, through this deduction, lower the tax you must pay on the laundered profits from other deals.

"In these days of floating exchange rates, there are often rapid fluctuations within a span of hours. Working prudently, a man who knows what he's doing can realise enormous profits without risk — profits that are not really profits, but dirty money made clean.

"The same system can be used with commodities. You buy a futures contract valued at $100 million. Once again, the counterpart of the American bank or broker you use will be, upon your request, the bank in Hong Kong or Singapore where your dirty money has been deposited in the name of your bearer-share company. The Far East bank will receive a notice that the contract proposed by the American bank or broker is to be stipulated for the ghost company. The Far East bank takes no risk, and asks only a very slight margin as a formality — perhaps $1 million.

"If the price of the commodity rises ten percent, you make $10 million in profit. The counterpart company registers a loss in the same amount. Thus you have turned dirty money to clean.

"If the price of the commodity falls ten percent, you officially lose $10 million. But since you are also secretly the counterpart company that profits by $10 million, your commission to the bank, $20,000, is your only real loss — and you can now deduct $10 million against your other taxable profits.

"Whether currency or commodities options are used, the system is invincible. It is" — he looked away, feeling for a phrase — "it is the system at the end of the world." He smiled wickedly then. "The US Government, perhaps, should speak of this to Mr Colby, the former CIA director, who is now

Continued on page 144

"I'm from the American Bar Association. If you lose, we could sue for the flagrant and oppressive diminution of your rights as middleweight champion of the world."

BASES LOADED

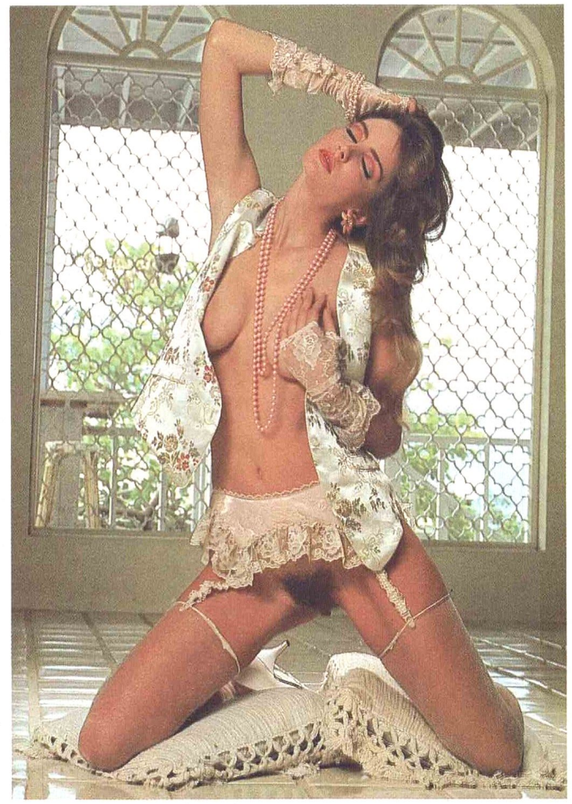
PHOTOGRAPHY BY HANK LONDONER

"I always make sure I've got my bases covered," laughs an often unsporting 20-year-old Patty Mullen. "If I really want to make sure of a home run with a guy, I send out vibes. If that doesn't work, I get him drunk. If *that* doesn't work, I rip his clothes off. I like to play in the big league . . .

"Romance is like a baseball game, you see," she explains coyly. "It's no coincidence that some people have to confess that they sometimes 'strike out.' Do you get the pitcher? I know I try.

"I like playing catcher," she smirks. "That means I'm involved in everything — but I particularly like to try extra hard to get *some* men out before they can slide in home. It's not cricket, I know, but it's much more fun.

"Don't you worry," she says. "I've got a good grasp of all sorts of ball games. And I especially love contact sports like wrestling (though I never play with women).



"Any man in my life has got to be super fit,
but I don't mean they have to jog all the time.
What a turn-off! Joggers — those heroes who
run in marathons — are always so weedy!
Honestly, I'd rather get it on with
King Kong Bundy."

Travel hints you won't find
in any of the brochures

WORLD WARY

HUMOR BY COLIN BOWLES

Did you know that in England 30 percent of all tourists get frostbite when travelling in the shoulder season? Did you know that last year three Australian men contracted rabies after being bitten on the neck by French women? Did you know that Marie Osmond and Nancy Reagan are the only two American females who don't have herpes?

They don't tell you those things in the brochures, do they? In the brochures, it's all white palm-fringed beaches and mystical castles and snow-capped peaks and romantic encounters with impossibly beautiful women who've been waiting all their lives for a chance to meet an exotic stranger from Down Under.

Well, forget it. In the real world, survival is what it's all about. For instance, in Saudi Arabia possession of lemon essence will get you 500 lashes; in Kuala Lumpur 500 grams of Bex will get you a jail term; and in Bulgaria disobeying a red light is punishable by garotting — even if you're a pedestrian. In Pakistan strip searches are compulsory and in the Philippines the traditional greeting is "Hands up!"

In the age of the rocket launcher and the skyjacker, the Sikh extremists won't bother to kidnap you in some remote Punjabi

ILLUSTRATIONS BY BILL LEAK

mountain pass. They'll just nail you in the middle of the in-flight movie somewhere over the Irish Sea. It's not enough to take out travel insurance and carry a large stash of Kwik-Eze. You need to be armed with the facts, presented here in handy question and answer form.

What's the best time of year to go?
If you're travelling around the Mediterranean, try to miss the hijack season. Best time is just after Ramadan: the PLO (along with all the other loons) will have been fasting for a month and will be too weak to hold up their willies, let alone an airliner.

What should I take?
If you're travelling by plane you'll need a bullet-proof vest in case you get caught out in the open at Athens airport, and some reading material for the long waits on the tarmac at Damascus and Belgrade. *War And Peace* is a good choice.

You're allowed about 20 kilos of baggage on an airliner. That's enough clothes and supplies to last you three years in Bali and three hours in London. It also means that any bargains you buy overseas will cost you twice as much after you've paid the excess. This does not apply to Bali, where you'll already have paid three times as much as the souvenirs are worth *before* you get on the plane.

What's the best way to get around?
The best way of travelling these days is in an armored car or with an SAS social club package tour. Failing that, you should learn to play the odds.

Hiring a car is tantamount to suicide. In Italy the mafiosi get rid of traitors and rival capos by lending them a Fiat for the weekend. Bear in mind there are no road rules on the Continent. You are required to start on the right side of the road, but what you do after that is up to you.

In Asia things are much worse and the roads are used as a form of population control. No European was able to negotiate Rama I Road in Bangkok on a motorcycle until 1978, and few have been successful since.

So go by train. European trains are reasonably civilised, but if you're planning a trip through Asia, always go first class or you'll find yourself sharing a four-berth compartment with three drug addicts and a leper colony.

How much money should I bring?
Allow about $15-20 a day for Asia, $15-20 an hour for Europe. In the United States it's advisable to take extra to allow for tipping and mugging.

If you're travelling to the Middle East, first ask about joining a Hostage Club Scheme. Most banks have one. Just $100 a week during the 12 months before you travel should get you started on your way to a reasonable ransom.

Should I learn a second language?
Not necessarily. English is spoken in most countries in Europe and Asia. The only place you might have problems is in Britain. In London the main form of communication is Cockney rhyming slang and jive; in Scotland and Wales it's the grunt; and in Ireland they don't communicate with each other at all, at all.

The spoken word is not always the best way to impart your meaning, anyway. If you work in computers you have a definite advantage. Often the quickest way of getting information through to a foreigner is to punch it in.

What about health care?
Going to a foreign country is like driving down the Hume Highway without private health cover. You have a 50/50 chance of ending up in hospital and only a remote chance of getting treated when you get there.

If you get sick, fly straight home. Hospitals in Asia, South America and the Middle East are mortuaries with beds instead of slabs, and the doctors get spotter's fees from the undertakers. I had a friend who went into Denpasar hospital suffering from hay fever and never walked again.

In San Francisco you can get AIDS off the bar stools and just patting a dog in Sumatra will give you rabies. So when you're overseas, a good general rule is not to touch anything. Take your own food and whatever you do, don't drink the water. Don't even open your mouth when it rains.

Bear in mind that ice cubes are also water. Often they're just test tubes containing a new virus that have been left in the freezer overnight.

If you must have sex, try not to touch her with more bits of your body than absolutely necessary. Wear rubber gloves and at least three heavy-duty condoms.

And for God's sake, don't kiss anyone.

How do I avoid bloodshed?
In places like Thailand, Bolivia and the Lebanon, elections are held spontaneously and voting is done with grenades and automatic rifles.

If you are out on the street and you hear a loud bang, hit the deck immediately. Then crawl back to your hotel and stay there. Nine out of ten times it will only be a motorcycle back-firing, but don't take chances. No matter what the papers say, there's no such thing as a bloodless coup.

Wherever you are in the world, there is one thing that you can do — that you *must* do — to increase your chances of survival.

MAKE IT QUITE CLEAR TO EVERYONE YOU MEET THAT YOU ARE NOT AN AMERICAN.

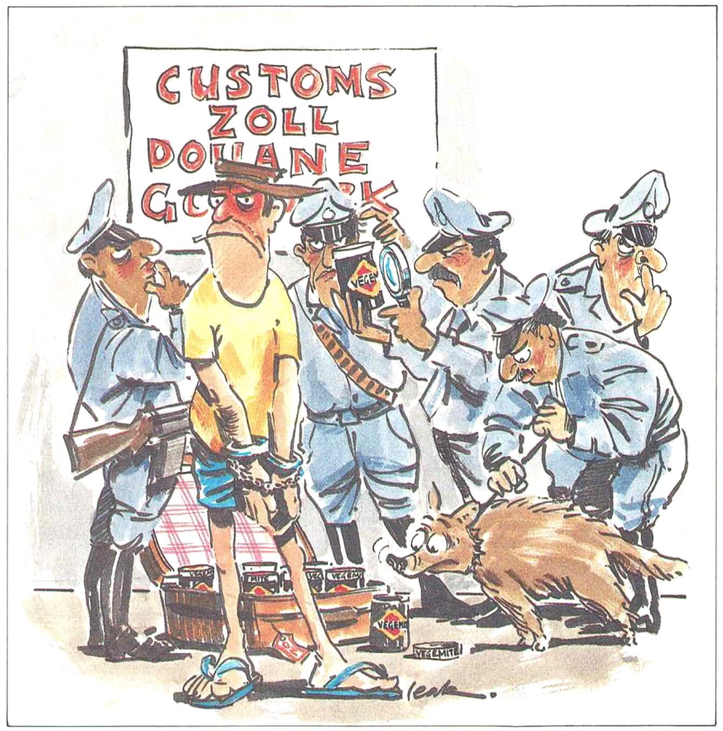
Offer this information even if you are not asked. If an American approaches you and starts to speak to you, pretend you are Lithuanian. Don't sit next to Americans on trains, planes or buses and if one sits next to you, get up and sit somewhere else. And don't be misled by appearances. Just because you are face-to-face with a Venezuelan guerrilla wearing a UCLA sweatshirt, that doesn't mean he is pro-Western. It means he got the UCLA sweatshirt from the last American he shot.

"I went in there with an in-grown toenail — I'd keep quiet about that dose of clap if I were you."

What about kidnapping?
In many parts of the world, taking travellers hostage and holding them for ransom is considered nothing more than a colorful local custom: for example, on the Pakistan border, in South Yemen, in the Lebanon and in parts of New York.

If captured, be as amicable as possible and don't get abusive if they cut off one of your fingers and mail it to your wife, as this will be interpreted as an insult and could lead to violence.

When paying ransoms, a ten percent tip is customary in most areas.



Now, here's a rough guide to what you should look out for in some of the countries you might be visiting.

THE UNITED KINGDOM

The United Kingdom consists of four countries: the West End, the East End, Jamaica and Riyadh. The Queen lives in the West End, George Cole lives in the East End, Bob Marley used to live somewhere in the middle and the whole place is owned by King Faisal. The main industry is picketing.
Population: Football hooligans, wounded policemen, dole queues, Rastafarians.
Climate: In the winter months between August and May, England is cold and wet. During the summer months — the end of June and the beginning of July — it is much colder and much wetter.
Currency: The falling pound; black market tickets to Bruce Springsteen concerts.
Food & Drink: Beer, baked beans.
Health Risks: Brain death (the British have developed an immunity to this — they get it, but they don't fall over); bad head colds that hang around for decades.
Things To Do: The main attractions in England are old castles and old pubs. Unfortunately there are few old characters left to sit in them, as they've either died from hypothermia in their council flats or been beaten up by Chelsea supporters.

FRANCE

The main problem with France is that the French live there. The main exports are champagne, nuclear fallout and arrogance.
Population: Ski instructors, models, disgruntled peasants.
Climate: France experiences a lot of different types of weather. Whether to let off another bomb, whether to blow up the Greenpeace flagship, whether to shoot up the locals in New Caledonia, etc.
Currency: The neutron.
Food & Drink: Wine, champagne, small garden pests.
Health Risks: Never go into a French toilet without a tetanus shot, and never *ever* turn the bidet on "high."
Things To Do: Buy $50 clothes with $400 labels; get injured by car bombs outside the El Al office.

ITALY

Italy is the only truly democratic country in the whole of Europe, in that it's the only place where everyone's had a go at being Prime Minister. Main exports: pasta, contract killers.
Population: Cardinals, gangsters, ex-Prime Ministers.
Climate: Hot and greasy.
Currency: Because of the uncertain nature of the Italian economy, the lire is generally used as a pizza base. The only negotiable tender of any value are autographed photos of the Italian World Cup team and Pope John Paul II. There are ten John Pauls to a World Cup team.
Food & Drink: Holy Communion.
Health Risks: In Sicily you can die of venereal disease. At least, you can if you give it to a mafiosi.
Things To Do: Pay $3 for a capuccino; see an election (Monday to Saturday).

SPAIN

Spain is England populated by Italians pretending to be French. The Costa del Sol is actually a tourist hotel with an annexe that goes down to Gibraltar, and the rest of the country consists of the Prado surrounded by donkeys.
Population: English tourists, Germans slumming it, waiters.
Climate: The rain in Spain stays mainly on the plain.
Currency: Traveller's cheques.
Food & Drink: Fish and chips, tea like mother makes.
Health Risks: Fish and chips, tea like mother makes.
Things To Do: Buy sombreros with "Kiss Me Quick" on them; try to score English girls with beautiful tans and ugly accents.
Remember: Never do John Cleese impersonations in Barcelona.

WEST GERMANY

This country's main attractions are the chalets, castles and beautiful countryside, but because of urban expansion there are none of these left. They've all been exported to East Germany to fill in the gaps left by defectors.
Population: Spies, scientists, arms dealers, East German defectors.
Climate: Acid rain.
Currency: The Strudel.
Food & Drink: Beer, sausages, pollution.
Health Risks: Chronic obesity, birth deformities. If you go anywhere near the Ruhr, remember to take an aluminium umbrella.
Things To Do: Buy AK-47s duty free.

EAST GERMANY

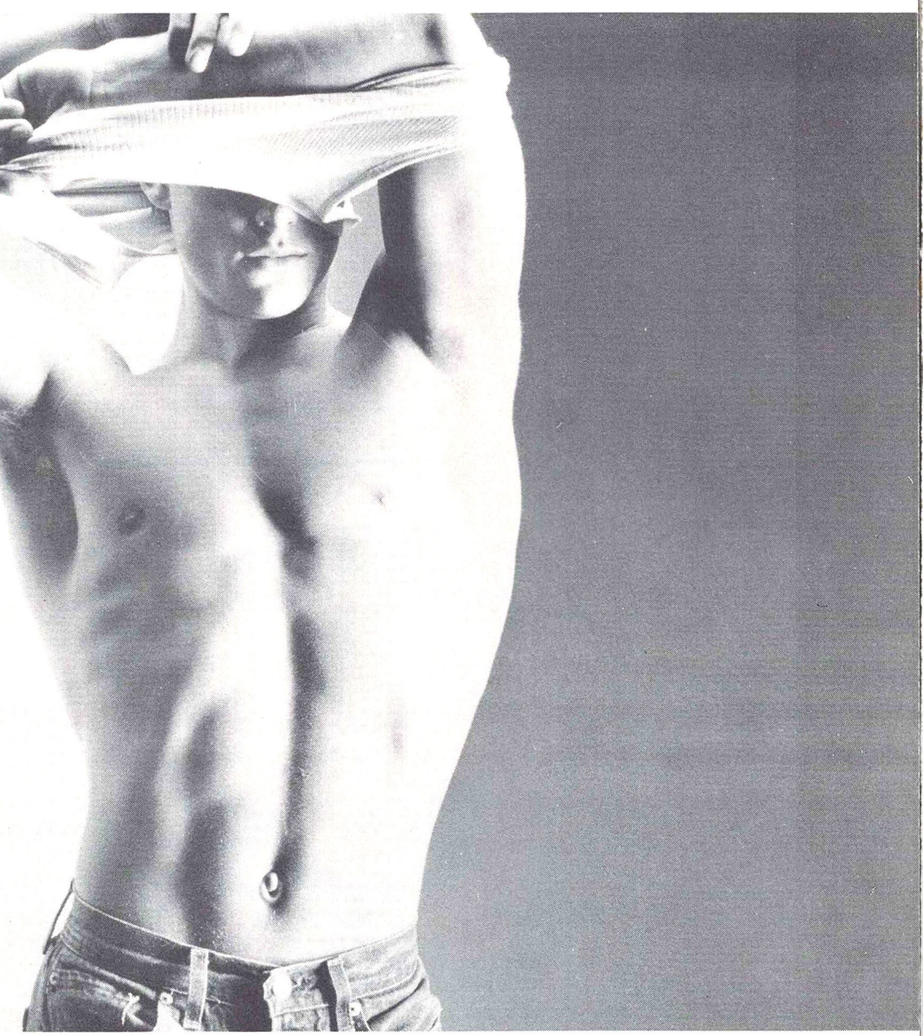
East Germany is Poland without the glamor. It consists of a large sports training complex surrounded by barbed wire. Chief industries are gold medals and military advisers.
Population: Female butterfly swimming champions, border guards, escape committees.
Climate: Drizzle from July to May; in June it rains.
Currency: Olympic gold medals.
Food & Drink: None.
Health Risks: None. All diseases have been banned.
Things To Do: Go to the border and take photographs of the large sign that says: "Will The Last One Out Please Turn Off The Lights?"

RUSSIA

You do not visit Russia. You go there to

"NO PAIN... NO GAIN"

AMERICA'S MOST POPULAR HOME EXERCISE SYSTEM NOW AVAILABLE IN AUSTRALIA.



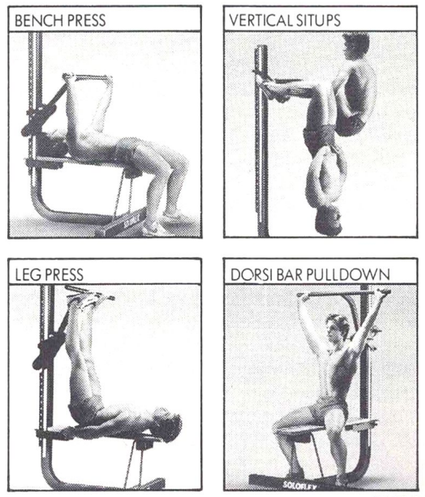
To unlock your body's potential, we proudly offer SOLOFLEX. Twenty-four traditional iron-pumping exercises, each correct in form and balance. All on a simple machine that fits in a corner of your home. To purchase: $1685 plus $75 shipping: by personal cheque – major credit cards – or easy payment plan over 12 or 24 month period.
For a free SOLOFLEX brochure, call toll-free (008) 22 6066, or in Sydney, phone: 4116822.

30-DAY UNCONDITIONAL MONEY-BACK GUARANTEE

BODY BY SOLOFLEX

Only available from the Sole Distributor for Australia:

FROST INTERNATIONAL
DEPARTMENT PH 0010, SUITE 74,
CHATSWOOD VILLAGE, CHATSWOOD, NSW 2067.



PH 0010

WORLD WARY

prove something to yourself, or as part of the Duke of Edinburgh's Outward Bound Scheme. Contrary to popular belief, there *is* mugging in Russia. It happens *after* you get to the police station.
Population: KGB agents, dissidents, and people queueing up to buy shoes.
Climate: In winter Moscow is under three feet of snow. In summer it is warmer and Moscow is under two feet of snow.
Currency: Information.
Food & Drink: Vodka, small children.
Health Risks: The chief killer in the USSR is salt — especially when you have to dig it in Siberia.
Things To Do: Have sex with beautiful KGB agents who think you're a cipher clerk with the US Embassy.

THE UNITED STATES

The United States is an extraordinary mixture of first class service and gratuitous violence. It's the only place in the world where the muggers take American Express. If you're white it's unwise to leave your hotel after dark. If you're black it's unwise to leave it during the day.
Population: News anchormen, junkies, salesmen.
Climate: Depending on which part you visit, you may experience blizzards, cyclones, tornadoes, flash floods or heatwaves. They will be bigger and better than anything you've seen anywhere else. San Francisco hotels have also taken a lead from TAA and are now offering an Earthquake-check package. If your hotel disappears down the San Andreas fault with you still in it, you win a free breakfast.
Currency: Concepts.
Food & Drink: Cocktails, hamburgers, TV dinners, each other.
Health Risks: The most feared diseases in America are AIDS, herpes, Legionnaire's Disease and being blacklisted by a major studio.
Things To Do: Go to LA and snort coke given to you by people who think you're Paul Hogan.

CHINA

China is a beautiful, haunting country run by a rigid bureaucracy. It's like having Australia Post in charge of the Hunza Valley. A wonderful place, but remember to take a packed lunch.
Population: Officials, bicycles.
Climate: Climate has been strictly regulated since the Cultural Revolution. It never rains during the high season to prevent the Tourist Bureau from losing face.
Currency: Denim jeans, old T-shirts.
Food & Drink: Rice.
Health Risks: Starvation (most cases occur on CAAC aircraft).
Things To Do: Attempt to get away from your guide. (No Australian has ever been successful at this.)

JAPAN

Japan was launched from a feudal economy into the 20th Century after the last worldwide difference of opinion ended in 1945. The old Samurai code of Bushido, however, did not disappear; it was merely transferred to car-making and electronics. So be prepared: Japan is a country populated entirely by psychopaths in blue polyester suits.
Population: Company executives, their wives.
Climate: Hot all year round, due to the close proximity of everyone else's body.
Currency: Bits of Australia.
Food & Drink: McDonalds.
Health Risks: Whatever you do, don't drink the whisky and don't eat the fish.
Things To Do: Search for somewhere you can stretch out both your arms without poking a Sony technician in the eye. Note: the city of Osaka is the official holder of the world cramming record.

> Chief Thai exports are heroin and venereal disease. "Virulent strain" is a Thai word meaning "massage parlor."

INDIA

India's chief resource is people and its chief produce is raw sewage. There is a diversity of cultures, with Tamils, Hindus and Sikhs living peacefully together in between riots. Among other strange customs, anyone called Gandhi is immediately shot upon reaching the age of 60.
Population: Beggars, gurus, and riskshaw drivers who want to be bus conductors in Leeds.
Climate: There are three seasons: hot and wet; hot and dusty; and hot and wet and dusty.
Currency: The rupee is useful for giving to beggars and buying goat curry at foodstalls. Everything else is negotiable. A Seiko watch will buy you a lump of the Taj Mahal in Agra, while a US passport and a pair of Levis will buy you Agra.
Food & Drink: Curry, Coca Cola, salmonella.
Health Risks: In India you can get anything except frostbite, so during your stay it is advisable not to eat the food, drink the water or touch the people. If possible, hold your breath the whole time and avoid camping near a Union Carbide factory.
Things To Do: Visit temples; recover from hepatitis.

THAILAND

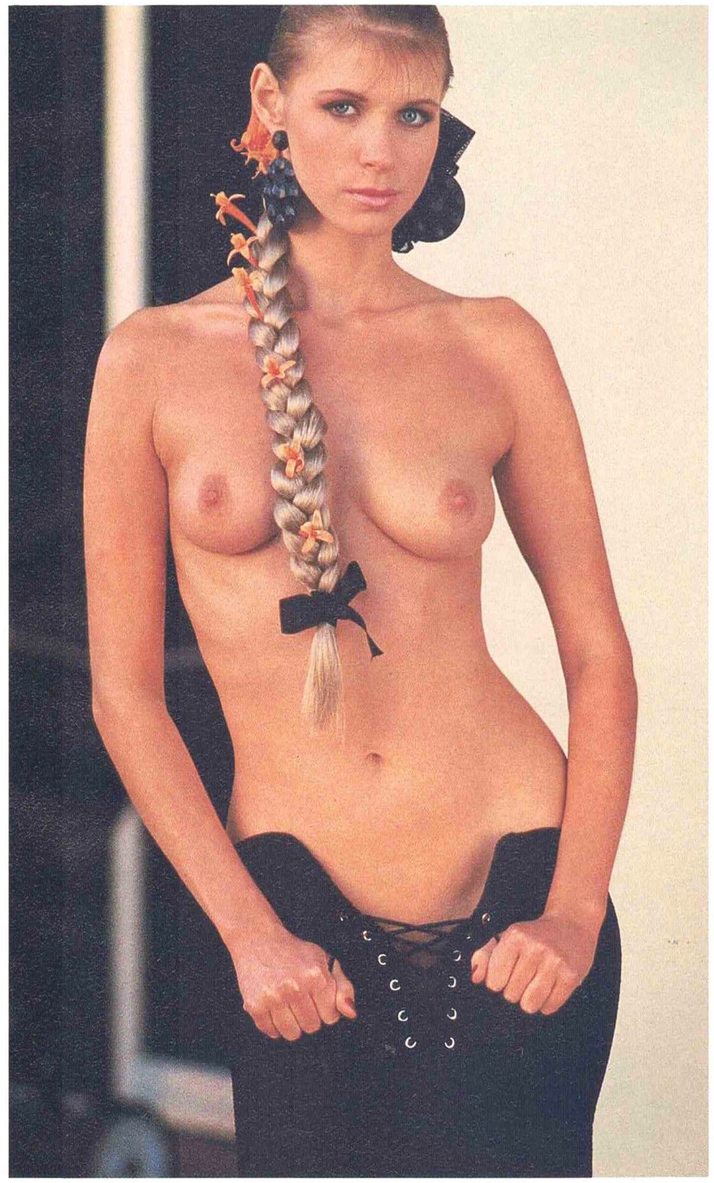
Thailand is a mysterious and magical country that has earned the nickname "The Shagging Shop of the Orient." German tourists go there to catch gonorrhea. Chief exports are heroin and venereal disease. "Virulent strain" is a Thai word meaning "massage parlor." Piracy on the high seas is a thing of the past in Thailand; it is now confined entirely to dry land. The penalty for defying local customs is castration, which in Thailand is actually a blessing in disguise.
Population: Bar girls, drug dealers.
Climate: Thailand is "temperate", which means no-one can stand to drink the whisky. They take drugs instead.
Currency: Drugs.
Food & Drink: Streptomyacin, drugs.
Health Risks: Coups, genital gangrene, drugs.
Things To Do: Watch your dick turn green and fall off; go to the River Kwai and see the famous bridge — the last thing Australians ever built without having union trouble; take drugs.

SOUTH AMERICA

South America consists of a collection of banana republics governed by psychopaths with Spanish names. Life expectancy is 14½.
Population: Torturers, guerrillas, oppressed peasants, Harrison Ford.
Climate: The only climate they talk about in this part of the world is the political one. Generally it is very hot, with strong easterly fronts pushing in from the jungle followed by a severe depression over Washington. Coup season is June — September.
Currency: The cattle prod.
Food & Drink: Bananas, each other.
Health Risks: Cholera and disappearing suddenly in the night.
Things To Do: Avoid getting caught in the curfew; catch a blood disease.

INDONESIA

Anyone visiting Indonesia will realise at once why the Fretilins fought so hard for independence. But it's a great place to get away from ABC journos doing in-depth documentaries . . . perhaps the *only* place.
Population: Amputees selling wood carvings; able-bodied people selling T-shirts that say: "I rode through Denpasar and lived."
Climate: During the monsoon season it rains cats and dogs. This means that in the dry season there's no meat in the nasi goreng.
Currency: Wood carvings.
Food & Drink: Nasi goreng, wood carvings.
Health Risks: Everything you touch will lead to some sort of infection. This situation gets much worse inside the hospitals.
Things To Do: Close your eyes and pretend you're in Wilcannia.



LUCY

Hair & make-up by Michelle Devereux Garments and accessories by Young Blood and House of Merivale; Swimsuit by Sea Folly; Hosiery from Joan Beurie; Gloves from Dents; Towels from Derek Scott

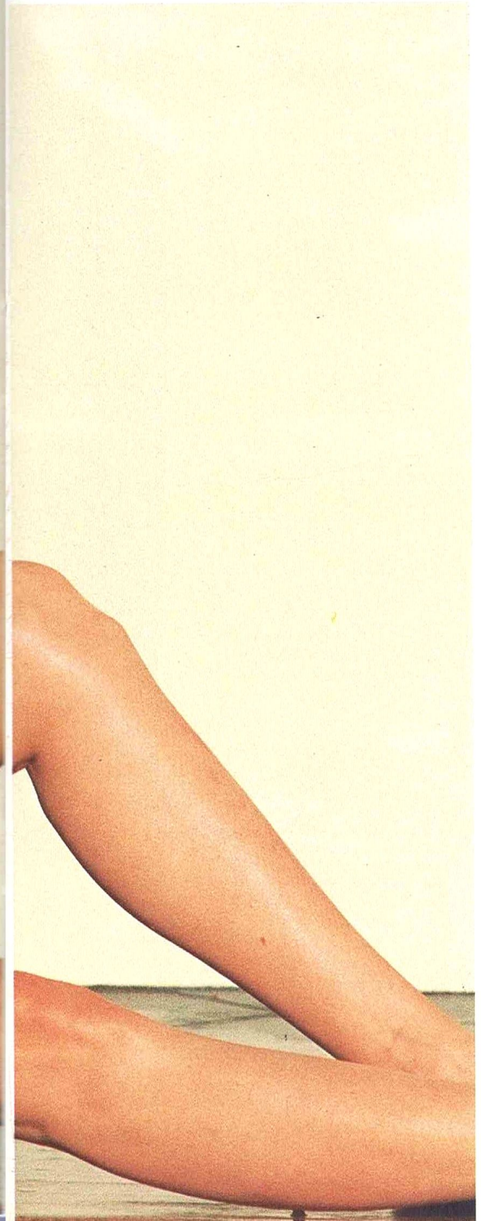
When techno-sophisticate mixes with quasi-flowerchild — with more than a liberal dash of Euro-exotica — you've got a rare blend of woman. Yet 22-year-old Lucy Strauss, of Sydney, readily admits that things are only just starting to blossom for her — and she's gone from wallflower to wildflower. *That* is the sort of arrangement any of us would like to find decorating our homes.

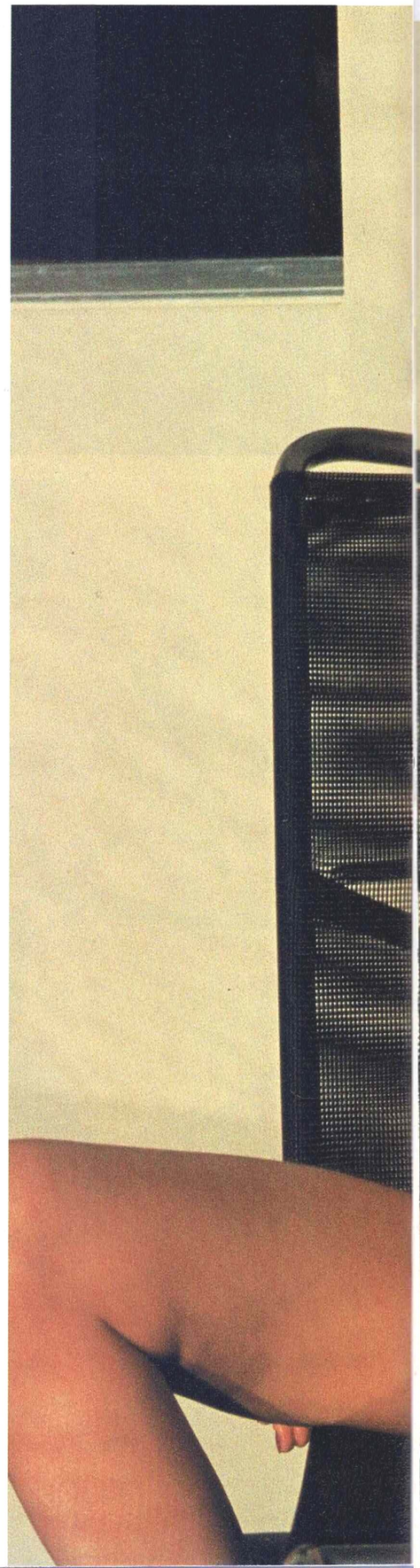
BLACK ROSE

PHOTOGRAPHY BY NICK BROKENSHA

An artiste, Lucy says she looks to nature for her inspiration. "I like to see forms in nature and landscape and emphasise their extreme sensuality. Bushwalking is, quite literally, a real turn-on for me."

Lucy cites, as an example, an impressionistic still life that she painted of a Black Rose, only she didn't exactly get hold of one of those rare blooms to study. "Sometimes I work backwards," she explains. "I've never even seen one, so I painted my impression from a textbook of female biology . . .





Little wonder, then, that we can think of Lucy herself as a Black Rose. "Well," she smiles, "you can call me that, but I might get a swollen head. But just remember that *every* man can think of himself as a Black Rose. Let all the men have swollen heads," she poses.

MISS LUCY STRAUSS/PENTHOUSE PET OF THE MONT

THE TERRORIST TIME BOMB

In the current atmosphere of international terrorism, Australia's counter-terrorist capabilities continue to be ignored

BY JAMES CROWN

Australia is a soft target for terrorists. After years of political and public apathy on the subject, our ability to effectively counter the tactics of terror has fallen behind that of just about every other industrialised nation in the world. At the same time, the likelihood of this country becoming entangled in a web of international and domestic terrorism has never been higher. It's time we pulled our heads out of the sand, reversed the neglectful downgrading of the nation's counter-terrorism capabilities, and formulated a firm and aggressive policy aimed at deterring the development of terrorist activities wherever they're likely to occur.

People employed in Australian intelligence and security organisations have been making this plea to their political masters for years. Often such arguments are dismissed as mere attempts at self-aggrandisement. An ASIO officer who will

ILLUSTRATION BY DRAHOS ZAK

TIME-BOMB

leave the organisation when it moves from Melbourne to Canberra told *Penthouse* he was bitter about government moves to interfere with the gathering of information on extremists. "Politicians, particularly Labor politicians, have emasculated us — yet they'll blame us when people are left dying in the streets. We need the power to act now, not after someone has pulled the pin on the grenade. We should be in full gear between now and the America's Cup, when the whole world will be watching . . . It's too easy to get into this country; it's too easy to buy explosives and weapons; it's too easy to pick off VIPs; it's too easy to hide; and it's too easy to leave when, a few days later, everyone has forgotten what's happened."

Having spent the past five years researching 7000 incidents of international terrorism for my book *The Terrorist Connection*, I'm in a position to make some suggestions on how we can fight the threat of terrorism on our soil. But first we need to look at the record, both at home and overseas, in order to determine where and how the threat is likely to arise.

The list of domestic terrorist activities is already quite a long one. In the past two decades we've had numerous bomb threats and bomb explosions, letter bombs in politicians' offices, kidnappings (including that of a foreign diplomat who was stabbed), city water supplies threatened, planes hijacked, and attacks on the Family Court and the assassination of a Family Court judge. The bombing of Melbourne's Russell Street police headquarters in March this year emphasised the fact that the tactics of terror are certainly not alien to our way of life.

By contrast, the catalogue of international terror in Australia is short and exceedingly bloody. The first major incident was the bomb blast outside the Hilton Hotel in Sydney on February 13, 1978 during the Commonwealth Heads of Government Meeting, which caused the deaths of two council workers and a policeman. Strangely, no group claimed responsibility and no charges have been laid.

On December 17, 1980, the Turkish Consul-General in Sydney, Sarik Aryak, and his bodyguard Engin Sever were assassinated by two men who were riding a motorcycle. No arrests were made. The assassins were members of the Justice Commandos of the Armenian Genocide. (Armenian vengeance has been responsible for the deaths of 140 Turks world-wide. The motivation reaches back to World War I, during which 1.5 million Armenians died when under the rule of Turkey.)

On December 23, 1982, more than five kilos of explosives ripped through the offices of the Israeli Consul-General in Sydney's Westfield Towers. Three people were wounded. Later that day, two bombs exploded in the predominantly Jewish Hakoah Club in Bondi. Evidence (discounted at the time by police) suggested the attack was perpetrated by a PLO-supported group called the May 15 Organisation.

The brevity of this list has lulled us into a false sense of security. We've developed the belief that we're isolated geographically and politically from the ills afflicting the rest of the world. There are many experts who dissent from that view, including Dr Geoffrey Williams, a former adviser to NATO and head of the Strategic and Defence Studies Unit at the WA Institute of Technology, who warns: "In Australia we are more permissive [than other countries] in policing and military control . . . Our indifference and complacency, coupled with the intention of international terrorist organisations to seek new areas, mean Australia has become a soft target."

An analysis of the limited history of terrorism in Australia and of the patterns which have emerged from the reign of terror overseas leads to the conclusion that there are seven areas out of which the threat to Australia may develop.

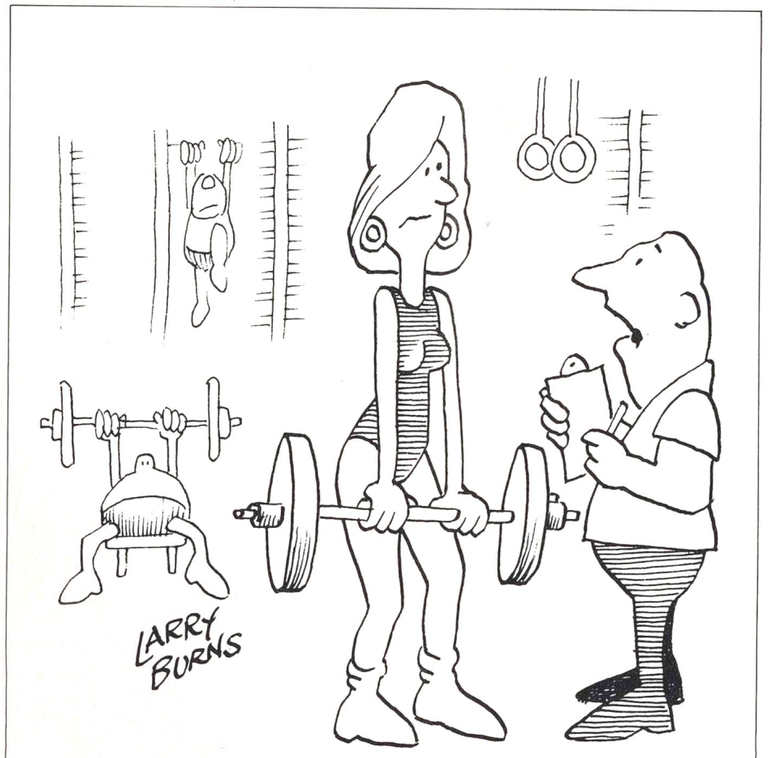
• Australia's links with the Western Alliance require that we accept the responsibilities of that alliance. Enemies of the alliance, especially enemies of the US, could become our enemies. Thus we may become the target of a new growth industry — "state-sponsored terrorism", in which groups are funded, equipped, issued with legitimate travel documents and given safe haven by legal governments. This is a greater threat than that posed by small groups with limited resources.

• Foreign VIPs, smothered by security arrangements in their own countries, would be much easier targets for their political opponents when visiting Australia, where security is much less evident.

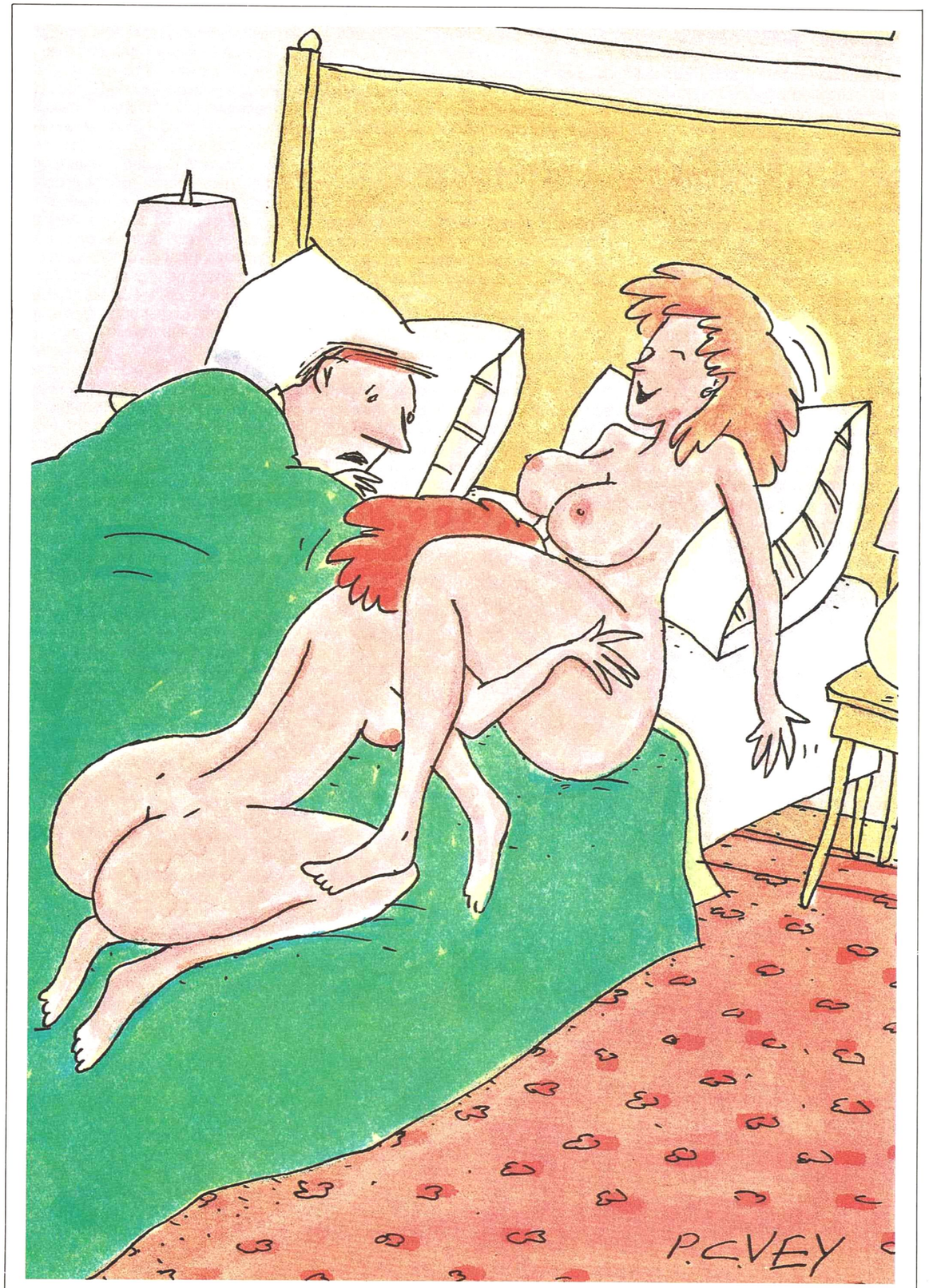
• The continued development of ethnic enclaves in Australia provides warring factions overseas with a neutral background here. Home country interests may use their Australian enclave's isolation to advantage. For example, Croatian plots to attack clubs, a theatre and Sydney's water supply in 1981 were linked to an international campaign of terror against the regime in Yugoslavia. Apart from that, a threat is posed by the bitter divisions existing between several of our major migrant groups, particularly between the Lebanese and Turkish communities.

• Australia is part of a volatile region. Terrorism connected with guerrilla campaigns in East Timor, Irian Jaya and New Caledonia could spill into this country if opposing factions felt they could gain a propaganda advantage by tossing bombs on to the steps of Parliament House.

• Australia's policies are not always acceptable to other countries — even supposedly friendly ones. For instance, Australia's policy on French nuclear testing at Mururoa differs little from the Greenpeace



"How's your snatch?"



"Sometimes I think you like your friends more than you like me."

TIME-BOMB

policy, and the *Rainbow Warrior* might well have been docked in Sydney or Brisbane rather than Auckland Harbor.

• Emotive domestic issues — Aboriginal land rights, farmers' grievances, uranium mining and rain forest conservation — could produce extremists favoring terror tactics in their hunt for headlines.

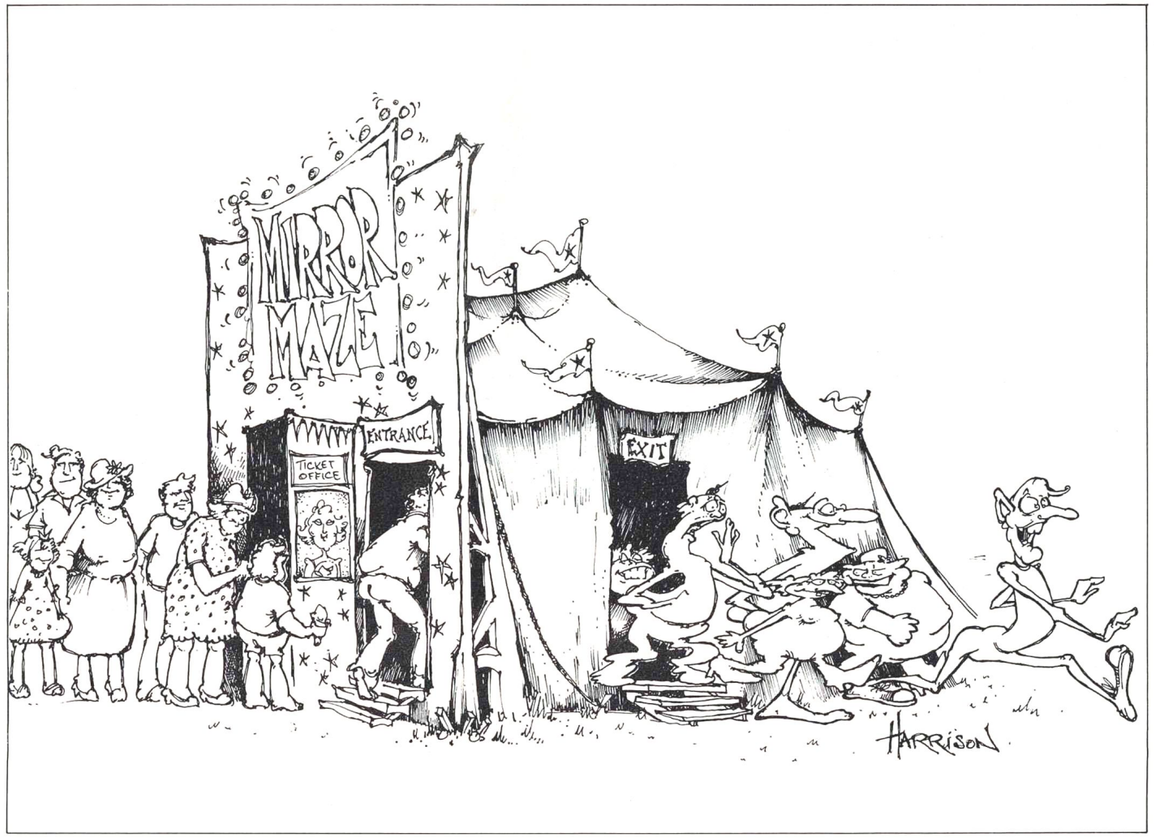
• A trend has developed overseas in the use of terror, often as a diversion, in common crimes. Turkish, Chinese and Vietnamese gangs have geen targeted by the Australian Bureau of Criminal Intelligence as the groups most likely to use this tactic, although individuals may do the same.

How can we deal effectively with these threats?

There are no simple solutions. A major starting point would be the adoption of some recommendations made by Mr Justice Hope, who in 1979 conducted Australia's first official investigation into our preparedness for terrorism. Hope observed that "the long-term possibility is that terrorists' targets may well come to include what are sometimes called 'vital points.' These are installations on which the well-being and orderly life of modern industrial cities, and even countries, depend. They include power stations, water supply pumping stations, petroleum refineries, offshore oil rigs, natural gas pipelines, computers and the like." Hope concluded that "the threat to these installations should indeed be considered as closer than long-term. The immense damage which their destruction could create calls for a consideration of their need for protection in the more immediate future."

The first step in providing that protection would be to restore to ASIO and Special Branch police the ability to keep track of subversives and extremists. Attempts at state and Federal level by Labor governments to stop the compilation of dossiers have forced ASIO officers to adopt "unofficial" measures. ASIO has been systematically emasculated in spite of this warning from Mr Justice Hope: "Only Australia can be relied upon to put Australian considerations first. And in many cases it can be expected that politically motivated violent activity in Australia will be conceived, planned and organised in Australia, or at least launched from a base within Australia. Intelligence about these threats falls almost wholly within the province of Australian agencies to collect."

In the same vein, police special operations groups must not be downgraded while we wait for a terrorist incident to occur. They must be given adequate resources — training, manpower and equipment — to meet the level of sophistication many terrorist groups have developed.



State police will have to deal with most terrorist incidents and the elite Special Air Service (SAS) units will only be called in if the threat is severe. But too many state police special weapons and tactics units are geared only for the standard domestic siege — the husband holding a gun on his wife. Morale is often low, and senior police officers worry about whether they have the confidence of their political masters if they do deploy these units.

Anyone who has seen the Australian Federal Police collection of sophisticated civilian and military hardware seized by Customs and at ports of entry into Australia would quickly recognise that in order to counter this threat, our police forces need para-military units well trained and equipped.

The Australian Federal Police Association's industrial officer, Col Dorber, believes our airport security is well below the standard needed to meet the threat. He complains that Melbourne's Tullamarine is defenceless against a terrorist assault. "Special equipment to be used against terrorists is useless because staff haven't been trained in its use," says Dorber. "If a determined and well-armed terrorist group flew into Tullamarine tomorrow they would probably achieve their objectives without serious opposition."

Australia's nine international airports are patrolled by 172 police officers, each working a 38-hour shift. Dorber points out that at certain times the roster leaves five officers on duty — armed only with issued .38-calibre handguns. "They wouldn't last two minutes. In a worst-case scenario, I reckon there would be no-one to tackle the terrorist group until back-up arrived by way of state police or special operations groups. We used to have fully trained anti-terrorist squads at every airport from 1975 to 1979. Since that time training has been reduced and now there is no training at all," Dorber says.

The government's official line is that airport security and training is adequate, but Dorber does not agree. "I would put it to you that it's untrue. My members have advised me that there is no counter-terrorist equipment at Melbourne airport and there are no members there who have received counter-terrorist training in recent times."

Not every airport attack is a siege situation. Where attacks have taken place at airport terminals overseas, many have been quick and bloody, with no time for involvement of any law or security forces other than those on duty at the time. Some of the most horrific incidents have pitted well-armed terrorists against local police and security men.

The SAS is faced with a special problem in preparing for anti-terrorist operations. Even this elite outfit has suffered public humiliation during training exercises in Australia. Too many civilians in this country, including politicians, regard soldiers, sailors and airmen as a necessary evil. Regular army exercises are criticised because the tanks and personnel carriers chew up the ground, the soldiers and their weapons make too much noise, the helicopters scare the dairy cows, and so on.

The SAS is no stranger to this kind of criticism as it practises its counter-terror operations. The best example concerns the meticulous training necessary to deal with any terrorist threat against the oil rigs of Bass Strait. The vulnerability and importance of these rigs as terrorist targets has been documented by overseas organisations detailing high-profile targets.

In Australian the SAS is the only existing force — no police units have the expertise — that could be used in an offshore assault capability to respond to a terrorist attack in the strategically important oil and gas fields.

Training is of no use unless it includes a high level of realism. The rigs are too large to be duplicated and the ever-changing sea and weather conditions, which would play a major part in any incident in Bass Strait, cannot be reproduced anywhere else. The SAS claims it is necessary to stage at least six training exercises a year in Bass Strait — two major and four minor exercises.

In 1984, unions representing oil workers threatened industrial action if the SAS was allowed to conduct its training on the rigs. They claimed oil workers had been roughly handled at gunpoint when the SAS staged a hostage exercise on an Esso rig in May 1984.

It was only in 1985 that an agreement was reached. The SAS training program was allowed to proceed, with unions lifting their bans after long discussions with the Australian Council of Trade Unions, the Ministry of Defence and Esso. Yet you don't need to be Einstein to predict what sort of outcry would result if a terrorist attack took place on these rigs and the SAS, because it had been denied the training time, was unable to rescue the workers.

Having reassessed our attitudes and having tightened the nuts and bolts of our counter-terrorist capabilities, we must examine the area of policy. What we need is a firm and highly public policy from the Federal Government on how it will deal with terrorism — and the message must echo to the far side of the globe. The record shows that countries which have taken a firm stand have a much lower incidence of terrorist attacks on their own soil than those which have shown a weak will in the face of the threat. For instance, the United States, with its tremendous security consciousness and heavy-handed approach to terrorism, has hosted very few incidents of international origin even though the US State Department acknowledges that almost 50 percent of all overseas terrorist acts are directed against Americans or American property.

> The adage that one man's terrorist is another man's freedom fighter should be abandoned: one man's terrorist is every man's terrorist

One aspect of the new "get tough" policy should be the introduction of capital punishment as the prescribed penalty for terrorist acts which result in the deaths of innocent people. This is a highly controversial proposal, but one which rests on the fact that imprisonment does not protect society from the terrorist. Often it merely provokes a further act of terrorism aimed at gaining the release of the prisoner.

The Federal Government must also become more circumspect when dispensing aid to so-called "freedom fighters" who pose as information officers here but whose parent groups practice the politics of terror in their own countries. Australian aid to, or acceptance of, groups such as the African National Congress, the South-West Africa People's Organisation, Sinn Fein (the political wing of the Irish Republican Army) and the Palestinian Liberation Organisation must be considered suspect.

While each of these groups claims to be fighting a war of national liberation or a war against apartheid, all are exponents of terrorism and the death toll attributable to each group is large and well-documented. The adage that one man's terrorist is another man's freedom fighter should be abandoned in favor of the view that one man's terrorist is every man's terrorist. While the refusal to provide aid and comfort to such groups would not necessarily reduce the threat of terrorism in Australia, it would at least lend credibility to the proposed "get tough" policy.

For precisely the same reason, the government must also question why Libya — the financier for and impetus behind so much international terror — shows such a high level of interest in Australia when there are so few Libyans living here. The Libyan presence includes a People's Bureau (an embassy) in Canberra, People's Congresses in Sydney and Melbourne, and a Libyan Cultural Centre in Melbourne — all to service fewer than 200 Libyan residents.

While there is very limited trade and cultural exchange between Libya and our state and Federal governments, there is a constant flow of Tripoli-financed trips to Libya for Australian trade unionists, politicians, journalists and academics.

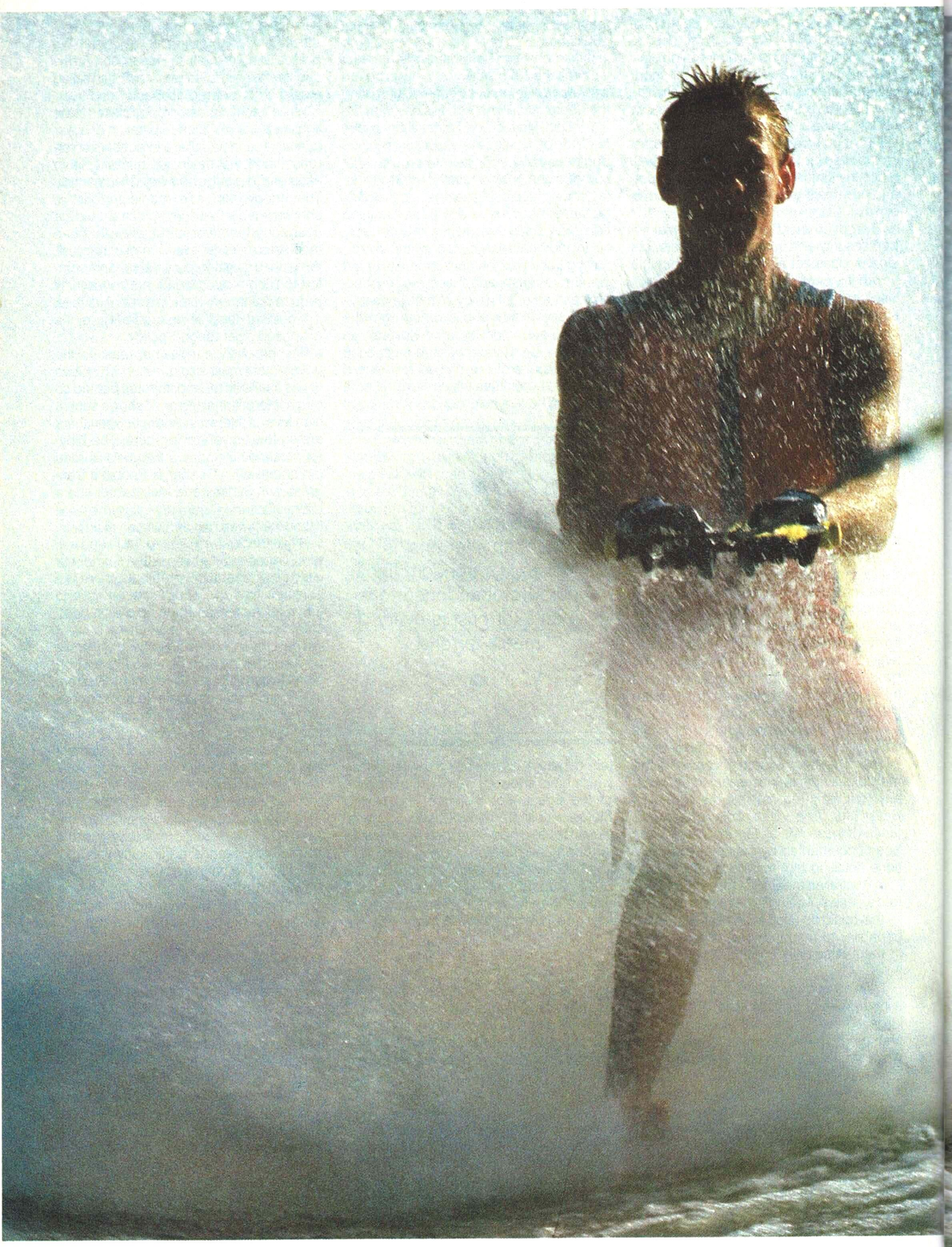
The Libyan connections with Australia come under the control of the Libyan Foreign Liaison Bureau, which many Western intelligence agences claim to be responsible for Libya's murder campaign against anti-Gaddafi Libyan dissidents and exiles.

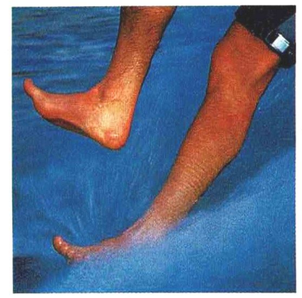
Libya's interest in Australia is fundamentally an interest in our neighborhood. Australia's northern neighbors maintain much harsher attitudes towards Libya than we do. Libya has used Australia as a launching pad for diplomatic missions into the South Pacific islands, particularly Vanuatu. Libya has also been a troublemaker in the New Caledonian crisis, providing training to some of the more extreme factions among the pro-independence rebels.

Australian businessman Leon Richardson, who suffered a severe pistol whipping when held for 100 days by Guatemalan terrorists, made this succinct comment: "Above all, don't believe it can't happen to you." That maxim applies equally to terrorism on our own soil.

Mr Justice Hope concluded his investigation with these words: "What is done in Australia to protect this nation and its population from the present threat of terrorism should provide the foundations for more extensive measures if, as seems quite possible, the threat increases."

Now, seven years after that pronouncement was made, it's high time those foundations were set in place.





BARE FEAT

BY NICK CARROLL

A wetsuited figure is hooked in behind a Gilflite skiboat helped along by a dirty great Mercruiser or Chevy V8, howling across a sheer glass waterway at maybe 80km/h on nothing but the soles of his feet. And he's walking on water. The spray flies . . . everywhere!

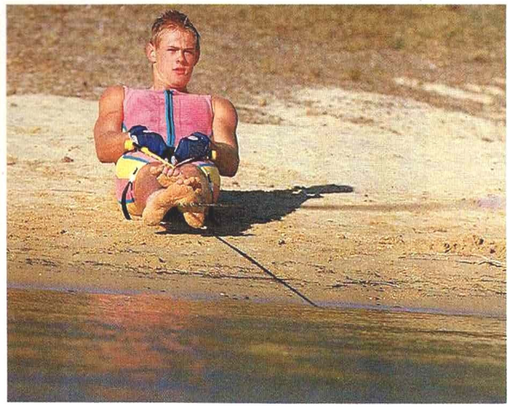
Well, maybe it isn't quite the Second Coming. But for many Aussie waterski fanatics, barefooting is the ultimate extension of a sport that's as full of variations as it is popular.

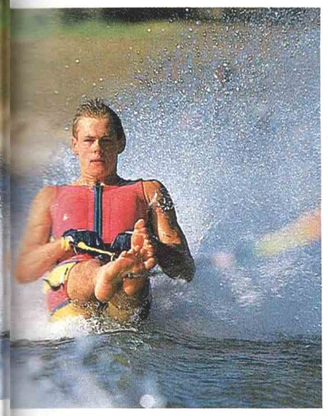
Apart from the boat, the tow-rope and a barefooter's wetsuit — cut off at knees and shoulders for looseness and padded on chest, back and bum for protection — you don't need much to barefoot. Just experience, and a willingness to have a go at barefooting's big moves.

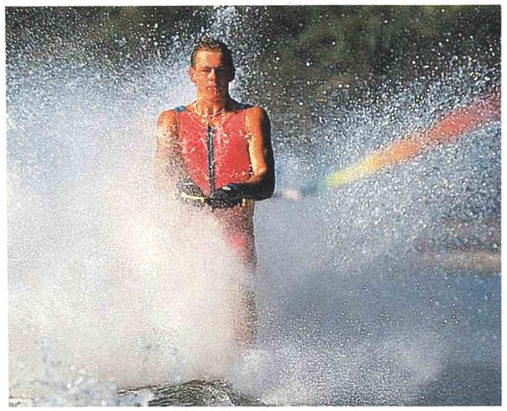
And the moves are explosive. Barefooters need the tow-boat to move a lot faster than straight skiers because they're using such a minimal planing area. At a mere 60km/h, something like 35kgs of pressure is exerted on every precious square centimetre of heel, which means precision is . . . well, important. There are the basic tricks: one foot in the air, tumble turns where you're rolling over one shoulder and on to your feet, rope on toe, over your head and around your neck.

Then there's advanced stuff: gripping the rope between your teeth using a specially designed mouthpiece, skiing backward with

PHOTOGRAPHY BY
GRAHAM MONRO/CANON F1







Left: In sequence, the beach start — preferred for beginners. More advanced skiers might kick off a single ski while underway or attempt the deep water start, requiring incredible strength. Below: Rope on toe — would you believe of only intermediate difficulty?

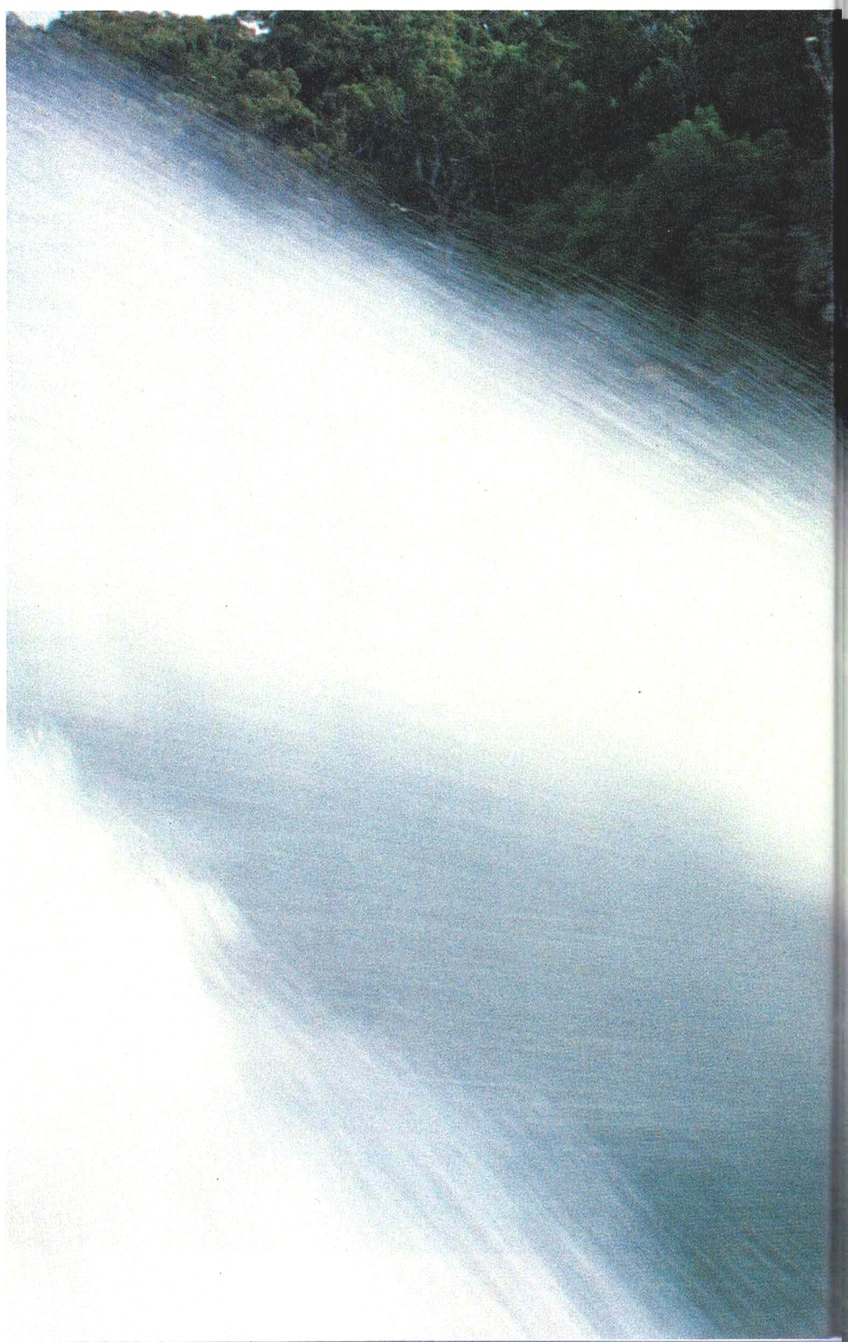
rope on toe, and surface turns — extraordinary moves where the best barefooters spin flat-footed through up to 720° in a big double pirouette.

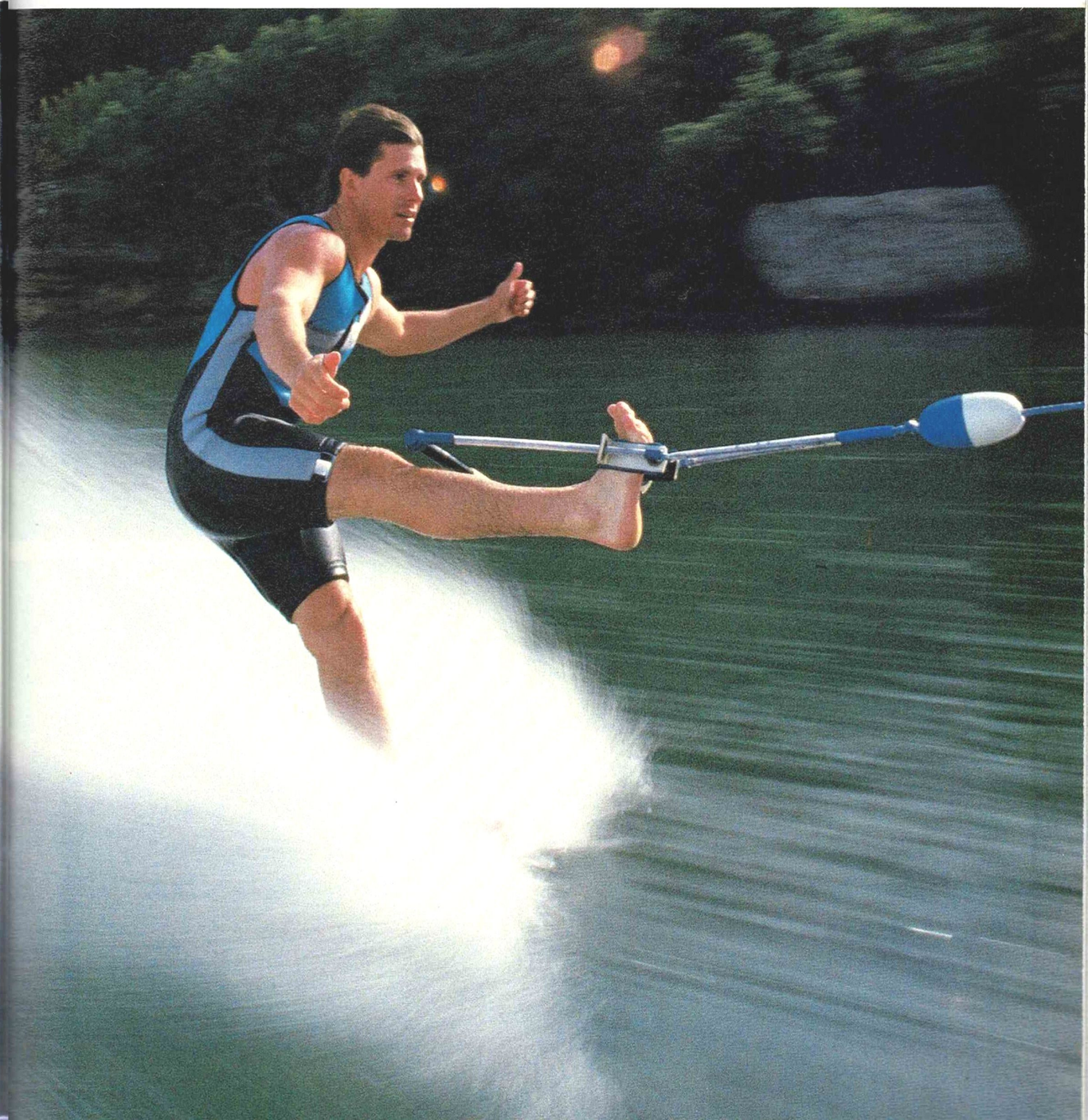
Some of it sounds easy enough, and when you watch an expert like Australian barefoot team member Greg Shipton at work it looks about as hard as watering the garden. The 25-year-old Shipton has been skiing since he was five, barefooting since he was 11, and regards himself as a complete addict. "I guess I just thought barefooting was the ultimate in skiing," he says. "I figured you can't get any better than if you've got no skis at all." Plenty of others seem to agree; there are maybe 5000 members of the Australian Barefoot Waterski Club, and estimates have 10,000 or more non-members roaring around in open Aussie waterways on the soles of their feet.

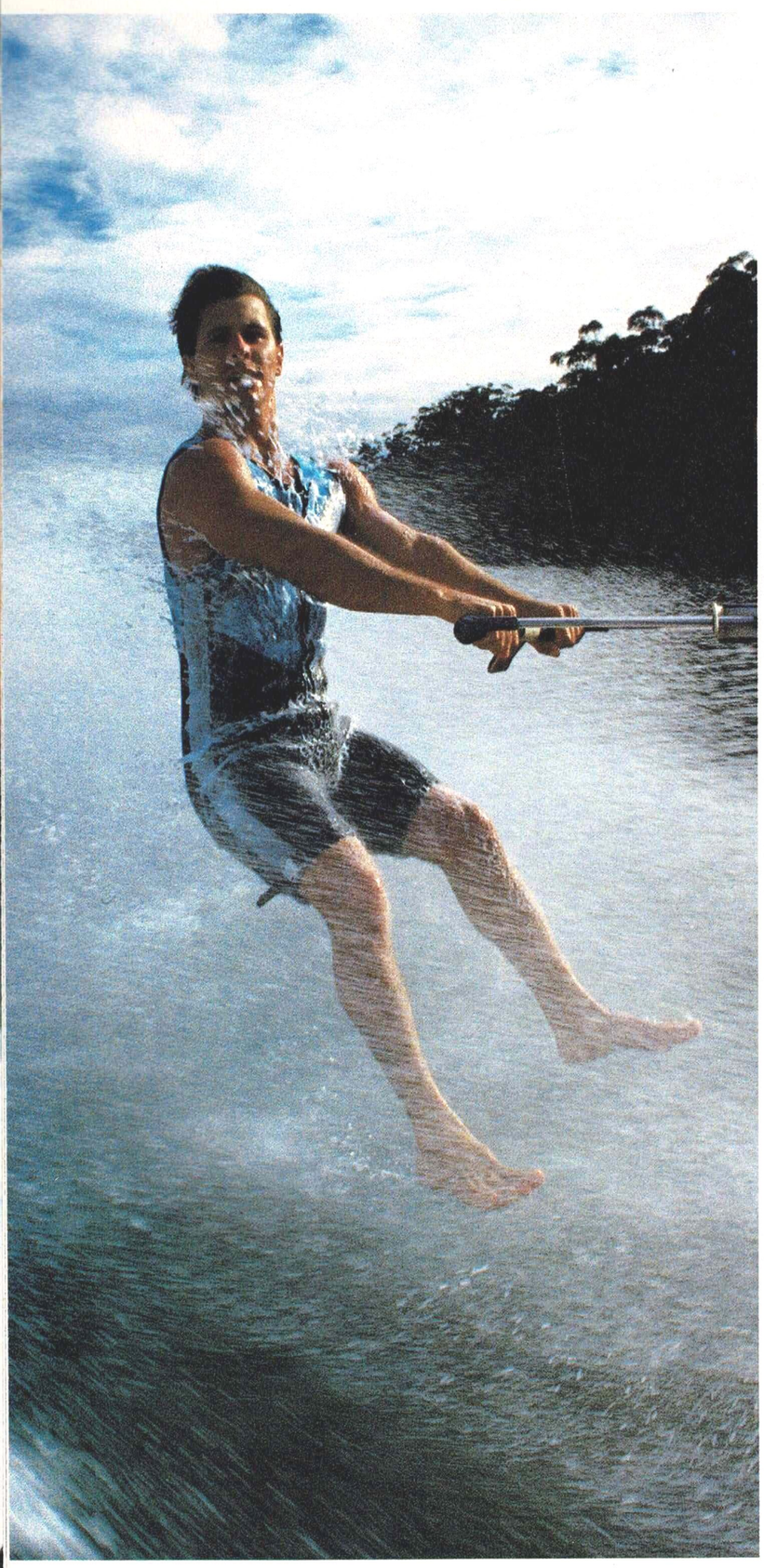
A lot of skiers combine barefooting with the other skiing disciplines like trick or slalom. Barefooting is best done on pure glass water, which means incredibly early in the morning. A bunch of skiers might head up river somewhere, barefoot at dawn, go on to trick or slalom during the day when the breeze is up and barefoot it again around dusk.

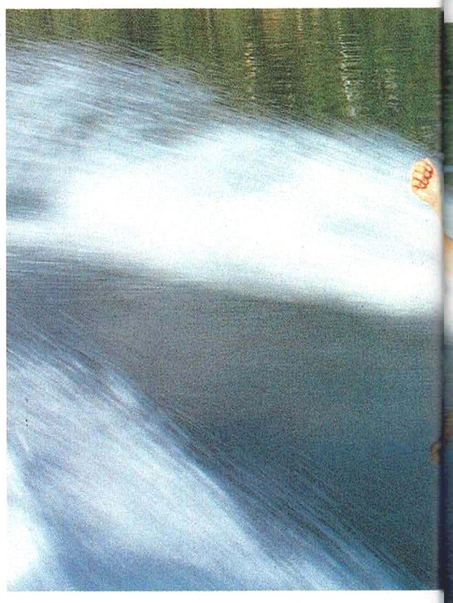
If a skier wants to learn more than the basic barefoot tricks, he'll end up at a school like the one Shipton runs at Blakehurst in Sydney. Ski schools aren't just used by students, either; not every skier can afford to shell out the $10,000-plus for a hot boat, and many prefer the schools' hourly boat hire rates.

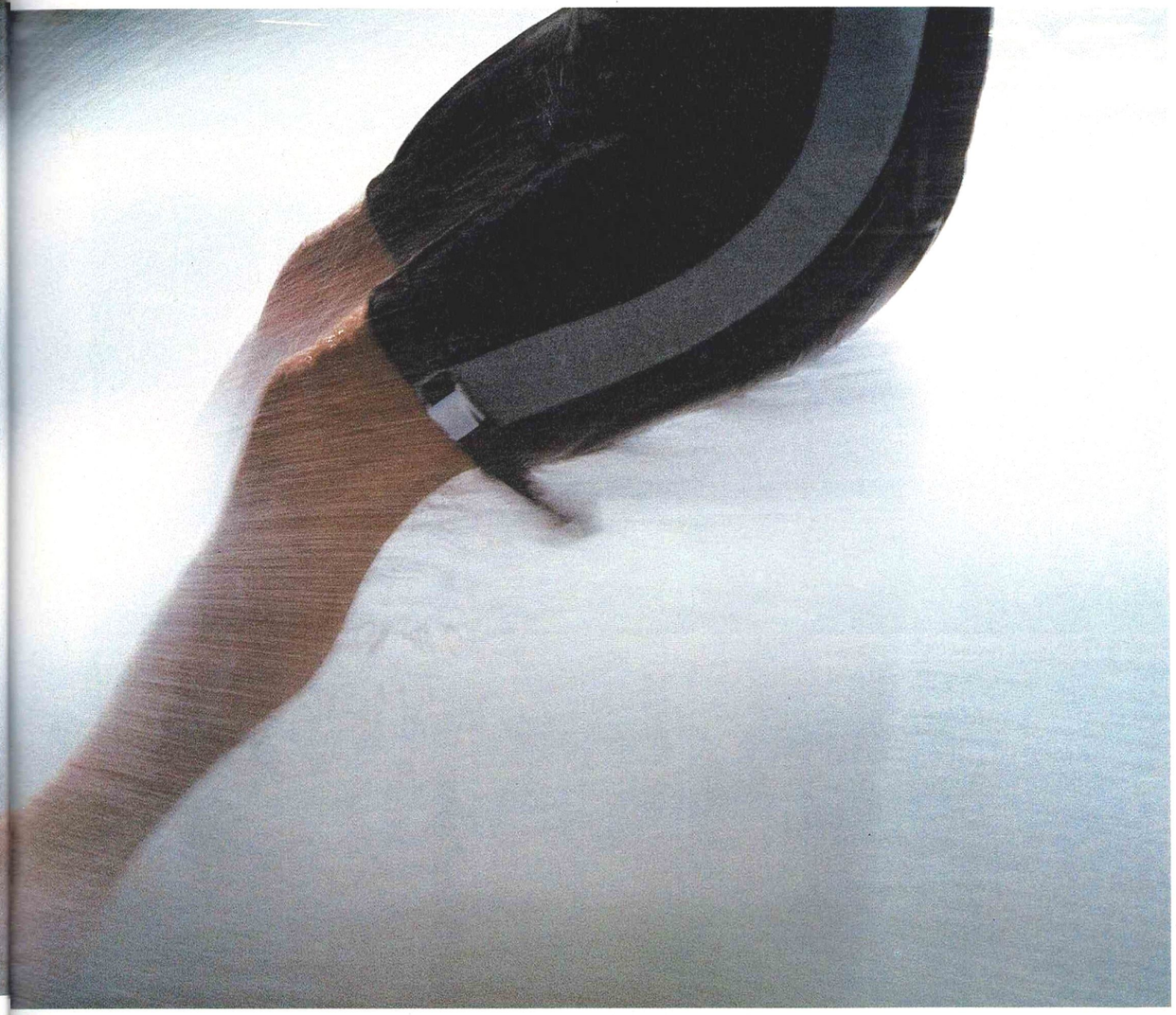
Own boat or not, you need mates to ski. Regulations require all ski-boats to carry an observer along with the driver. When you're blasting along at full stick, a tiny miscalculation, a foot placed slightly wrong, will bring you undone — and at that speed, the water is more like concrete than the nice

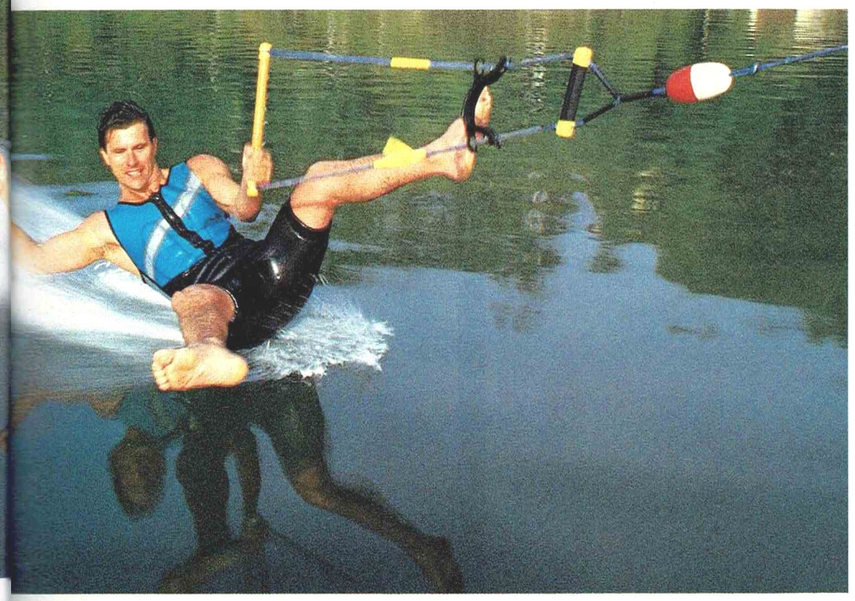






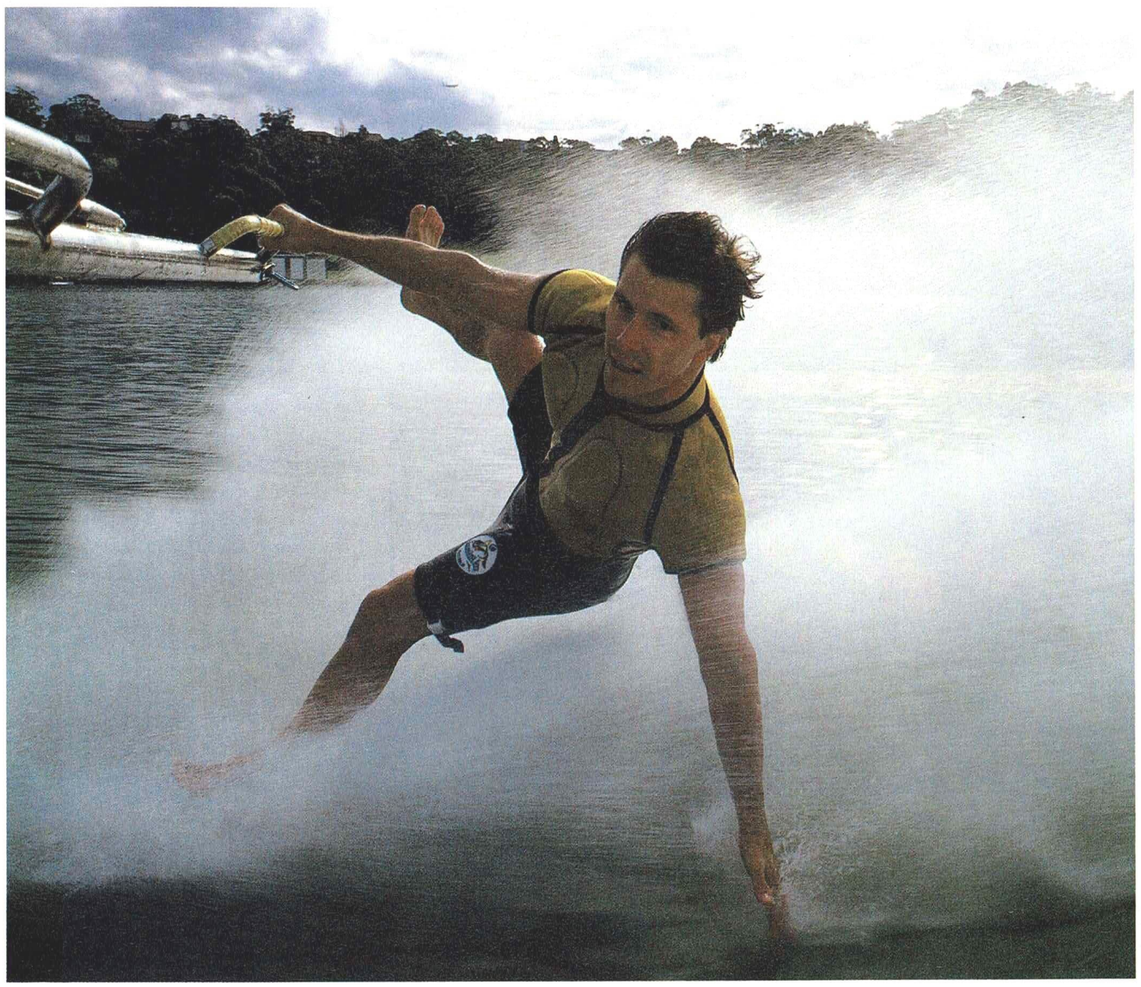


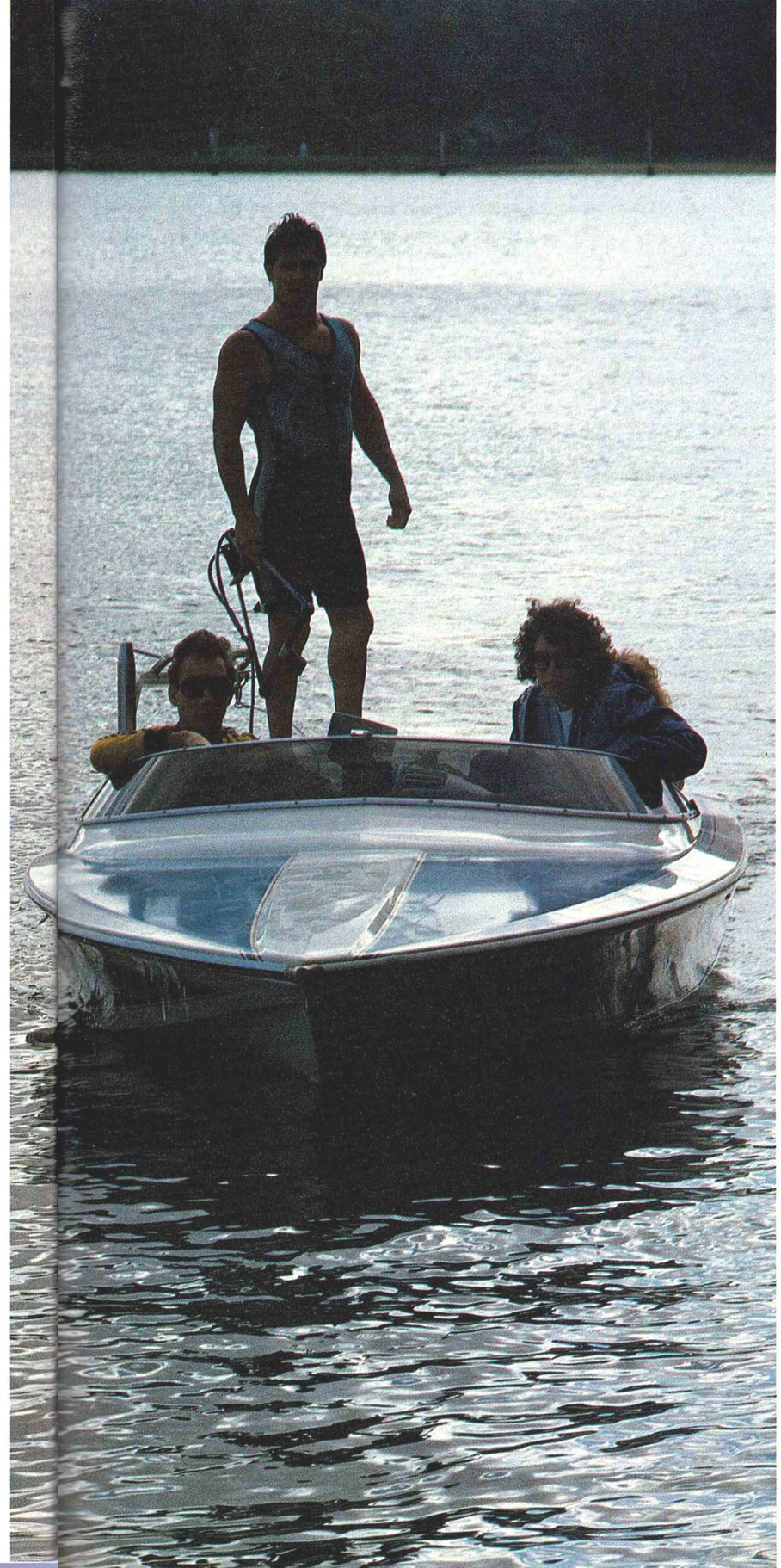




Far left: Some people hang-glide behind ski boats — Greg Shipton flies minus a kite. Above: For months before a tournament, a skier's feet take this treatment for three to four hours a day, every day. Left: Time out for a relaxing look around.

soft stuff we're all used to. Injuries can range from sprains and strains to the horror of a broken neck — the rarest and most feared injury among the backwards-barefoot brigade. More common are knee and back problems, thanks to the buffeting pressure; the really successful barefooters are built short and strong with plenty of upper-body strength to anchor them on the rope.





There are dangers apart from the simple stack. Fishermen, for one. You can be howling along, turn a corner in the river, and there'll be three over-70s sitting in their aluminium dinghy with their lines out . . . Then there's bits of rubbish in the water; because the keenest barefooters are out at dawn, they'll often ski through fog patches with very low surface visibility. All you need is a chunk of broomstick-sized driftwood hiding under that fog, says Shipton, and you'll be out for weeks.

But for the hardened barefooter, the thrill outweighs such minor considerations. Apart from the big trick moves, you can speed barefoot, slalom barefoot and even jump barefoot off a two-metre fibreglass wedge for up to 20 metres. According to Shipton, you can never reach a peak — there's always something more to learn. And you never look at a piece of water the same way again. Says Greg: "Every time you drive across a lake of mirrored glass on the way to work or somewhere, you can't help thinking you should be out there, barefooting!" Walk on, boys!

Far left, top: "You've got to expect the odd headache when you barefoot," understates Greg Shipton. Far left, below: Greg stretches his legs on the training bar. Left: Any family ski boat capable of 60km/h can be adapted. Below: Beginners should seek professional tuition.

FICTION BY JAMES KEITH

NEVER GO BACK

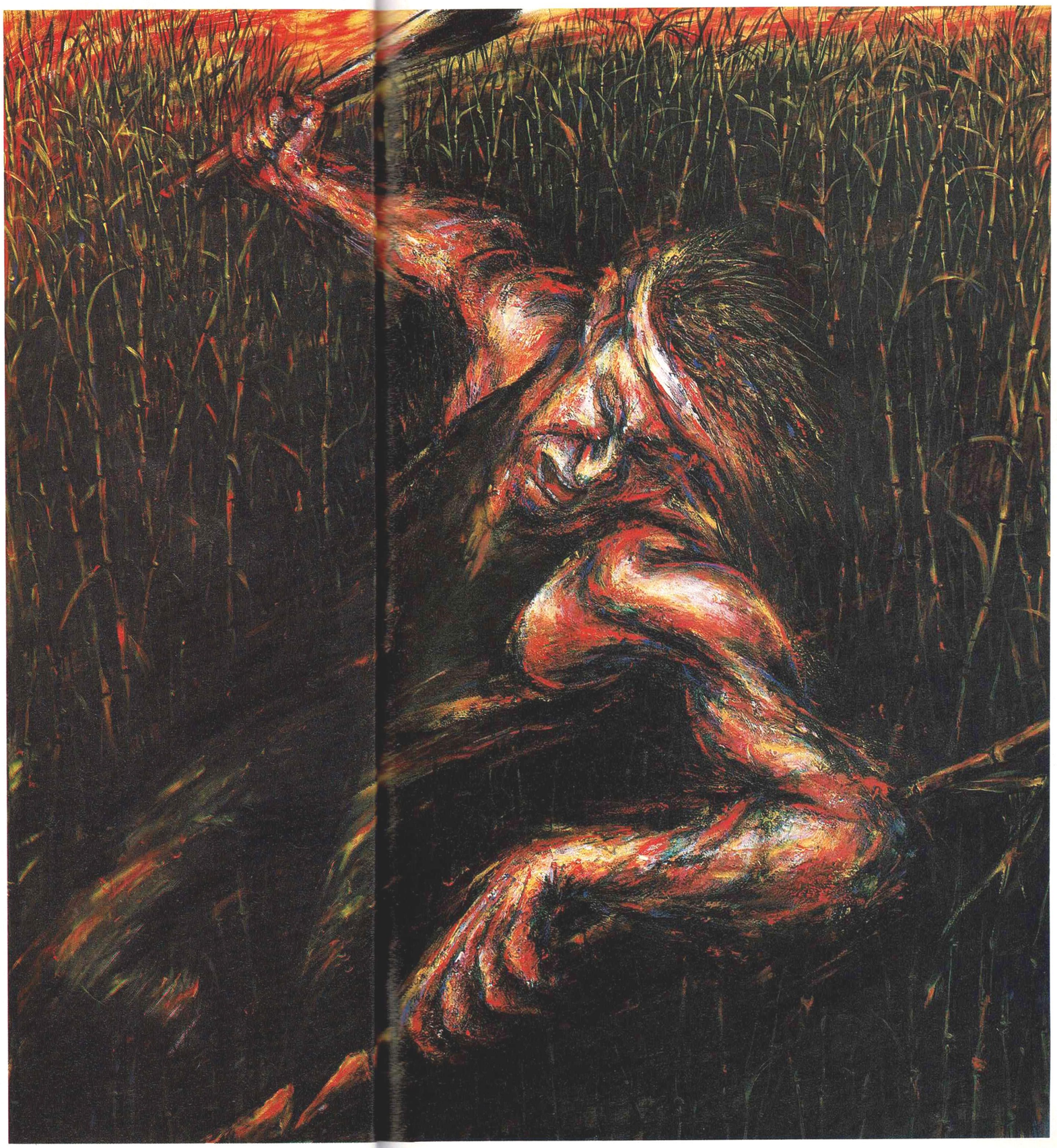
Five years' jail couldn't teach Mitch that the first cut isn't always the sharpest

The town had hardly changed at all in five years. Grey-brown smoke smudged the sky as the canefields burned. It was to be the last crushing season before the outbreak of World War II. For me, it was to be the last crushing season — ever. But I had no inkling of that as the steam train lurched into the outhouse-sized station.

While the rest of the cutting gang headed for the pub across the street, I stood on the platform and looked about me. Weatherboad buildings, paint blistering under the North Queensland sun. A ragged strip of bitumen with a couple of yards of gravel on either side. A dead dog on the dirt shoulder, complete with flies and crows. The smell of smoke and the sour smell of the first crushing run. I must have been mad to come back.

Five years it had been. Three of them spent in Boggo Road Prison. My fingers were unsteady as I twisted up a cigarette. The memories returned as I stood with my swag flopping against my legs.

ILLUSTRATION BY YVONNE SUTHERLAND



NEVER

They'd arranged a contest between Chilla Henderson and me, the two fastest cane-cutters on the coast. We wanted to find out who was the best — the "gun." Chilla won that year, but not fair and square. He took advantage of my liking for the grog . . . had his mates pour it into me the night before the contest. I was an easy target because, at that time, I was caught up in some trouble with a girl named Cathy.

Result: I was a wipeout the day of the contest and my gang lost a lot of money. Chilla got the cheers; I got the abuse. When it finally sank in how he had set me up, I walked across and stretched him out. Trouble was, I forgot I was still holding my cane-knife.

The judge told me I was lucky the charge wasn't murder. He hit me with three years hard labor. But Chilla got a worse sentence: a crippled arm that finished him as a cane-cutter.

I thought about the town — and Cathy — a lot during those dark years inside, but when I was released, I steered right away from both of them. Working in the city nearly drove me mad. I needed the outdoors, and just as the season opened, I ran into Macreedy in a pub and was lucky enough to grab a spot on his gang.

It took me most of that first season to get back into the swing of things, but by the time it was over, I was the gun cutter again. Now I was back where it started and wondering what I was using for brains.

There was a cafe just past the pub. I humped my swag across, sat down at a table with a chipped linoleum top, and studied the menu along with the few customers. No-one I knew. That was a relief: not that anyone would've let on that they knew me.

A shadow fell across the menu and I glimpsed a waitress' apron. "What'll you have?"

I went cold from scalp to toenails. It was a real effort for me to look up. I won't say she hadn't changed in five years, because she had, but she still looked good — very, very good. My mouth felt stiff as I smiled.

"G'day, Cath."

The exciting body tensed, bringing into sharper detail every curve and hollow as it strained against the tight uniform. The friendly eyes frosted over and the new lines around the mouth deepened. She tossed her head the way I remembered, the wheat-colored har bouncing silkily. Just for a moment I had taken her breath away. But only for a moment. She had always been quick at regaining control, but it was nice to know I could still do it to her.

"I never thought you'd have the guts to show up here again, Mitch."

"No choice. Bridge over the Burdekin is out after all that rain, so they diverted us here. How're things, Cath?"

She let some of the ice from her stare spill on to me, then simply closed her notepad and walked away. Just like that. She spoke to another waitress with a mouth like a dingo-trap, three chins and all of them aggressive, and pointed in my direction. The lady wrestler came across to my table, looking as if she was about to throw a half-nelson on me.

"I'll take your order."

"Forget it. I've just lost my appetite."

She had to dodge my swag as I shouldered it.

Out at the farm, Macreedy gave us his usual pep-talk while we sorted our gear in the long galvanised-iron ovens that would be our living quarters for the next six weeks. When he'd finished, he walked across to me.

"Sorry to hit you with this so soon, Mitch, but the gang at Carmody's farm reckon they've got a bloke that can lick you."

I groaned. Top cane-cutter or fastest gun in the west — there wasn't a hell of a lot of difference. Every young hopeful wanted to have a go at you just to see how good you were. It grew pretty monotonous after a while. Besides, I was in my mid-thirties now, and only hanging in there by the skin of my teeth.

But when a challenge came up, there was no choice, no backing down. The gang regarded me as a meal ticket, too, a source of extra income in the form of side bets. A lot of the green stuff changed hands during one of these contests.

"When?" I asked Mac resignedly.

"Sat'd'y arvo. Okay?"

As if I had any say in it. "Who is it?"

"No-one you know. Jocko Young. Local lad and risin' star. He reckons, anyway. One thing, mate — Chilla Henderson's his ganger."

Our gazes met and held briefly. "*Thanks*, Mac!"

He shrugged. "Shouldn't make any difference, should it?"

We got stuck into the cane almost before it had stopped smoking after the burn-off. Some of the snakes and toads the fire had disturbed were still running. It took less than half an hour for me to get the old rhythm back. *Grab — bend — hack — toss . . . grab — bend — hack — toss . . .* endlessly, a couple of hundred times an hour, six-and-a-half days a week. Seven, if you were really hungry for dough.

That was the way the days passed, the way I wanted them to pass. Hard work; sweat; aching muscles; brain reeling with fatigue so that I fell into a deep dreamless sleep each night. That way I didn't have time to think about Cathy. Or even Jocko Young, whose ganger happened to be a man who hated my guts.

On Wednesday, Mac gave me a pair of field glasses and told me to take a couple of hours off. I climbed a ridge overlooking Carmody's farm. Jocko was easy to pick out amongst the sweating, ash-streaked men. Mac had told me he was lanky, tow-headed, lean as a whip. What the bastard hadn't told me about were the muscles that looked like knots tied in a leather thong, glistening and rippling with the tireless, mechanical swinging of his long right arm. Stalks piled up behind him as if he were trying to build a wall around the field. He looked to be at least ten years younger than me. I knew I was in trouble.

As the gun, I had the privilege of choosing the row of cane I started on each day. That night I slipped out to the field we would be working tomorrow and cut a slit in each cane stalk in the row I would choose in the morning, when Jocko was due to make an official visit to study my form.

Close up, he looked even tougher. He had a grip like a G-clamp, but his eyes were a bit wary as he nodded g'day. "You've got a big rep, Doyle."

"I've worked for it."

He grinned. "Taken you a while."

Cocky bastard.

Mac tapped his watch and I grabbed my cane-knife, shoved the tobacco tin and cigarette papers inside the grubby Jacky Howe singlet, and walked out to the row of stalks I'd prepared last night. I didn't look around again. I knew I'd have Jocko's attention.

With the stalks already partly cut through it took much less effort to bend them, less time to cut them, with less power behind each swing. I mowed down that row of cane like I was using a power saw. When I finished I hardly had a sweat up and my breathing was scarcely faster than normal. I strolled across to where Jocko stood beside Mac, rolling a smoke.

"That do you for a demo? I got the real work waitin' for me." Who's the cocky bastard now, Doyle?

Jocko looked at me suspiciously. "No-one's that good."

"Seein's believing, kid."

"Well, I dunno. I've heard some of you old buggers get up to a few tricks that . . ."

He broke off as an old ute bounced up. The sun was reflecting off the windscreen so I didn't recognise Chilla Henderson until he got out. He flapped his crippled right arm so I couldn't miss it, but ignored me and spoke to Jocko.

"Seen enough, mate?"

Jocko nodded, but he sounded a bit worried. "He's faster than you reckoned."

Chilla turned his gaze on me then, and I'd just as soon he hadn't bothered. Every minute of five years' hatred poured out of those eyes. Yet he sounded so calm, in control. "You always were full of surprises, Mitch. Oh, Jocko, speakin' of surprises — I brought one for you."

He made some sort of sign with his withered arm and the passenger door of the ute opened. I knew damn well who the surprise was for, and it wasn't Jocko. Cathy stepped out, an angel in a cotton print frock, the warm breeze stirring her golden hair. Her eyes were warm and full of love. Her smile, just as I remembered, lit up her face as she came forward. Not for me, though. Jocko was the lucky one. He took her in his arms and kissed her.

Chilla's gaze never left my face. "You know Cathy don't you, Mitch?"

Cathy's face was smooth and cool and unsmiling as she gave me a curt nod. I sounded like someone was strangling me. "Saw her briefly in town the other day."

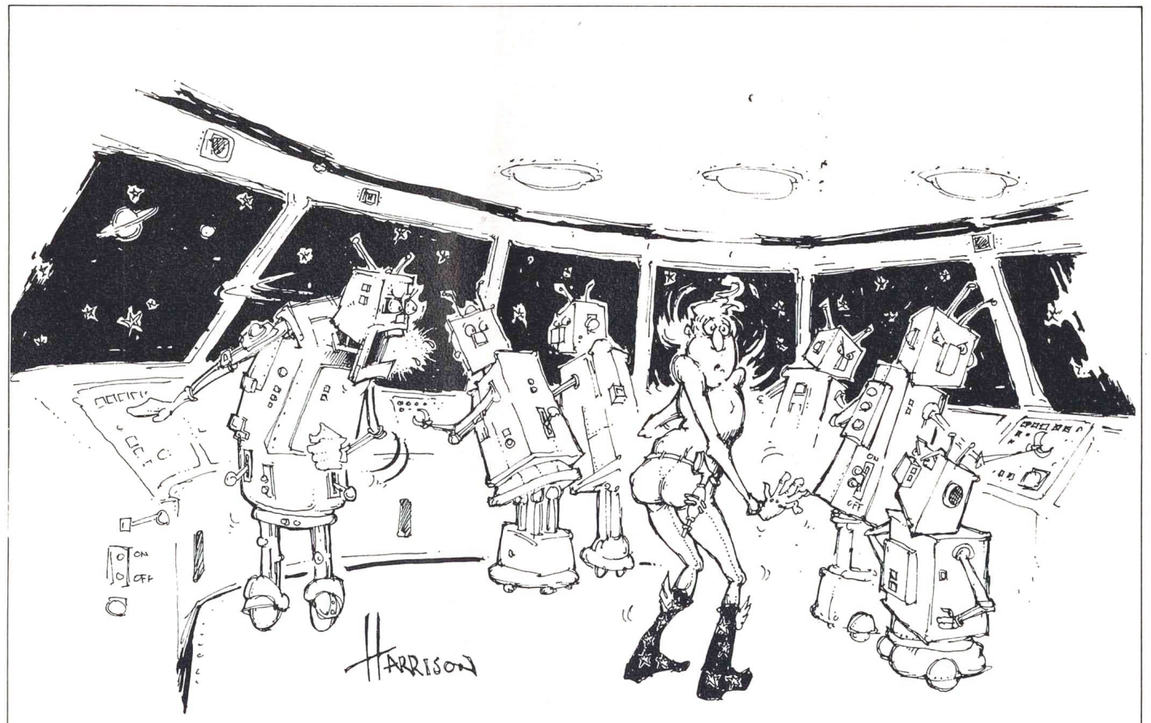
Jocko threw her a quick look. "You never said."

"I didn't think it was important enough to mention." That one got through my guard and stung a bit, but her next words floored me. "Jocko and I are going to be married at the end of the season, Mitch."

I tried to roll with the punch and muttered "Congratulations", but I knew it sounded pretty sick. For five years I'd never stopped thinking about her. I'd treated her like dirt but somewhere, deep down, I'd held on to a slim hope that one day it might be all right again between us.

She'd just ground that under her boot heel like a stinking cigarette butt. Well, she'd owed me one. But going down with the hurt of it, I should've remembered that Chilla owed me one, too.

When the gang went into town to the pub that night, I went with them. And the next night. And the next. When Mac tried to stop me, I lifted a fist, big, gnarled and knotted.



"Okay! Who farted?"

Where it's all happening!

GUIDE TO NAUGHTY SYDNEY
1986-1987

Massage Parlours ★
Escort Agencies ★
Home Visits ★
X-Rated Movies ★
Special Services ★
Swingers Clubs ★
Strip Shows ★
Live Shows ★
Sex Shops ★
Gay Bars ★

at all newsagents $4.95

NEVER

"All right, you stupid bastard! But you lose tomorrow because of a hangover and the mob'll stuff you in the cuttin' machine! An' I'll supervise!"

The blokes had a lot of money riding on me and they saw to it that I didn't get too pissed. As soon as they noticed the beer taking effect, they carried me out of the pub, pointed me in the general direction of the farm and told me to walk it off.

I had just enough sense to try.

A couple of miles out of town, I heard a pushbike coming up behind me. Someone called my name. I must have been drunker than I thought because it sounded like Cathy.

It was her all right, breathless from pedalling. She wore the baggy, half-leg shorts that were in vogue at that time, and a loose blouse. Walking beside the bike, she took my arm with her free hand. Moonlight showed me her pale, anxious face.

"Mitch, I — I have to talk to you."

My heart did a loop-the-loop — or was it my guts? — but I played it Bogart-style. "No you don't. We've got nothing to say to each other, Cath."

But she must have known I was bunging it on. Her teeth tugged at her bottom lip and she made me stop, then steadied me as I swayed in front of her.

"Mitch, are you still — interested in me?"

The question hit me like a knee between the legs.

"As much as I ever was, Cath. I've never stopped thinking about you in five years. I know I was a bastard . . ."

She placed a finger across my lips. "That's all in the past, Mitch."

Her voice sounded funny. Her hand stroked my arm and the muscles and tendons did a little dance all on their own. I seemed to be losing control. Maybe it was the booze. Or the moonlight. Or . . . "Mitch, I — I want you to — let Jocko win tomorrow."

I was too stunned to do anything but stare stupidly.

"I know it's a lot to ask, but it's important. Very important."

"Who to?"

"To us — both. Mitch, if you do this, I'll — go away with you. Anywhere you like."

I wished there was a tree handy I could steady myself against. My insides were tied in a knot that was going to take more than five years to unravel this time.

"You havin' a go at me?"

"No, no. I swear I'm serious, Mitch."

"Why?"

"That doesn't matter. Will you do it? I'll keep my part of the bargain."

"Tell me why."

She knew how stubborn I could be, so she told me. Jocko's old man had suffered a heart attack on the family farm outside of Bundaberg. He was laid up and the mortgage payment was long overdue. If it wasn't met by deadline, the bank was all set to pounce and take the farm. Let Jocko win and he'd save the farm.

Bullshit.

I shook her hand off my arm. "Don't insult a man's intelligence, Cathy. I'm not that drunk."

She spun me back as I went to walk away, stamping one small foot, very intense. "Damn you, Mitch! I know it sounds corny, but it's *true!*"

I stared coldly into the tear-wet face. That knot was still there, at about belt-level. "And you're willing to leave him. Come away with me?"

There were more tears and a catch in her voice. "I knew you wouldn't understand, Mitch. But he's such a fine human being. He — he took care of me on his parents' farm after I lost the baby — your baby, Mitch."

It was a shameful thing in those days for a single girl to get herself pregnant. She would have had to leave the town before anything showed, but word would've got around. It always does. She tossed her hair now in that characteristic gesture and there was a slight edge to her voice. "This town treated me like dirt when I came back, but Jocko stood by me."

"Now you think it's your turn to do the standing by?"

That lovely mouth curled in a way I never want to see again. "Five years and you're still a mongrel, Mitch Doyle." Then abruptly the brittle veneer cracked and she broke into sobs and her arms went around me. She pushed her face against my chest and the warm tears soaked through my shirt. "I . . . It's all I could think to do for him . . . I haven't anything else to offer, Mitch. Just — myself."

That was all I'd ever wanted. Jocko would always have her heart, but I would have the rest — 24 hours a day. And, as she'd said, she'd stick to the bargain. I'd be a fool to knock her back.

Or maybe I'd be a fool to accept. I was thinking below my belt, and no man is rational at such times.

Experimentally, I moved my hands on her and felt every muscle in her body tense. But she hissed in my ear, "Yes, Mitch! Yes!"

"Yes, Cathy," I responded. But as we moved off the road and stretched out on the springy grass, I knew I was assenting to more than a quick grapple with a long-lost lover.

The next day was a scorcher but it didn't keep the crowds from turning up at Carmody's to watch the contest. A lot of money was changing hands.

She was there, in the forefront, pale and strained. Even her smiles for Jocko seemed pretty tight, but he didn't appear to notice. He was edgy himself. She avoided looking in my direction except once, when our gazes touched and there was just the suggestion of movement at the corners of her mouth. It was enough for me.

Jocko began prancing about, shadow-boxing, showing off his youth, with Chilla watching critically. I smoked until Carmody appeared with the starting gun, said the cockatoos were out watching for the cops, and there would be no more bets as from . . . *now!* He fired into the air and we were off.

I sweated my guts out. Tendons thrummed like guitar strings in my arms. Electric shocks stabbed through my leg muscles. My spine creaked. The rag tied around my head didn't stop the sweat stinging my eyes. Blood roared in my ears and drowned out the shouted encouragements and insults of the crowd.

Grab — bend — hack — toss . . . Christ, where was the end of the row? Then — how many *more* bloody rows?

Head bent, arms crooked as I grabbed the stalks, gut clenched, I bored on through my private patch of hell. I glanced across to Jocko's patch to see how he was doing — and couldn't find him. I looked behind. He wasn't there, either. But there were a hell of a lot of cane-stalks lying on the ground, piles of them. There was only one place left now, and there he was — almost a full row ahead of me.

Suddenly I felt very old. I mean, I'd been trying to make it look good, really tearing my heart out in that initial burst, planning on slowing gradually and letting Jocko overhaul me. I wanted to give the mob the idea that I just didn't have the staying power. But he'd walked all over me.

I started to laugh. The sound came bubbling up inside me, and I was powerless to stop it. Cathy needn't have bothered making a deal with me. The kid was going to wipe me out, fair and square. He was simply too good.

Well, he might win the contest, but he was going to lose something else. I shook sweat from my eyes and looked for her in the roaring crowd. There were a lot of fists shaking in my direction and a lot of abuse coming at me from my backers. I saw Chilla, one good hand and his claw cupped around his mouth, and his were the only words I heard: "You've had the stick, Doyle! We're gonna wipe the floor with you!"

My blood chilled — not because of what he said, but because Cathy was hanging

I started to laugh. Cathy needn't have bothered making a deal with me. The kid was going to wipe me out fair and square

on his arm, jumping up and down with him, urging Jocko on.

Our eyes met and even from that distance I could see the contempt — and triumph — in hers. She'd waited five years. So had Chilla. They'd both known I'd eventually come back to the town. Chilla had nursed and trained his protege, and waited. I must have scared him a bit with the demo on the row of stalks I'd fixed, so, to be on the safe side, Cathy conned me.

"Just as well you played it safe and asked me to put that tenner on Jocko for you, Mitch!" Chilla boomed. Macreedy and ther rest of my gang went very quiet. The bastard had just fixed me good.

Then a massive rage surged through me. I turned and started swinging the knife, swinging it as if I were crazy, out of my head — and that's exactly how I was. Raging at yourself when you know you've been a fool can lend your body terrible power. I used it, hacking relentlessly, and within minutes I'd gained half a row on Jocko.

I had a crab in my chest, tearing with both claws. My head bobbed on my neck. Pain burned into my brain. My legs were spaghetti. My arms were rising and falling beyond my control. Jocko only had ten metres on me now. *Grab — bend — hack — toss* . . . Five metres . . . three . . . two . . . I was past him and swinging like I was never going to stop. I even had time to look back.

I saw them both — there was no-one else — and their faces were ghastly, bodies scrunched down in the middle, and I knew they were hurting. By *God* they were! I exulted, knowing Chilla had done a packet on his bets. Cathy — whatever she got out of it in the end she was welcome to. I'd be a long time getting over her, I knew, but it had already started — and I could help it along with a bottle. It wouldn't be the first time I'd had one for a bedmate during the last five years.

I was still going. Jocko was down on his knees now, face contorted in a rictus of cramping pain. He'd shot his bolt. I was still the gun.

But I wasn't ready to let it go at that. I could hardly see for the sweat and the blinding triumph. I grabbed and swung, grabbed and swung, mowing down the rest of the row even though I didn't need to, working in a buzzing haze, still driven by that mad rage.

Finally, I grabbed and there was nothing — no more cane, only thin air. But I couldn't stop. Robot-like, I swung the knife full-force as if I were holding a bunch of stalks. It sliced through the air — until it brought up short against the flesh and bone of my left leg. I fell screaming in a heap.

Even before the ambulance men told me, I knew my cane-cutting days were over. I'd be lucky to keep the leg.

Cathy didn't even look up as they carried me past her on the stretcher. She was too busy comforting the prostrate Jocko. Chilla sat against the shed, head down, his withered arm draped across his knees. He was broke. His gang had given him the boot. He'd never find another one to take him on now.

Macreedy was jogging along beside the stretcher as they loaded me aboard the yellow ambulance.

"You're still the gun, mate!" he screamed with glee.

My leg and Chilla's arm kept us out of the army when the war broke out. Jocko, just back from his honeymoon with Cathy, joined up during the first week. He was killed later, at Benghazi, North Africa, the same day he got Cathy's letter telling him he was a father.

Now she lives with the kid on Jocko's parents' farm outside of Bundaberg, but although I pass through the town occasionally, I've never looked her up.

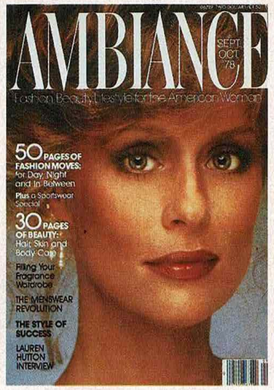
Chilla and me have buried our differences. We're just a couple of broken-down old field hands, hunched over a beer, remembering how it used to be.

But those days have gone forever. You can never go back.

THE SECRET NUDES OF LAUREN HUTTON

A special portfolio featuring America's most celebrated model, who's graced more magazine covers than any other woman in history

Lauren Hutton is generally considered to be one of the ten most attractive women in the world. She has appeared on more magazine covers than any other model, achieving an unprecedented "first" when her all-American good looks appeared on the covers of *Vogue* and *Harper's Bazaar* during the same month. In fact *Vogue*, considered the arbiter of international women's fashion, used Hutton on its cover 14 times in just two years. But long before her meteoric success, photographer Norman Nathan had captured something that no other photographer, before or since, would ever see again. "She came to me through her boyfriend at the time," he told us. "He asked if I would help her get a modelling portfolio together. I thought, 'This girl will never make it.' " Nathan, whose exclusive black-and-white nude shots of Hutton


AMBIANCE
Fashion, Beauty, Lifestyle for the American Woman
50 PAGES OF FASHION MOVES:
For Day, Night and In Between
30 PAGES OF BEAUTY:
THE MENSWEAR REVOLUTION
THE STYLE OF SUCCESS
LAUREN HUTTON INTERVIEW

> Her brashness and irreverance took Nathan by surprise: "Before you knew it, there was less and less clothing"

are featured in these pages, remembers that his wife took pity on the young girl. "She was so stiff, she had no sense of her body. So my wife took her to my daughter's ballet class." But Lauren, who called herself Mary Hall back in 1962, "proved to have two left feet and the instructor asked that she not return.

"I wouldn't have bet on her in a million years," Nathan told *Penthouse*. "She had only two looks when she first started, and one was very fake. She was stiff in front of the camera and had a strange mouth that wouldn't stay put." To this day, Lauren herself is more than candid about her looks: "I have a banana nose, one eye crosses when I'm tired, and I have a Huck Finn gap between my teeth."

But what Lauren has — and had — is what many more conventionally beautiful models lack: a brashness and irreverence that took Nathan by surprise at her second photo session. "She said she needed close-ups and headshots. So she came in — my wife and kids were there — and we began. Before you knew it, a blouse became unbuttoned, and there was less and less clothing. It was like the dance of Salome when she took off her seven veils."

In fact, what finally impressed Nathan the most about his young model was her "brashness and *savoir faire*. She's a kooky person," he concluded,

Top left: The glamor cover girl that Lauren Hutton has become. Left and right: Shots taken in the early Sixties, hinting of her future.

"A wise-cracking tomboy who never wears underwear and delights in dropping dirty words for their effect"

remembering that she had a habit of sipping from a bottle of Sea and Ski aftershave lotion. "Of course, I don't know what was in the bottle," he says. But what Nathan describes as being "kooky" was exactly what would make Lauren Hutton a star.

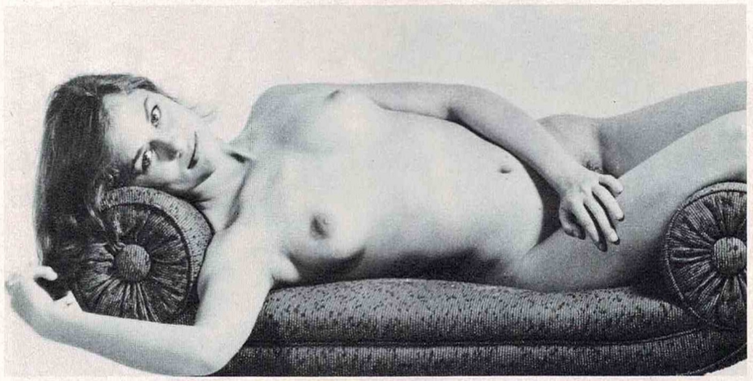
That "kookiness" would soon become legendary in New York's fashion circles. At the height of her fame, *Newsweek* described her as "a wisecracking tomboy who never wears underwear and delights in dropping dirty words for shock effect. Her sassy repartee is renowned in dressing rooms, where she teases makeup man Way Bandy about mimicking her poses . . . She revels in mischief: once she posed for photographer Richard Avedon peeing behind a rock — a photo *Vogue* did not publish."

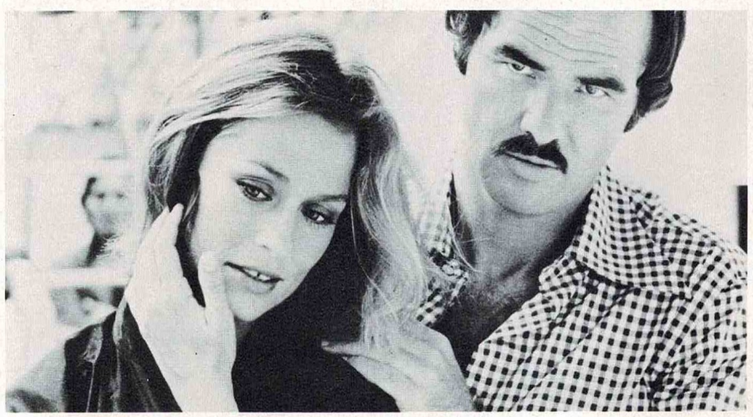
In 1973, Lauren took a great leap toward her international celebrity status when Charles Revson selected her to represent the flagship product of his cosmetic empire: Ultima II lipstick. What he wanted was to make Lauren Hutton the personification of everything that the Revlon empire stood for.

Revson was not the only one to notice these qualities in Lauren. Diana Vreeland, the great fashion visionary who edited *Vogue* magazine, recalled the first time she noticed Lauren when the young girl was working as a stand-in model there. "Here was a girl," she said, "who was a *girl*, not a mannequin. She was marvellous, clean, attractive, breezy — she had an irresistible gaiety."

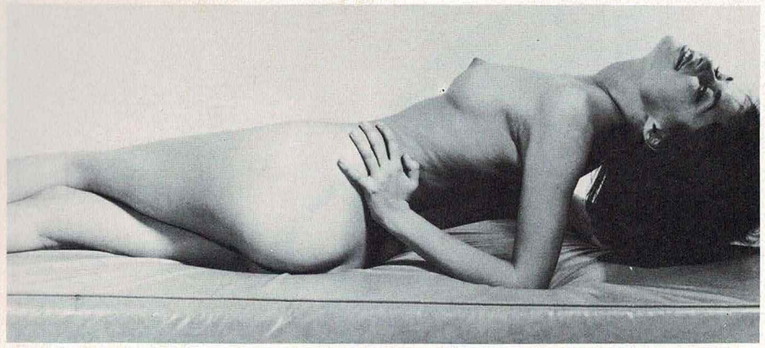
Vreeland's persuasion was helpful, to put it mildly. Avedon had already rejected Hutton as a model. She was, he thought in a remarkably untypical lapse, "just another pretty face . . . a Florida type on water skis." But it was Lauren herself, as usual, who knew that this was her moment, and she seized it.

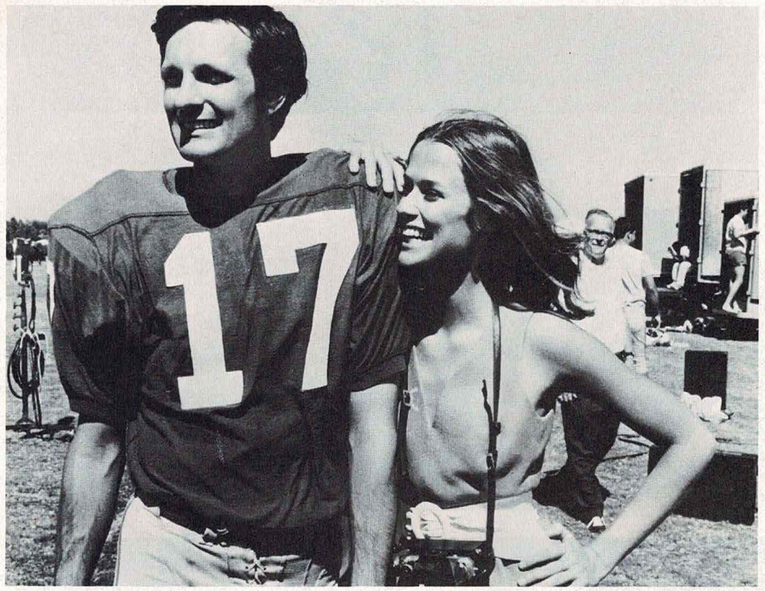
Posing for running shots, she turned





Right: Co-starring with Burt Reynolds in Gator. *Middle right: With Redford in* Little Fauss And Big Halsy. *Others: The Hutton coyness and charm.*





"She's smarter than she is beautiful, and funnier than she is smart — the girl next door, but she moved away"

Avedon on at once with "the slimmest inner thighs in the business," as he later recalled. "It was Lauren's seduction of me that was operating," he said. "It wasn't my discovering Lauren. She decided she would be my best model." Like Charles Revson, Avedon recognised star quality — finally — when he saw it. "She's smarter than she is beautiful," he rhapsodised, "and funnier than she is smart. She was the girl next door, but she moved away."

"It's not that I'm pretty," Lauren herself said, analysing her success as America's most celebrated model. "I'm reactive. In five minutes my face can have 100 expressions." Alexander Liberman, editorial director for the Conde Nast magazine empire, said that Lauren radiates "a naturalness, an ease with her body, and a sense of humor."

Lauren Hutton has pursued her acting career with the same aggressive determination that Avedon recognised years ago. "Modelling is psychological lemonade," she said, "compared with acting." To this end, she has successfully appeared in many major motion pictures. Her most recent film, *Timestalkers*, in which she appears opposite Klaus Kinski and William DeVane, is in production at the time of this writing. But Lauren is no more content with being "simply" an actress than with being "only" a model. She is vitally concerned about national and international issues, and has often appeared publicly to voice her feelings. In February, for example, she joined a long list of celebrities to support programs for Vietnam veterans. Also this year, she marched with protesters wearing "Reagan Buster" T-shirts to speak out for a nuclear-free world. Whatever she does, one thing has become very obvious: Lauren Hutton gives her all — all the time. As she explained her success as a model: "There are 36 exposures in a roll of film. I'd try to be at least 12 different people for each roll. I'd give everything."

Left: Hutton's comedic talents displayed with George Hamilton in Zorro, The Gay Blade. *Middle left: With Alan Alda in* Paper Lion.

"There are undeniable biological differences between men and women, which are wonderful . . . I believe it's important for women to become aware of them — and exploit them"

KATHY KEETON

BY C.J. MACKAY

Joseph Conrad once wrote: "The mind of man is capable of anything — because everything is in it, all the past as well as the future." Kathy Keeton would probably have edited that to read "the mind of man and *woman*," but otherwise she would totally endorse Conrad's optimism and faith in the human potential. As the author of *Woman Of Tomorrow* (published in Australia by Lansdowne Press), as well as president of *Penthouse's* sister publication *Omni* magazine and vice-chairman of Penthouse International, Keeton's feet are planted firmly in the here and now when she discusses science and the future.

It is from a lifelong study of the arts as well as a profound appreciation of science and technology that Keeton speaks of the best of all possible worlds being within our grasp. If there is any pessimism in Keeton, it derives not from fear of a dark, Orwellian future, but from a grave concern that too many of us are unprepared intellectually, as well as emotionally, to take advantage of all the wonderful opportunities that lie ahead.

Although she is one of the highest-paid female executives in the world, if given the chance to do it all over again, Kathy Keeton is emphatic that she would choose a career in the sciences. But for the daughter of a South African farm family, as for so many daughters elsewhere, there was no encouragement to pursue a career in a historically male-dominated field.

PHOTOGRAPHY BY DAVID KENNEDY

INTERVIEW

When she was very young, Keeton was stricken by polio. Confined for long hours because of her illness, she became a voracious reader, discovering the world of real science through the romantic escapism and excitement of science fiction.

Her illness, however, had already determined the direction her life would take. Because of her bout with polio, Keeton was forced to go through interminable periods of physical therapy. During this time, she became interested in classical ballet. Determined to overcome her handicap, she trained long and hard — and remarkably, at the age of 12, was awarded a rare scholarship to London's prestigious Sadlers Wells Ballet School.

As a young lady, Keeton used her years of classical training to launch a more lucrative career in modern dancing. She played theatres, films, and supper clubs, and while the money was good and the pace fast, her interest in the world around her never diminished. Now, not only concerned with the sciences, she became an avid student of the world of business and commerce. It was during this period that she met Bob Guccione, the fledgling publisher whose very first issue of *Penthouse* had unfavorably reviewed her first film, *The Spy Who Came In From The Cold*. The meeting was fateful, not to mention electric. Each was impressed with the other's interests, goals, and capacity for hard work. Within two weeks of their first meeting, Guccione made Keeton an offer. He invited her to take a 90 percent cut in salary and join his staff of two. She agreed. The rest is publishing history.

Not content with bringing *Penthouse* to America and building it into the world's most successful magazine for men, Guccione and Keeton repeated the scenario some years later with the creation of *Omni* — a magazine that would forever revolutionise science publishing.

During all this time, however, Keeton never forgot the discouragement she had received as a young girl and never overlooked the discrimination she witnessed against women around the world. Nor has her concern and dedication in fighting that discrimination ever wavered.

More recently, however, Keeton became increasingly disturbed about certain aspects of the feminist leadership in the US. Seeing many of the more radical women shrilly aligning themselves with some of the most reactionary forces in the country, Keeton blamed them for the defeat of the Equal Rights Amendment as well as the continuing inequities in women's salaries and career opportunities. Most importantly, Keeton realised that these leaders were failing women by embracing mysticism and ignorance — trying to pass antiquated censorship laws rather than encouraging women to educate themselves for the future. Seeing that the feminist movement had disowned the best interests of its members, Keeton decided to do something about it.

Two years ago she commissioned a nationwide survey to find out what women thought about the critical issues of today — and of tomorrow. The questions challenged women to think about the dynamics of their changing world. Keeton herself devoted many long hours to interviewing friends and co-workers on these same subjects. When she finally sat down to review the findings, she was dismayed.

It seemed that little had changed since she was a child. Most women were unaware of or disinterested in the scientific advances that have so dramatically changed our lives. They were even less interested in how their futures would be affected by technology.

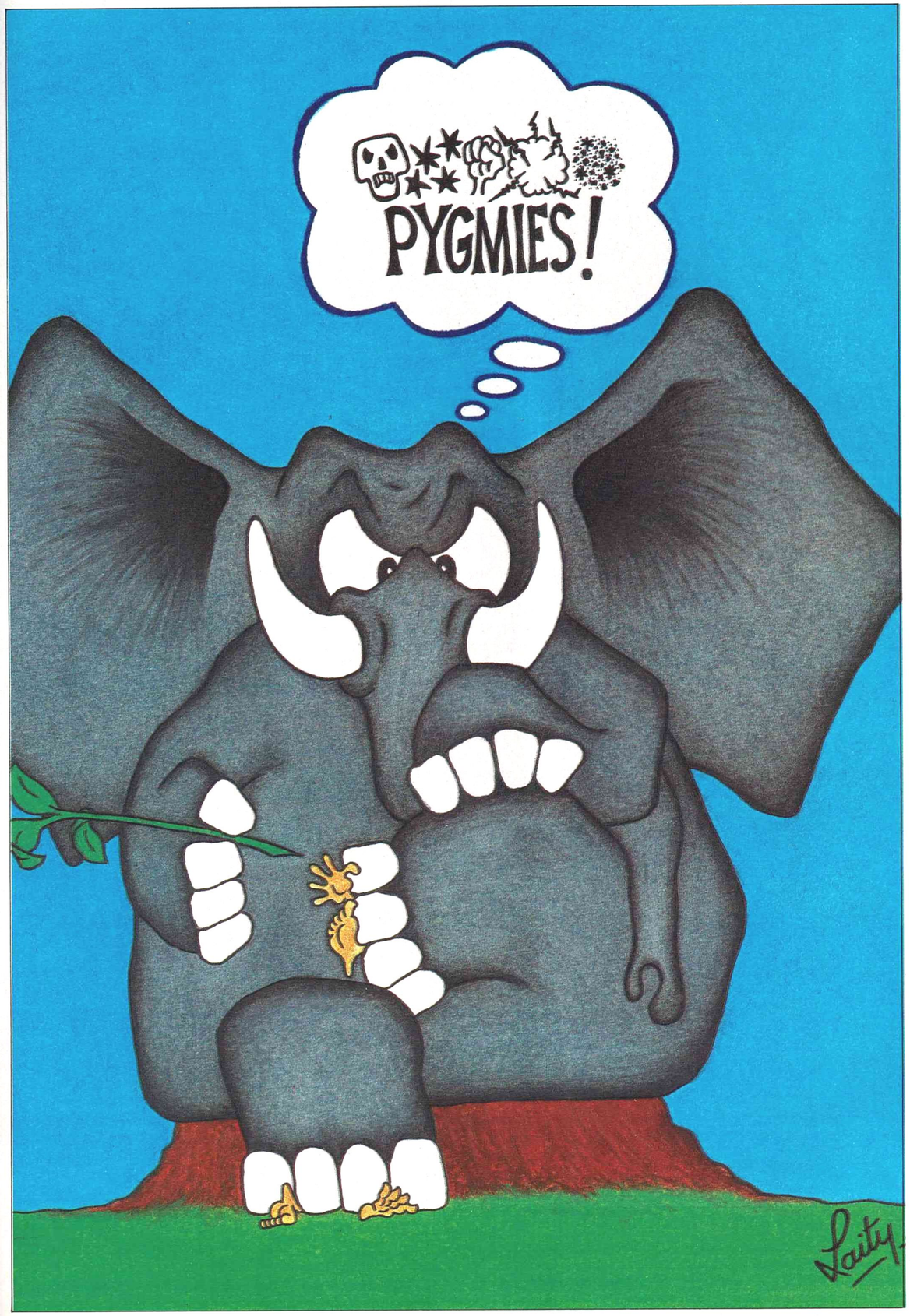
This is what made her decide to write *Woman Of Tomorrow*. Working with her collaborator Yvonne Baskin, she has fashioned a book that is designed to enlighten and inform, with none of the negative rhetoric and venom that have disfigured other feminist writings in the past. Indeed, Kathy Keeton may be described as an emerging leader in the all-important postliberation movement. She says: "My dream for tomorrow's woman is not that she compete for greater recognition in a man's world, but that she influence their common future with her own intellect, values, and perceptions."

Australian Penthouse senior editor C.J. Mackay explored the issues and implications of Keeton's book in an interview conducted prior to Ms Keeton's arrival in Australia late last month. To find out the importance to today's man of what the future holds for tomorrow's woman proved an interesting task for Mackay, though finding time for an interview in Keeton's busy schedule wasn't easy. While her projects are too numerous to list here, suffice it to say that in addition to her executive responsibilities on *Penthouse* and *Omni*, she is on the board of governors of the L-5 Society, a grass-roots space advocacy group, on the advisory board of Students for the Exploration and Development of Space (SEDS), a consultant to the Young Astronauts, a member of the board of directors of the March of Dimes, and one of America's top art and antique collectors.

Penthouse: What prompted you to write *Woman Of Tomorrow*?

Keeton: The main reason was that women are missing vital opportunities to improve their lives by not getting more involved in the sciences. This is one area where women can, and do, earn as much or more than men. It's disgraceful that only 13 percent of the scientists in America are women, and in the rest of the world, including the Soviet Union, it's even lower.

In the past, women were "discouraged" — to put it gently — from entering the



Ronald Reagan congratulates Kathy Keeton after presenting her with a plaque commemorating Omni's *maiden Earth orbit aboard the space shuttle.*

INTERVIEW

sciences. That's no longer true. Today, even with the barriers down, they aren't taking advantage of these new opportunities as fully and as quickly as they should. In my view, many elements of the women's movement are pursuing the wrong goals. Why spend time trying to knock down imaginary doors when you could be walking through open ones? My hope in writing this book was to show women how they can participate in shaping a future world in which they and their succeeding generations will live. This is a handbook on creativity and participation . . . not survival! I also want women to understand that, contrary to the popular myth, science is neither cold nor impersonal. It's very positive, very warm, and very human.

Penthouse: Your book has been described as a manifesto for the post-liberation era. How do you define a "post-liberation" woman and have changes wrought in the past two decades also created a "post-liberation" man?

Keeton: I think the women's movement in America has failed to attract the majority of women because of a few very unhappy, prejudiced, hate-filled women who are also very vocal. They are the lunatic fringe, and it's very sad that they exercise as much influence as they do. But if they had really captured the allegiance of the majority of women, the Equal Rights Amendment in the United States would never have been defeated. Women defeated it, not men, because too many of us just couldn't identify with the strident extremism of its supporters. When the movement first started, it was on the right track, and Bob Guccione and I supported it wholeheartedly. Then it disintegrated into the silliness of bra-burning, sharing public toilets, and lighting your own cigarettes, to mention a few.

My dream for tomorrow's woman is not that she compete for greater recognition in a man's world, but that she influence their common future with her own intellect, values, and perceptions. Men should continue to behave like men, and women like women. However, I think John Naisbitt was right when he said that as more women gain power, a synergy of male and female qualities will emerge — hence the importance of separate and distinct sexual identities in the first place. It's just better to have men and women pooling their talents and intellects to work together.

Woman Of Tomorrow is a book about all the exciting new possibilities and opportunities available to women today in preparation for a better and more positive tomorrow. It's also a book about all the things most important to us as women — health, sex, men, careers, babies, families, and homes. It shows you how to improve the quality of *your* life simply by opening *your* mind.

Penthouse: From your survey, were the attitudes of women what you expected? How pre- or post-liberated were the answers you got?

Keeton: What both surprised and pleased me the most were the role models that women chose for their daughters. The list they were given included everyone from scientists to politicians, actresses, models and wives of famous men. Geraldine Ferraro was first, followed by astronaut Sally Ride and Margaret Thatcher. Nancy Reagan and Christie Brinkley were down at the bottom. Ten years ago that table of preference would have been reversed. That's a significant change, in my opinion.

Penthouse: Do you think a fear or ignorance of what technology has to offer us is as prevalent among men as it would appear to be among women? Are discrepancies between parental expectations of boys and girls and lack of guidance in education entirely to blame?

Keeton: I remember that as a young girl, I became fascinated with my brother's chemistry set, only to have my parents take it away and reprimand me for playing with "boys' toys." These kinds of experiences played a key role in my decision to write *Woman Of Tomorrow*.

In contrast to girls, I believe that boys do not share the same kinds of fears of science and technology so prevalent among school-age girls simply because they are encouraged by teachers and parents alike to pursue these goals.

Penthouse: How will the scientific world benefit from a greater input by women?

Keeton: Since women have been shut out of the scientific laboratories for so many years, it's impossible to tell exactly what kinds of added insights female scientists will provide. Right now, I think it's vitally important that women be recognised as legitimate scientists, treated with the same kind of respect that males — by virtue of their gender — have already received. We cannot afford more cases like Barbara McClintock, a prominent American scientist, who developed the "jumping gene" genetic theory in the Thirties, but because she was a female scientist, her conclusions about how the genetic patterns of corn may actually skip generations were not accepted until more than 40 years later, and only recently did she belatedly receive the Nobel Prize. It's vitally important that this kind of scepticism end.

In terms of actual scientific work, women will add major contributions to science simply because their brains are constructed differently from men's, and thus their spatial and logical perceptions vary from those of men. Particularly in the areas of artificial intelligence and linguistics, I feel that women will have a superb advantage in achieving breakthroughs.

Penthouse: *Woman Of Tomorrow* celebrates the differences between men and women and advises women to exploit these differences with the aim of advancing themselves. Could you elaborate?

Keeton: There are undeniable biological differences between men and women, which are wonderful because they give us many advantages that men don't have and vice versa. I believe it's very important for women to become aware of these differences and exploit them. They are a bonus, not a handicap. Being equal does not necessarily mean being identical, and self-understanding is an essential first step toward self-respect and self-improvement.

Penthouse: How do you foresee relationships between men and women in the year

2025? Will they be greatly changed?

Keeton: I see the potential for a much greater understanding of each other's needs and interests and, as a consequence of that understanding, greater happiness for both sexes.

Penthouse: Given the apparent swing to sexual conservatism — in the US and worldwide — how can you feel confident that by next century we will be more at ease with our own sexuality and our roles in a relationship, and that we will enjoy the freedom to choose the information we receive and the entertainment we prefer?

Keeton: The next century is more than 14 years away, and a quick glance through various time periods in history will tell us that such swings in public behavior are only temporary. By 2000, if not already by 1990, I feel confident that the pendulum of social and sexual attitudes will have shifted once again, inching toward the permissiveness and liberalism that we saw throughout the world in the Sixties and Seventies.

Repression is always followed by an intense period of revolution. The constriction of sexual, political, and religious values that is occurring in the US, in Europe and in Australia can only go so far. And if anything, the suppression of perfectly normal sexual feelings and desires only encourages the kind of abnormal and violent sexual behavior that the most conservative legislators and religious leaders would hope to eliminate. This paradox is visible today in countries that have the strictest censorship, such as in the Middle East or South Africa, where crimes of violence, particularly against women, are amongst the highest in the world. On the other hand in Denmark, which has no censorship, the rate of violent crime is the lowest.

Darling Body Fashions

FOR YOUR 24 PAGE COLOUR CATALOGUE OF THE ULTIMATE IN LINGERIE, CORSETS AND FUNWEAR SEND $6.00 REFUNDABLE ON FIRST ORDER TO: *S.P.H. TRADING*

DEPT 101 P.O. BOX 463 EPPING NSW 2121
PH: 819 1109

NAME: .....

ADDRESS: .....

.....

..... P/C.....

ENCLOSED $6.00

By 2000, I'm quite hopeful that people will, in fact, have the freedom to choose the kinds of personal lifestyles they feel absolutely comfortable with.

Penthouse: What of the family unit as we know it? What changes might we expect?

Keeton: I think the nuclear family — which is now only 17 percent of all American families — is slowly but irresistibly changing, and a new version of the older "extended" family is returning. People, particularly friends, are living more and more in closely knit groups, just as relatives once did.

I also believe that raising children should and will become more of a shared responsibility between parents. Studies indicate that this is much better for the children.

Penthouse: Australian doctors have been among the pioneers of the birth technologies described in *Woman Of Tomorrow*. How will such technologies benefit women and couples of tomorrow?

Keeton: This is one of the areas where science will benefit women the most. For the first time in human history, a woman will be able to choose the exact moment in which to have a child — and that could be any time from her first blush of sexual maturity to 50, 60, or older. A 20-year-old will be able to freeze her eggs and have her baby at a time in her life when she feels more comfortable. This will put to rest that terrible conflict for women who must decide whether or not to bear children during those vital years between 20 and 30, when their careers are beginning to build and expand.

Penthouse: As research into birth technology advances at an exciting pace, legal and moral implications mount. What's to be done to ensure that research will be allowed to continue so that the women of tomorrow will have access to the many childbearing options you envisage?

Keeton: I believe that legal guidelines are necessary to protect the rights of all parties. For example, most of the 10,000 women who turn to the 20 or so sperm banks in the US every year don't really know what they're getting, and the banks and their selection practices aren't regulated in any way. In a letter to the *New England Journal Of Medicine* last year, a physician from the Centre of Disease Control said there had been reports of gonorrhoea, hepatitis-B, and other diseases being transmitted to women through artificial insemination by donor sperm. A study published in the same journal in 1979 found that there was very little genetic screening or even biochemical testing of sperm donors — and only a third of the physicians providing artificial insemination services even kept permanent records of their donors. I know that in Sydney, even AIDS was transmitted to several women who were artificially inseminated. This is one area where the world needs to develop new laws for the Eighties and beyond before we can even begin to prepare for the Twenty-First Century. In this legal aspect, Australia is already far ahead of America.

As for moral considerations, I believe that each individual woman should have the right to decide such things according to her own personal beliefs. And you will note I said *her beliefs*. No one individual or group of individuals, man or woman, should have the right to control human reproduction.

Penthouse: Will laws necessarily facilitate such access? Though women in many countries have the legal right to abortion, there remains very strong community opposition to it. Is choosing to have your embryo frozen in liquid nitrogen any less likely to be opposed on moral grounds?

Keeton: Australia is in the forefront of all research into new birth technologies, and your country has also encountered more obstacles from legislators than we have in the US. I do think that it's important that a worldwide code of ethics be developed, similar to the one which came about in the state of Victoria. But I do not see opposition to birth technologies continuing at the pace that we see at this moment.

When people realise that scientists are not, in fact, creating a monstrous brave new world of the order of Aldous Huxley but are actually helping infertile couples to have healthy babies, I think people will realise how valuable this new field really is.

I know that at Monash University, doctors are doing pioneering work on frozen eggs. Certainly, the public will have fewer objections to freezing eggs than freezing embryos. Since eggs, like sperm cells, contain only half the full human chromosomal complement, egg freezing cannot be considered nearly so controversial.

In the future, more women, especially those young ones who are in the midst of an active career, will have the option of placing their eggs in frozen storage, with the understanding that at a later time they will be thawed and matched with the woman's desired mate. By freezing eggs, women will no longer be faced with the harsh realities of their biological time clocks uncontrollably ticking away.

Penthouse: In your book you mention research into the possibility of male pregnancies. What is the current stage of this research? Do you believe that there will come a day when men will commonly take advantage of the opportunity to bear a child?

Keeton: I know that scientists in several countries have been contemplating work on humans, and that such experimental pregancies were performed on mice as early as the Sixties. Biologically, I think that we already have the scientific knowledge to achieve a successful male pregnancy, one that would involve an in-vitro fertilisation using a donated woman's egg, and even the sperm of the man who would carry the child. The scientist who is willing to do such work will receive a great deal of fame, and the man who is able to carry a foetus to term will become a very rich man.

Despite legal obstacles and the medical

Keep them in their place!

Our readers are generally house-proud so it was not unexpected when we received requests to produce a quality binder in which copies of Australian Penthouse could be kept.

The Australian Penthouse binder is now available.

It is crafted in fine silver material and blocked in gold, making an attractive means of protecting your Penthouse collection.

Each holds 12 copies.

However, as only a very limited number of them have been produced, we suggest you mail your order now to avoid disappointment.

The price for the Penthouse binder is only $11.50.

That includes administration costs, packaging and postage.

There are no extras.

And if you are not totally satisfied with the binder, return it to us within 10 days and your money will be refunded.

Australian PENTHOUSE

Australian Penthouse
P.O. Box 42, Cammeray, N.S.W.

Please find attached cheque/money order for

_____Penthouse binders at $11.50 ea. $_____

Name _____

Address _____

_____ Postcode_____

Jacka 943

dangers that are involved in creating a male pregnancy, I think it is only a matter of time before we see this sort of thing happening, and certainly before the year 2000, I think we could have our first child-bearing father.

In the next century, as such procedures become more common, I think that more couples will readily opt for the man carrying the child. In some instances, the wife may be in the middle of an important job assignment that cannot be interrupted, and in other cases, the man may actually prefer to experience the pleasure of going through pregnancy and childbirth himself. I know that in Melbourne, one clinic was literally inundated with requests from men, many of them transsexuals, who all wished to carry a child, and I suspect that homosexuals and transsexuals, in addition to many happily married heterosexual males, will one day choose to become pregnant themselves.

Penthouse: You hypothesise that by the middle of the next century, technological advancements will have rendered possible a human lifespan of around 200 years. Can you elaborate?

Keeton: There appears to be little limit to the number of times a cell can subdivide — given proper nutrition, of course. By the mid-Twenty-First Century, we could live to be 200 years or more.

Genetic engineering will help us to eliminate many terrible "inherited" diseases, such as haemophilia, Tay-Sachs, diabetes, and a host of other hereditary disorders. It will enable us to vastly enhance our intelligence, improve our immune systems, and generally re-engineer and refortify our bodies in such ways that we would be virtually impregnable to disease.

The quality of life has already been immeasurably improved by science. In 1955, in New York City alone, 1000 people contracted polio annually. Today, science has not only eliminated or neutralised many such crippling diseases, but it offers the very real possibility of extending a normal, healthy and active life by decades.

Penthouse: With such an extended lifespan, and greatly extended childbearing years for women, surely Earth is going to be a crowded place.

Keeton: Yes, but space won't be. We now have the technological ability to terraform the planet Mars and turn it into another Earth. It would probably cost as much as the MX missile, but look at what we get for our money — a whole new world instead of no world at all! The opening up of the American or Australian frontier will have been nothing compared to the incalculable riches that would result from the exploration of our solar system.

I think you need a very strong, a very enlightened, and a very courageous government to get an exotic project like this off the ground. But there is a growing grassroots movement among space enthusiasts of all ages and persuasions to start such a Mars project. NASA has the will, the way, and the enthusiasm to make it work — providing, of course, one could get the voters and the government behind it.

Penthouse: Will the quality of life be greatly improved by technology next century?

Keeton: It already has been. Just think about all the things we have today that we didn't have in 1955. There was no such thing as a worldwide communications network. There were no radar ranges, no handy pocket calculators, no Walkmen, no diet drinks, no perma-press sheets, no teflon-coated pots and pans, no radial tyres, no VCRs, no commercial supersonic aircraft, no micro-chips, no long-range weather predictions, no pacemakers or organ transplants of any kind. Or try going back 100 years. In 1886 the average lifespan for both sexes was less than 40 years.

Penthouse: In 1944, Winston Churchill said: "Science has given to this generation the means of unlimited disaster or unlimited progress. There will remain the greater task of directing knowledge lastingly toward the purpose of peace and human good." *Woman Of Tomorrow* addresses the unlimited progress side of science, presenting an exciting view of the future. But with scientific budgets being devoted in large part to military advancement — eg Star Wars — how can we not fear the unlimited disaster side of science? We'd all like to look forward to a rosy future of increased leisure time, computer shopping, telecommuting to the office, and having a robot mow the lawn and do the laundry; but the "dark side" of technology must surely continue to cloud our vision of the future with fear. What are your opinions?

Keeton: My only fear is ignorance — ignorance on the part of the majority of our political and industrial leaders, and ignorance on the part of the general public about the immeasurable benefits that science and technology offer.

I'd like to know that the people who run all nations have had a reasonable background education in the sciences and technology, and that all leaders acquire good, non-political science advisers with whom they actually consult. That is one reason why it is so vitally important for the general public to be well-informed, so they can tell whether or not their leaders are responsive to the virtually limitless social, industrial, and economic possibilities of science, an issue on which the future of this and every other civilised nation will ultimately depend.

Penthouse: What can be done to allay such fears? What role can women play?

Keeton: If you stop and think about it, societies that are totally male-dominated, and where women's voices are never heard, are those societies which have historically caused the most strife and human suffering. Think of Nazi Germany, Imperial Japan, the Ayatollah Khomeini, and the appalling status of women generally in most Arab countries.

In her 1982 book *In A Different Voice*, Harvard psychologist Carol Gilligan gives a striking example in the case of Amy and Jake, both 11-year-olds from the same sixth-grade class, who were asked to resolve a moral dilemma. They were told that their mother was ill, and that the druggist would not give her the medicine she needed because they didn't have the money. Jake's immediate solution was to break into the drugstore and steal the drug. Amy's was to think of some way of coming to terms with the druggist. She, in fact, explored every possible solution, except violence.

I'm not saying that women can't fight or don't fight. When they are threatened, they can be as fierce as any man. However, history tells us that where their voices are heard, there's more moderation.

Penthouse: Where should more money be spent in research to provide us all with a better future?

Keeton: There won't be such a rosy future in the first place unless all scientists are given the freedom to work without the reservations placed upon them by various governments. Freedom, even before funding, is most essential for all researchers working in science and technology.

As to specific fields of science, I'm very concerned that more money go to research in prolongevity and life-extension. All people should have the freedom to live longer and healthier lives, and if gerontologists and other scientists come to a more thorough understanding of what causes diseases like cancer, diabetes, or more simply, just ageing, I think that we will have helped a large part of humanity. On a personal level, I believe in prolongevity so strongly that we are now sponsoring a prolongevity newspaper magazine that promotes greater understanding of the field.

And of course, if we live much longer lives, the world will become more overpopulated and we'll need other places to go. That's why I think it's terribly important that we continue to put more money into space research, so that space very soon will become a viable place for earthlings to colonise and settle.

I would answer critics who say we should be spending money on Earth instead of space by quoting some figures from an American consulting firm. For every taxpayer's dollar invested in the Apollo space program, seven came back in direct benefits, and $127 came back in terms of the new technologies we are able to export. You can't get much more return on investment than that!

Omni magazine constantly promotes this thesis to the general public. We want to make people understand what the future really holds — the true magnitude of its promise — and that there are better things to spend money on than bombs.

Penthouse: The strongest message in *Woman Of Tomorrow* is that unless women begin to take an active interest in science and encourage their daughters to do so, future women will be "techno-peasants": confused, relegated once more to the least interesting and important jobs and more estranged than ever before from positions of power. You criticise the women's movement for failing to come to grips with this. Can you elaborate?

Keeton: In many ways, the women's movement has helped steer women toward careers that were normally closed to them. But unfortunately it continues to ignore the single greatest growth industry the world has ever known — science! Instead of wasting time fighting for women to become fire fighters or combat soldiers, or even garbage collectors, which, though essential, are not exactly the most fulfilling jobs we could aspire to, it should encourage women to actively pursue careers like engineering. Only one percent of all engineers are female, and yet starting salaries are actually higher for women than for men. Why bother campaigning for jobs that we aren't biologically suited to when there are much more rewarding jobs that we can do as well as, and in some cases better than, men?

Penthouse: As well as being president of *Omni* magazine you have been associated with *Penthouse* since around the time of its inception, currently holding the position of vice-chairman. Do you face criticism that such a publication exploits women, promoting them as sex symbols — perhaps women of yesterday — rather than women of tomorrow? How do you answer such criticism?

Keeton: First of all, if anybody is exploited, it's the men. Women are paid handsomely to appear in *Penthouse*, while men have to pay for the privilege of seeing them!

Secondly, the *Penthouse* organisation is probably one of the few companies in the world where women are in many more positions of power than men. And it's been a runaway success in all respects.

Sometimes I do get criticism of that nature from extremists, but I don't take it seriously. People who feel that way are intellectually deficient, or, to put it more precisely, insensitive to the ever-growing, ever-changing world around them.

Penthouse: What advice would you give to the parents of young children today to best prepare the next generation for the Twenty-First Century?

Keeton: I'd tell parents that it's really important that they stress science and mathematics on both their boys and girls, but especially their daughters, since young girls must still overcome so many cultural obstacles. Without a total literacy with computers, for example, children of the next century will be as ill-equipped to deal with the demands of daily life as people today who cannot read. I would also tell parents to encourage their children to learn as much as they possibly can about space, because the high frontier will be *the* next frontier in the Twenty-First Century.

Penthouse: Finally, if I was to contact you in 2040, what message would you most like to have left on your Twenty-First Century version of an answering machine?

Keeton: "Flying to the moon, so I can play among the stars. Want to see what spring is like on Jupiter and Mars — I will call you when I return."

FOR THE VERY BEST

Adult Video Tapes

Books Aids Lingerie

At Lowest Prices

Kings Cross Mail Orders
Dept. PH P.O. Box 238,
WAVERLEY. NSW 2024

☐ FREE CATALOGUE

☐ 3 FULL COLOUR MAGAZINES (hard core) ENCL. $15.

Chg ☐ MO ☐ Cash ☐

Bankcard No

Name:

Address:

P/C....

I am over 18 years of age.

Signature

517 Botany Rd, Waterloo, N.S.W. 2017.

MOTORING

FIGHTING BACK

BY PETER McKAY

The Bluebird was almost its swansong — but Nissan is bouncing back and ready for take-off

On the count of nine, Nissan, the glass-jawed horizontal heavyweight of the local motoring industry, is showing distinct signs of climbing off the canvas. For two years the prophets of doom (noting the company's profits of doom) have been crystal-balling the end of Nissan Australia. The cellar-dweller of the local car makers would be, predicted the industry gurus, either nailing up the shutters on its manufacturing plant or else merging with someone else, probably Holden.

However, recent months have been kinder to Nissan. A subtle product-led revival show is on the road.

Product — or lack of it — has crucified Nissan in Australia. Rival companies have had their high-flying superstars ... Commodore, Falcon, Magna. Nissan had Bluebird. The Bluebird of Unhappiness.

The Bluebird was a bit of a log. Uninspiring, a little coarse, anachronistic. Nissan dealers had to discount like the blazes to shift it, and with the bargain price came an unwanted reputation that here was the cheap and nasty end of the car business. Even with savage price cuts, Nissan's market share plummeted. From a peak of 12.9 percent in 1981, it nose-dived to a misera-

ble 6.9 in the month of August last year, finishing 1985 with the wooden spoon at a not-so-swish 9.4.

The August disaster sparked one watershed decision by the Japanese management team installed by the parent company. Cynically christened the A-Team by one acerbic Australian motoring writer, the Japanese heavies finally handed much of the marketing and product-oriented decision-making to the impressive yet often frustrated locals — the B-Team headed by marketing boss Steve Markwell, product chief Howard Marsden, stylist Paul Beranger and engineer Peter Barber. The Aussies quickly orchestrated the changes — to both product and people.

Already, there's a new bounce to the Nissan step, though the counter-punching B-Team isn't claiming miracles. The most recent financial result announced — last year — revealed a $37 million loss. That should be halved this year and would have moved closer to break-even had the Keating dollar not belly-flopped.

The name change from Datsun to Nissan contributed to the Nissan migraine. According to Nissan, many of the older Datsun loyalists were blithely unaware that the company was alive and well under the Nissan banner. Nissan did spend millions of dollars on a media campaign to educate the public. Either the campaign was ratshit or else Datsun buyers have their heads buried in the sand . . . "We're re-launching Nissan as a company in 1986," announced Markwell.

Clearly, offering improved product was the best — probably the only — way of purging the company of the old, bad reputation. Part of Nissan's well-defined comeback strategy was to move perceptibly up-market, distancing itself from that old bargain basement sector.

The market changes have shown handy timing for Nissan. Certainly the five local manufacturers could be in for a sales windfall during the next two years — prices of imported vehicles have high-jumped to the point that many consumers are frightened off. This year some importers have watched helplessly as their sales slumped by up to 50 percent. The imports share of the Australian market, previously pegged by the government to 20 percent, could slide to 15 percent.

Last year was a new model desert for beleagured Nissan. This year it's a different tale; during 1986 a total of 14 fresh models will be pitched on to the market.

The Navara utility, which began selling early this year, sparked the turnaround for Nissan. Praised to the heavens by writers and consumers, it took just three months to snatch four-by-two market leadership from Toyota.

Coinciding with improved market conditions for local cars is the Bob-Hawke-propelled campaign to Buy Australian. The Pintara hit at the right time. Many of the imports had floated up beyond $20,000 territory, leaving plenty of elbow room for the new arrival.

At the press launch of an updated Pulsar early in 1986, Peter Barber said Nissan's aim was to convince the public its local vehicles were as good or better than imports. The unmistakable message: Nissan was pushing the quality and luxury barrow, happy to ignore quantity. Said Markwell that same day: "We're out of the insane 'volume at any cost' syndrome." The rear-wheel-drive four-cylinder Pintara wasn't a design trendsetter but it did offer conservative middle Australia certain attractions. Nissan pointed out it was built to last. Heavier gauge steel had gone into the motor car. Doors closed with a resounding thump rather than a rattle or clatter. It was quiet. It steered and handled beautifully. It was loaded to the hilt with standard appointments.

> The unmistakable message: Nissan was pushing the quality and luxury barrow. "We're out of the insane 'volume at any cost' syndrome"

To avoid an unwanted association with a forgettable past, Nissan went to some pains to avoid suggesting the Pintara was a Bluebird replacement, even though it was. Then, in July, came the Skyline. Same body as the Pintara, but a hot performer powered by the same Nissan six-cylinder hi-tech engine seen earlier in the current Holden Commodore. More quiet raves from the press.

Though the broad initial design was handled in Japan by the Nissan Motor Company team headed by the brilliant Shinichiro Sakurai, both Pintara and Skyline are heavily Australianised. Aussies designed the five-link rear suspension and the station wagon model. Key areas of the Pintara and Skyline development — including ride and handling, dust and water sealing, durability programs, and air conditioning — were handed to Australian engineers. Outback Australia is now the Nissan proving ground.

Fortuitously, the release of the sporty Skyline came just as Nissan's Peter Jackson touring car race team struck a magical purple patch. The twin turbocharged Skylines, new to the track in '86, rattled up a succession of unprecedented one-two results in local championship races. The Skylines were perceived as winners before the production model went into the showrooms. Strangely, though, Nissan won't be introducing a turbo version of its road Skyline.

In Japan, Nissan holds around 50 percent of the turbo passenger car market. Here its turbo production offerings are restricted to the sporty ZX coupe and the speedy little four-door Pulsar ET. Both sell steadily in their respective markets, the Z-car to born-again bird chasers and the ET to the mid-20s tearaways.

Coming soon too . . . the whiz-bang Skyline TI, which will go after the Holden Calais-Falcon Ghia-Toyota Cressida cake. Then, before the end of '86, a competitor for Toyota's 4Runner in the softer, recreational end of the four-wheel-drive market. And the Nomad people mover to tackle the Tarago. The exciting Mid-4 sports car is also under consideration for Australia.

Nissan's concept vehicles — dream cars built as attention grabbers at motor shows — appear practical and workable. The experimental prototype NX-21, with a ceramic gas-turbine engine, a slippery shape and gull-wing doors, is Nissan's sneak preview of its likely car of the Nineties. Further down the line is another engine-sharing deal with Holden, with a four-cylinder engine from the General's stable propelling the new-generation Pulsar.

There are a couple of product problems. The imported Gazelle is a sporting wimp and the boxy executive carrier Crown model appeals solely, so it seems, to Australian-based Japanese.

At present the much-praised Nissan six-cylinder engine employed in the Commodore and Skyline is imported from Japan, but a shift to local manufacture at Nissan's Clayton plant is a possibility. Despite the component-sharing and badge engineering deals between the vehicle makers, rumors of a Nissan-GMH merger are heard less often these days.

A slimmer, fitter Nissan has dragged itself off its backside. There's a long way to go, though. Mr Eddie Sugawara, an executive of the parent company and a recently-appointed director of Nissan Australia, last year warned that the Japanese masters regard a ten percent market share as an absolute minimum for subsidiaries around the globe. Anything less than that is unacceptable. This attitude seems at odds with the more recent comments by Nissan's Aussie connection that profitability is more desirable than volume.

Still, Nissan Australia's prediction for 1986 is 10.5 percent. Getting into the black will have to wait at least until next year. Early in 1986, the B-Team's crash-tackler Markwell optimistically declared: "We're in the position of reaching profitability very quickly, just as soon as warmer products hit." ○+

GET OFF WITH AN EARLY WARNING.™

Everyone knows our highways — speed traps, Highway Patrols, more radars than Pine Gap and, let's be honest, an occasional lapse in good judgement on your part.

What you need, unless you don't mind paying more to State and local governments than you already do, is an early warning. Which just happens to be the name of our new dual conversion super-heterodyne radar detector.

Available in two versions, the basic SRD-350 and the more glitzy SRD-450, they feature microprocessor-controlled sensitivity to minimize false alarms, two distinctly different audio warnings, signal strength meters, X and K band detection and very compact size. Naturally, they come with mounting clips, cords and accessories.

But the bottom line is that the performance of Early Warning radar detectors is equal to or better than radar detectors that cost a great deal more. So why pay all that money? Particularly after what *you've* already spent on tickets.

May we make a suggestion? Pick up your phone, ring our Australia wide Toll Free number and find out where to get yourself an Early Warning — while you still have a licence.

Phone: (008) 22 6755 (you pay local fee only)
Sydney Callers: 997 8187

Try our Early Warning System for 30 days and if you aren't 100% satisfied, return it for a prompt refund. You can't lose!

We accept Bankcard, Mastercard and Visa.

Ultrapro Systems Pty. Ltd.
(Agents for Sunkyong Radar Detectors)
10 Taronga Place, Mona Vale N.S.W. 2103

ULTRAPRO
SYSTEMS

ULTRAPRO — The Ultimate in Protection Systems!

DIRECT INJECTION TURBO: WHAT A CHARGE!

AT LAST THE LEGEND GOES TURBO.

In the world's toughest terrain, Toyota LandCruiser has built a legendary reputation for awesome off-road ability and total reliability.

Now, another legend begins with the introduction of the LandCruiser Direct Injection Turbo wagons.

With over 30% more power and torque, these LandCruisers give you power to spare for heavy towing and safer overtaking. Yet your overall fuel economy can actually improve.

ADVANCED ENGINE TECHNOLOGY.

The secret is advanced engine technology. By combining the power advantages of turbocharging with the reliable efficiency of the direct injection diesel engine, these LandCruisers give you the best of both worlds.

DIRECT INJECTION: WHAT A CHARGE!

Some of the extra power and economy is a benefit of direct injection. Because fuel is injected directly into the main combustion chamber on top of each piston (instead of being sprayed into an auxiliary combustion chamber), thermal efficiency is much higher than ordinary diesels. Reduced heat loss also means instant starting and better fuel economy.

POWERFUL PERFORMANCE

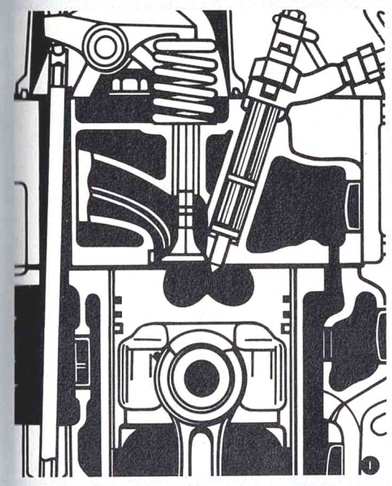
The compact, lightweight turbocharger uses exhaust gases to spin a compressor up to 110,000 rpm, raising intake air pressure for increased power output. Protected from over-boost by a wastegate system, the turbo is water cooled for long and reliable life.

Dozens of detailed refinements have been made under the bonnet to cope with the increased power, including a stronger crankshaft, a revised head gasket and a special cam profile for more power off the line.

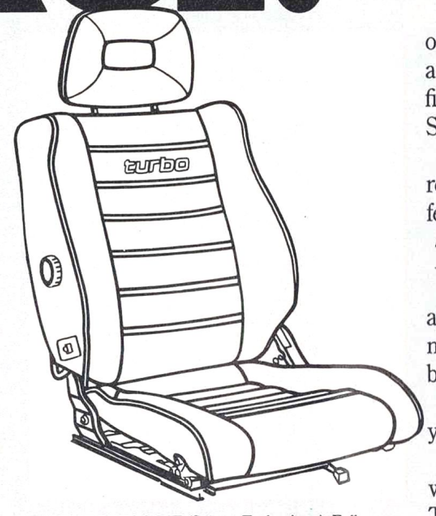
FOUR TURBO WAGONS.

There are four LandCruiser Turbo wagons to choose from. The high roof Sahara (in manual or auto) and the standard roof Station Wagon (in manual or auto). All are deluxe specification, with a catalogue of comfort and convenience features to match their power, reliability and off-road performance. Including a 7-way adjustable sports seat and a bi-amp, five-speaker stereo system in the Sahara Turbo auto model.

You'll also find two special child restraint anchorages are exclusive safety features in all four wagons.



DIRECT INJECTION. Fuel is injected directly into the specially shaped, piston top combustion chamber, minimising heat losses and increasing power and fuel efficiency.



7 WAY SPORTS SEAT (Sahara Turbo Auto). Fully adjustable for total driving comfort. Includes push button, pneumatic lumbar support plus see-through head restraints and net type map pockets.

TAKE A TURBO TEST DRIVE.

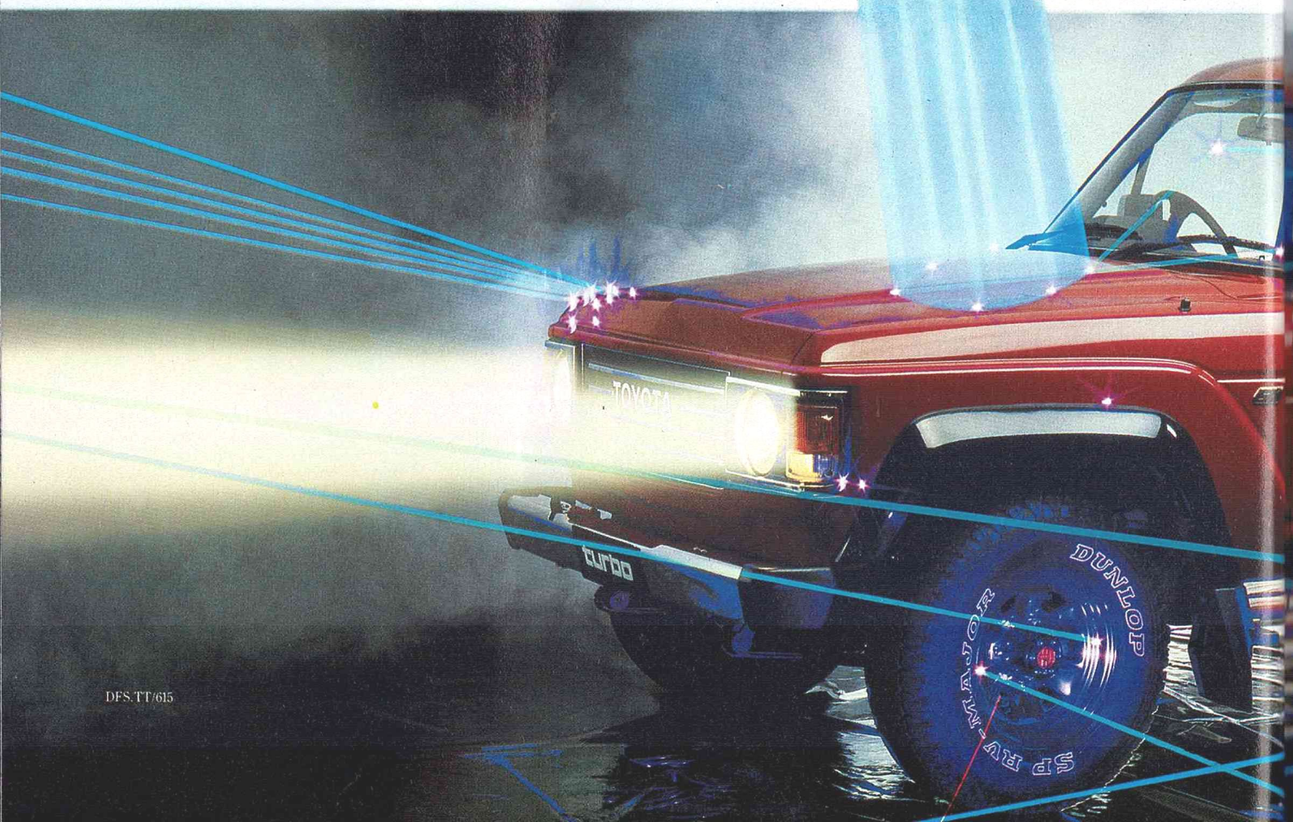
Until you see them, you won't appreciate the detailed changes that make these LandCruiser Turbos the best in their class.

Until you sit behind the wheel you won't know the feeling of control.

Until you take a test drive you won't believe how much Direct Injection Turbo will add to your driving enjoyment.

What a charge!

See your Toyota dealer soon.



DFS.TT/615

TOYOTA

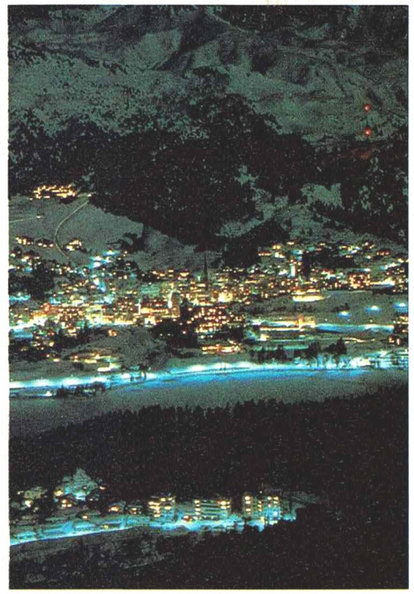
Oh what a feeling!

WIN WITH PENTHOUSE!

BRITISH AIRWAYS

WIN A SWISS SKI HOLIDAY!

Skiing the Swiss alps is the holiday of a lifetime, and this month's competition offers you the opportunity to ski in Europe's perfect conditions. The winner and a friend of choice will be flown courtesy of British Airways to Zurich via London. Included is a week's five-star accommodation at St Moritz — and another week at Zermatt — where you can ski in the shadow of the Matterhorn. Included is all travel and complete ski-lift passes for your stay. Simply turn the page, fill out the coupon and post it, and you are in the running for the skiing holiday of your dreams . . .



Switzerland is recognised as the Mecca of the sport of skiing; so much of its culture is based on the pursuit of fun on the slopes. The winner of this month's competition and a companion will find out first-hand why this country is such a legend.

They'll be flown by British Airways via London to Zurich, and return. They will be issued with the special Swiss Holiday Card, which entitles them to unlimited access to the superb travel facilities between the alpine resorts — and beyond if they wish. They will spend a week staying in luxury five-star hotels (double room with bath) at both St Moritz and Zermatt. They will be given comprehensive lift passes, covering 25 lifts and 80kms of ski runs at St Moritz and covering 29 ski lifts (and aerial cableways) and 150kms of ski runs at Zermatt.

This is the stuff of ski holiday fantasies. No other country caters for skiers like Switzerland. Yet even with this reputation, it represents the best dollar/powder snow value anywhere in the world. Amenities are impeccable; friendly instructors cater for all levels of skiers; hotels are warm and convivial, a tradition built up over centuries. British Airways take you there.

St Moritz is the fabled snow playground of the mega-rich offering the ultimate in sophisticated apres-ski night life. Zermatt is one of the jewels of the Swiss alps, serving as a magnet for those who come to gape at the majesty of the Matterhorn. This resort has been described as "Nature's greatest amphitheatre", a sublime setting for a day spent carving S-turns.

Here is the competition to fire your snow-lust. Dream on, if that suits you — or otherwise simply answer the questions, complete the coupon and send it to *Penthouse*. Next year it could be *you* smirking as you fly with British Airways to Switzerland.

Send completed coupon to *Penthouse* Swiss Ski Holiday Competition, PO Box 42, Cammeray 2062. The answers to the questions can be found on this page.

1. What does the Swiss Holiday Card entitle the winner to?

_____

2. What is the distance of the ski runs covered by the St Moritz lift pass, to be issued to the winner?

_____

3. Which Swiss ski resort has been described as "Nature's greatest amphitheatre?

_____

Name: _____

Address: _____

_____ **Telephone:** _____

Permit No TC86/1621. Issued under the Lotteries & Art Unions Act.

CONDITIONS OF ENTRY

Please note: The holiday at St Moritz must be taken between January 10 and 24, 1987. The holiday at Zermatt must be taken between January 17 and 31, 1987. If these dates are impractical, the trip may be postponed until the same dates in 1988, but no other alternatives exist. There is no cash alternative.

Your entry must be on the official entry form or a facsimile of that form. Only one entry per person is allowed.

Entry to the competition is open to all residents of Australia other than employees of *Australian Penthouse* and their families, employees of British Airways and their families and employees of the Swiss National Tourist Office and their families.

Closing date for the competition will be the last mail on Friday, October 31, 1986. The winner of the prize will be announced in a forthcoming issue of *Australian Penthouse* in the Loose Ends section.

One correct entry will be drawn from all the correct entries received. That entrant will be the winner.

The winning entrant, by entering this competition, shall be deemed to agree to accept public acknowledgement of his/her winning entry and further to the making of such public appearances as the promoters may reasonably require.

On all questions, disputes or matters arising in relation to the contest the editor's decision will be final. No correspondence will be entered into and entry into the competition indicates acceptance of all rules and conditions.

The promoters, British Airways, the Swiss National Tourist Office, and *Australian Penthouse*, shall be under no liability to the winning contestant and partner for any loss (including but not limited to consequential loss) or damage to persons or property or death or injury caused or in any way contributed to by an act or omission by the promoters, their servants or agents or any other persons in any way related to or arising out of the supply or non-supply or performance or non-performance of anything or any service provided or contemplated by or in pursuance of the Swiss Ski Holiday Competition (including negligent acts or omissions).

This competition is brought to you by British Airways, the Swiss National Tourist Office and *Australian Penthouse*.

ACT NOW!
And we'll present you with a 3 months subscription of the exclusive Black Label Penthouse worth $12.00 FREE.
Just fill in the details on the coupon.
Offer closes 30th of this month.

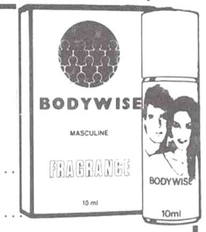
OK BODYWISE I'm taking the plunge – to greater action with more women.

I realise that I have nothing to lose, because if Bodywise doesn't live up to my high expectations within 90 days, I just return the pack and my money will be refunded in full.

SO HERE'S TO THE INCREASED ACTION –

(If you already subscribe we'll extend your subscription.)

Order form:
Please send me ☐ packs of Bodywise at $34.95 per pack.
Please add $2.00 for postage and handling.
I enclose my Cheque ☐ Money Order ☐ Credit Card details ☐
☐ Special offer 3 for $99 incl. P & H.

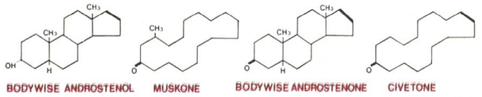


Name: .....
Address: .....
.....Postcode .....
☐ American Express ☐ Visa ☐ Bankcard ☐ Mastercard ☐ Diners Club
ADD $4.00 extra for overseas orders — Registered.
Signature: ..... Expiry Date: .....

tion. in experiments carried out in London confirmed that 73% of women showed marked behavioural reactions towards Androstenone. It's a scientific fact that women can detect pheromones thousands of times more than men.

Bodywise the ultimate male cosmetic

Only one in ten men produce androstenone in sufficient quantities to attract women. Bodywise when applied directly to clothing or used as a cologne will give you that pheromone boost that will make you stand out to women. Bodywise is a blend of two important pheromones in a specific ratio, (the ones few of us produce in sufficient quantities) they are complimented with a carefully chosen subtle fragrance. The result is a desirable aroma, that will inspire a positive behavioural response from anyone within sensory range.



Muskone and Civetone are pheromones produced naturally by muskdeer and civet cats for the purpose of attracting a mate and perfumiers highly prize these two pheremones and use them only in the most exclusive perfumes. The chemical structure drawings show how very close they are to the human pheromones. Androstenol and Androstenone which are naturally more effective for us than the animal pheromones.

Now it's your turn.

Bodywise is not available from agents or stores, its easy to obtain just fill in the coupon and post. We want you to feel fully confident when you take the plunge.

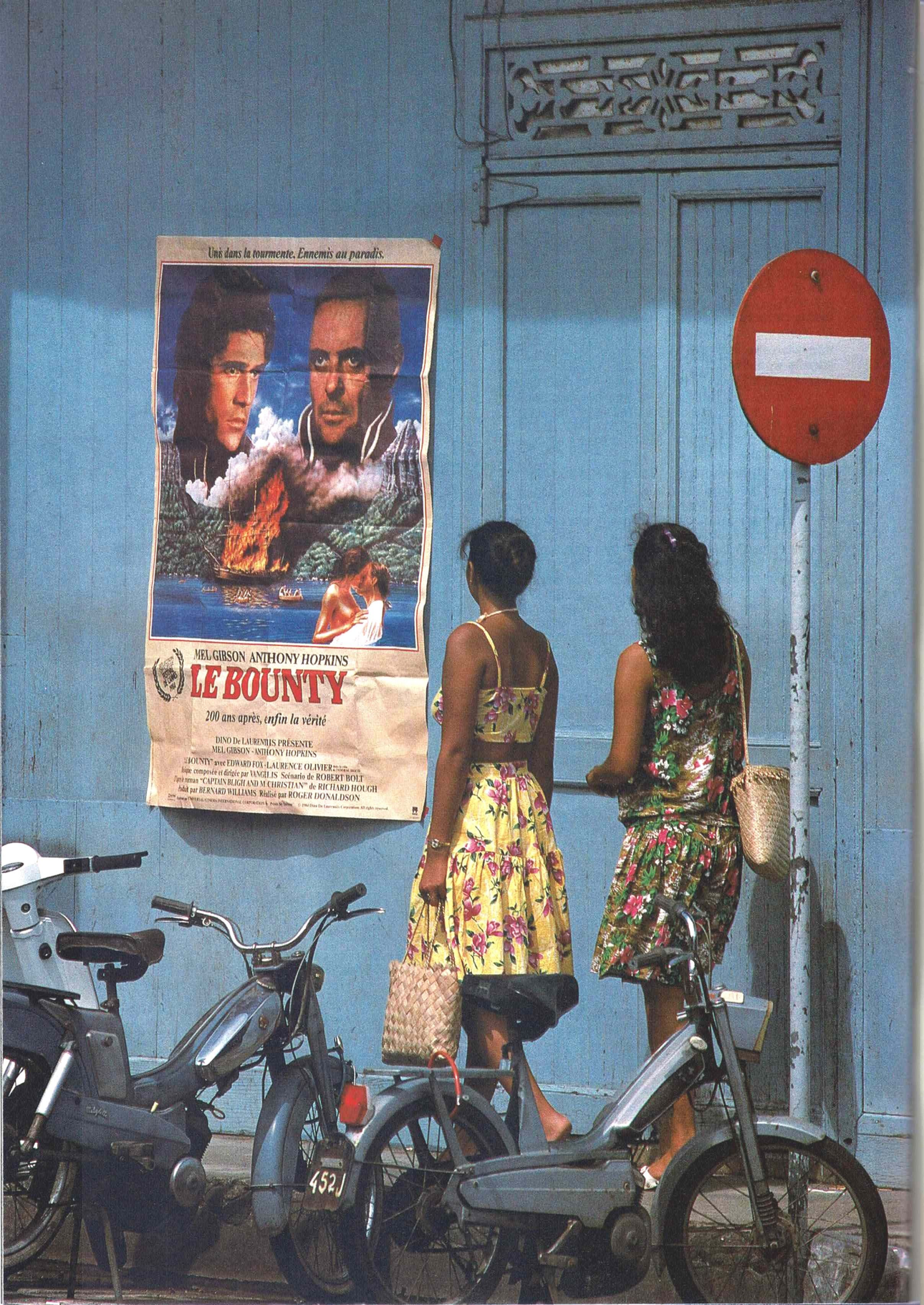
ACT NOW!
And we'll present you with a 3 months subscription of the exclusive Black Label Penthouse worth $12.00 FREE.
Just fill in the details on the coupon.
Offer closes 30th of this month.
BODYWISE
MASCULINE
FRAGRANCE

(If you already subscribe we'll extend your subscription.)

Order Now by Telephone
(02) 949 4513

* GUARANTEE
Bodywise is guaranteed to live up to your high expectations within 90 days or your money back, just return the pack and the cost of the product will be refunded in full.

Order form: Olner Pty. Ltd., P.O. Box 56, Seaforth, N.S.W. 2092. 171 Seaforth Cres. Seaforth, Sydney.
Please send me ☐ packs of Bodywise at $34.95 per pack. Please add $2.00 for postage and handling.
I enclose my Cheque ☐ Money Order ☐ Credit Card details ☐
☐ Special Offer 3 for $99 incl. P & H.
Name: .....
Address: .....
.....Postcode: .....
☐ American Express ☐ Visa ☐ Bankcard ☐ Mastercard ☐ Diners Club
Signature: ..... Expiry Date: .....
ADD $4.00 EXTRA FOR OVERSEAS ORDERS — REGISTERED.


Unis dans la tourmente. Ennemis au paradis.
MEL GIBSON ANTHONY HOPKINS
LE BOUNTY
200 ans après, enfin la vérité
DINO De LAURENTIIS PRÉSENTE
MEL GIBSON - ANTHONY HOPKINS
"BOUNTY" avec EDWARD FOX - LAURENCE OLIVIER
Musique composée et dirigée par VANGELIS Scénario de ROBERT BOLT
d'après roman "CAPTAIN BLIGH AND M. CHRISTIAN" de RICHARD HOUGH
Produit par BERNARD WILLIAMS Réalisé par ROGER DONALDSON

LE PUB CRAWL

BY JOHN EMERY

Are Tahitian women the most arrogant, unattainable, and thoroughly beautiful in the world?

Captain J. Cook. Dateline: 1770 — Point Venus, Tahiti.
"The young girls, whenever they can collect eight or ten together, dance a very indecent dance which they call *Timorodee*, singing most indecent songs and using most indecent actions in the practice of which they have been brought up from their earliest childhood; in doing this they keep in time to a great nicety."

Lord Sydney. Dateline: 1787 — London.
"I would propose the sending of unmarried men to carry off the beautiful women of Otaheite, so that Botany Bay might be peopled with beings that would have been an ornament to human nature."

J.J. Cale. Dateline: 1977 — New York.
"I'm goin' to Tahiti. Gonna stay all day."

Gonzo has lost his cool. He's coped with Singapore, Amsterdam, Bangkok. When he's finished this job he's off to Thailand, then New York. But right now, outside *Le Jasmin* in downtown Papeete, Tahiti, French Polynesia, he's just fried his brain.

Ten am in the middle of the week. The traffic is unbelievable. Citroens, Peugeots, BMWs, Lambretta motor scooters, and *Le*

PHOTOS BY GUNTHER DEICHMANN/ SYDNEY FREELANCE

LE PUB CRAWL

Truck. They all dive into a roundabout before us. There's a rush of brakes, a honking of horns, a waving of hands, and they all emerge and go their different ways.

A girl walks across the intersection. A girl? Long brown legs and a tight full arse. Long black hair and a face like, perhaps, an Egyptian goddess. Gonzo sees her straight away.

"Oh, my God," he manages to whisper.

But no-one takes any notice of her. Not one whistle, salute, or ricked neck. Not a one.

"What's going on here?" he demands.

Then he sees another slide into the bar, dress slit to the hips. She casts him an amused glance. All the other blokes in the bar are drinking the local beer, Hinano, or Cutty Sark and water, and arguing about the cost of yacht fittings. None looks at this goddess. She swivels on to her chair, letting us see she's wearing no pants.

"Holy God," moans my photographer in anguish. "I have got to score in this town."

Le Truck goes past with a boom of a walking bass and the rickety-rickety-rick of amplified ukelele, sounding like a swarm of cicadas. *Le Truck* is the public transport system — actually, private. To entice customers, each owner puts a monster stereo in the back of his truck . . . speakers like you find monitoring studios in less hip climes. Every BMW 323i sports a system with speakers big enough to block out all the rear-view. The ideal motor vehicle from the Tahitian point of view is a 1000 watt Marshall amp with a wheel on each corner.

The PA in *Le Jasmin* is booming out an old Percy Sledge number. "When a ma-a-an loves a woman . . ."

But Gonzo has lost his cool. It started when we booked the hire car: the Chinese manageress running the computer, calculating exchange rates that had us baffled, shouting orders to the detailers and mechanics, the whole time wearing a pair of short, short shorts and a net top that invited a view of taut brown breasts with tight, eraser-like nipples.

"Holy God!" we'd moaned together, tearing ourselves away from her teasing provocation, trying to extricate a clapped VW Golf with a cooling problem from the traffic jam while telling each other, "They're not really driving on the wrong side of the road. It's us." And then another girl walked across the block and Gonzo had hit his face on the windscreen.

So now, at *Le Jasmin*, he can take no more. He jumps up. He shoulders his 12 kilos of cameras: three Minolta X-700s with motor drives and an array of lenses. He's seen this sweet thing sitting down the road at a souvenir stand. She has an Afro hairdo, a tight, tight skirt. He's had enough. He's going after her.

I finish my Hinano and follow him.

And Gonzo has turned around and is staggering into the street. A gorgeous brown body on a motor-scooter, long black hair flying, yells at him. An infant clings precariously to her back, like a high-speed baby possum. The vision with the Afro stands up and minces away. It's a bloke in a dress.

"Holy God," Gonzo croaks.

It was night-time. We were at *Les Arcades*, having taken on a native guide. I'd met him in the bar at the Hotel Tahiti, our crash pad, drinking a bottle of Bailey's Irish Cream some thankful guest had bestowed upon him. Gonzo was back in the room having a freak-out. He had tried the television and found a choice between Divine eating dog shit and an obscure French war movie which set out to prove that the Quislings didn't Quis. He laid on the bed with his eyes closed.

Jimmy drank the Bailey's like it was beer.

> The drag picked up a full garbage can and smashed it on the bonnet. Windscreen glass imploded in a shower of crystal

He had woman trouble. Who hadn't? We finished the Bailey's together and I roused Gonzo. Jimmy brought us down here, to a steakhouse with a cocktail bar. In the bar Wesley played "Rhapsody In Blue" on the piano. He was an ageless spade. He should have been in *Casablanca*. Everything should have been in *Casablanca* — especially Charlotte with her smoky eyes. But not "Terri" behind the bar. Terri was mixing cocktails with a lisp — at least, *he* had the lisp. The cocktails spoke straight. Terri's boyfriend was growing tits, Jimmy told us. We nodded. Why not? If you can't beat 'em, join 'em.

The cocktail was built around THC. It lifted the tops from our heads and put them back slowly. We could see the stars out through the palm fronds. Some French were having an argument at the next table.

"There's only one thing worse than not speaking French in Tahiti," Jimmy said to me slowly. The cocktail was distorting his lips, as if he were in a centrifuge machine . . . or maybe it was me whizzing past him that created the effect. "And that's to be French."

I nodded sagely. The steaks were superb. The cabernet, light and chilled. It had been flown from Bordeaux. It had travelled well.

It was later. It could have been the same night. The streets were jammed with Tahitians. We were walking on the waterfront. We entered a bar at the Royal Papeete Hotel. A girl approached me and asked me to buy her a drink. I told her, "Non. Non." She slapped my face and walked away. Then she asked Gonzo. He bought it and she took it back to her gorilla-like boyfriend, who was nursing his knuckles at a table.

"Here we go," Gonzo said.

Then he spun around to grab a piece of passing arse. Jimmy restrained him.

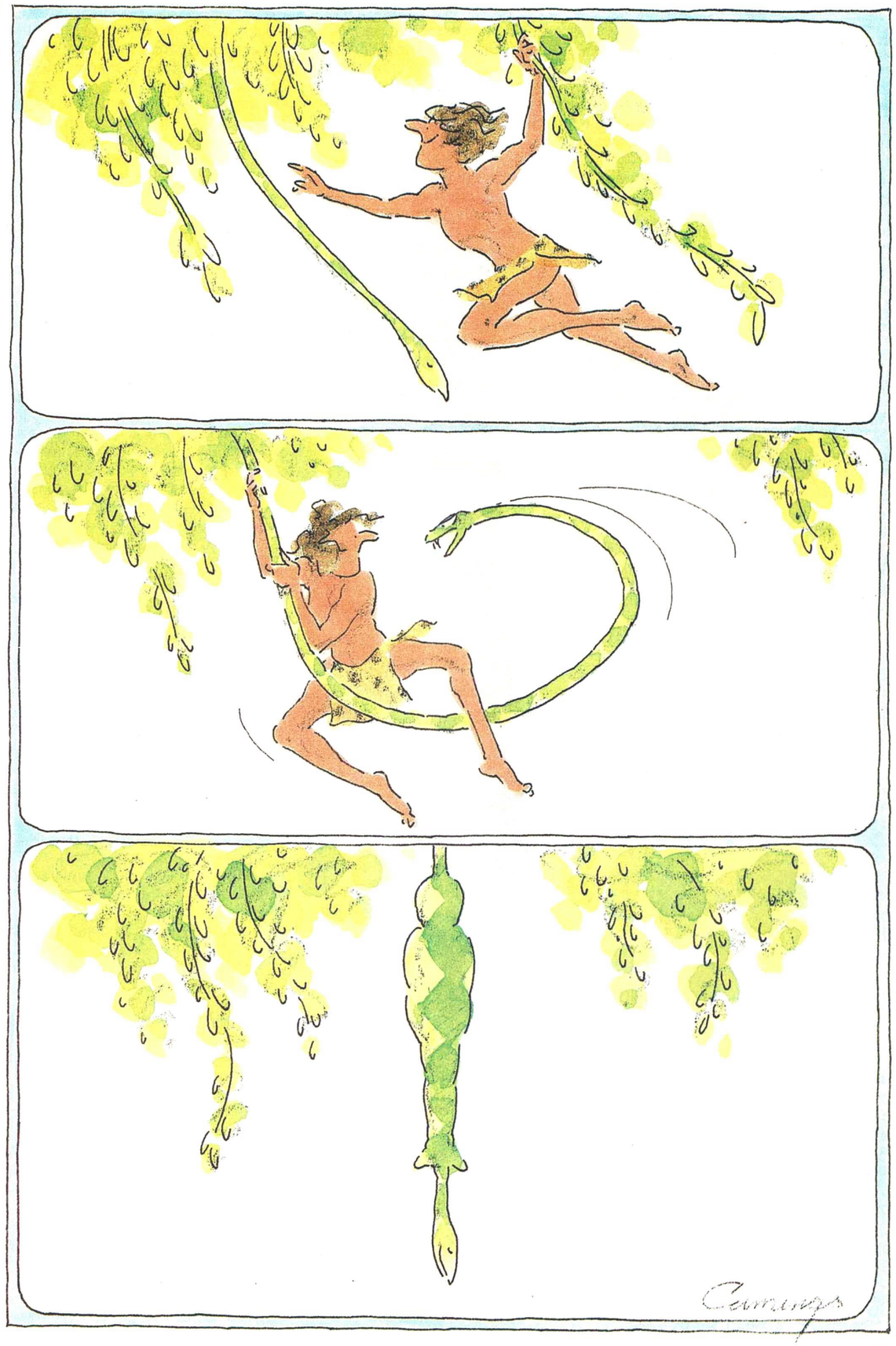
"It's a guy," Jimmy explained.

He was right. The guy wore a white dress with ruffled, plunging neckline . . . long black hair down a sinuous back . . . long brown legs. Disco music boomed around us. A woman (was it a woman?) was taking her clothes off somewhere inside the bar. Though I could have been mistaken. The bar's geography, when you studied it, was from an Escher print. Theoretically we couldn't be there.

It occurred to me that it had to be another night, because we'd managed to get some pictures shot, and we could only do that in daytime. We were at the *Lido*. French disco music. French military. Tahitian girls. A few yachties. Everyone glowed in the dark as the fluorescent lights strobed. There were no drags up here. Could we be sure? A woman as black as night was taking off her clothes to the music. Her body glistened with sweat and oil. She snaked on to the floor, waving her pussy at the crowd. It looked more like a black, furry spider. The crowd was chanting. She grabbed a Frenchman with a crewcut and bent him over a table. She was on top of him, thrusting the spider into his face. The crowd was yelling. Jimmy had slipped outside with a girl and was pressed against the bonnet of our car. He wasn't working on our cooling problem. Gonzo and I were still inside, working on our language problem.

Phillippe was a Frenchman, but he hated the French. It was a start in the right direction. All his life he had wanted to live in Tahiti, so he joined the army and applied for a posting. Fifteen months on Mururoa. Nothing to look at but water and an island subsiding further into the lagoon after each test. A French Cabinet Minister swam in the lagoon to allay the fears. Now his piss glows in the dark.

Gonzo and Phillippe went outside. There was a crowd of girls on the corner. No, they were guys. Most were beautiful. One was huge and muscled, with no teeth. He wore a white dress. He latched on to Gonzo. Gonzo told him to fuck off. That was a mistake. All the drags chased them down the street, high heels clattering. The ugly one grabbed Phillippe. Phillippe threw him to the ground and started kicking him. Gon-



LE PUB CRAWL

zo had the Golf running, but the drag was up again, lunging at Phillippe.

Phillippe made it to the car as the drag picked up a full garbage can and smashed it on to the bonnet. Windscreen glass imploded in a shower of crystal. Gonzo drove across the footpath, picking old fishheads off his lap.

Where was I? I had wandered back to *Les Arcades*. A French girl asked me to sit with her. A seven-foot paratrooper seemed to accompany her everywhere. But the cocktails had made me impervious to danger. I asked Wesley to translate.

"She wants you to take off your glasses."

I took them off and she ran her fingertips across my face.

"She says you have beautiful eyes." Wesley spoke like Dial-The-Time.

"She says that without your glasses you are very, very handsome."

"Wesley, tell her . . ."

"Fuck it, man. I'm a musician, not a pimp."

"Wesley . . ."

Her eyes definitely spelt trouble. The paratrooper was sharpening his knife on the sole of his boot. Where was the exit?

I was meaning to say something about Tahitian music, because everywhere you go there's a band. At the tourist pubs — The Beachcomber, Hotel Tahiti, Tahara's — they're tired old fairies playing "White Silver Sands." But in the Tahitian bars, they cook.

The line-up is drums, bass, amplified ukelele, and rhythm and lead guitars. The bass has the same kick to it that you get with Jamaican reggae. Learned theorists maintain it has to do with the amount of water-vapor in the air. The ukelele plays the eternal rickety-rickety-rick rhythm.

Each number starts with the same intro. It's like country music gone berserk. If the band's good then the drummer gives up the beat and starts to cross the rhythms. In fact he gets into a bit of the old traditional Tahitian music. Wooden slit gong bands. Lay down a basic reference point: boom, boom, boom. Then build a polyphony on it.

So what happens is the band plays the tune, then there comes a moment when everything halts. The dancers take a momentary pause, and the music shoots off with a totally different tempo, the skins now leading, the ukelele giving the reference point, rickety-tickety. Sort of like Max Roach meets George Formby with Chet Atkins helping out on gittar. Get the picture?

And the dancers dance. They hold each other and do a modified quickstep. Then, when the tempo goes berserk they either stay like that — quickstepping quick, quick, faster, faster, hurtling around the floor — or they let go and suddenly you realise that the reason the Tahitians did not invent the saxophone is because, in Tahitian music, there are no soloist musicians. But the moment those ladies let go of their partners' hands and begin to shimmy, before your eyes they begin to sculpt a solo as intense, as rhythmic, as emotional, and 500 percent hornier then anything a mere musician ever laid down.

(And as time is of no relevance to a Tahitian, I can extemporise to a moment two weeks removed from these Papeete nights, when I shimmied on to the sloping upper deck of a stinking inter-island tramp steamer, moored at the Rikitia wharf, to the music of two cheap Japanese guitars and a ukelele the cook had made in a moment of boredom. The lady I was with broke free of my clumsy grasp and laid down a rhythm I'll never forget, holding back off the beat and then halving, quartering the tempo, so she flowed in slow motion, and I learnt then what Captain James Cook discovered 200 years previously about the ways of the ladies of "Otaheite.")

> I could cope with the Tahitian gorilla who was leering at me, trying to needle me into a fight. But I couldn't cop the girls doing it too

And so the band returns to the A tempo, and the melody returns; same old country licks.

"Here we go, Johnny."

"Here we go, mate."

"Hey, Johnny, what happened to your glasses?"

"Just thought I'd leave them off for a while."

We went to another bar. A tighter band. Funkier back-beat. A blowsy Tahitian woman, spilling out of her dress, wrapped herself around Jimmy. She saw me and screwed up her face.

"I doan unnerstann," she mimicked, too perfectly — both my voice and the squint I had now developed. "I sorry. I doan unnerstann French. You must spik Aunglaish."

Then she gave Jimmy a blast in rapid-fire French, and walked away.

"Doesn't like tourists," he told me, and shrugged.

I shrugged too. I could cope with the Tahitian gorilla who was leering at me and imitating my movements, trying to needle me into a fight. But I couldn't cop the girls doing it, too. Still, when in Rome. I grabbed the nearest arm, hoping it belonged to a woman, and dragged her on to the floor.

She didn't look at me as I held her tight. I got my feet moving. Did the band deliberately double the time to trip me up? I hung on. She wriggled free. I hung in there still, shimmying my best. She gave me a disdainful look and left me standing there.

The Tahitian gorilla chuckled evilly. I chuckled back at him and mimicked him mimicking me. What the hell? A punch could only clear the air. He scowled and walked towards me. Hurriedly I put my specs back on.

Tahitians talk with their eyes. Whatever you are holding out on them spills and you are judged, condemned, and executed. I could feel the whole bar pretending to go on dancing, drinking, shouting. But all watching.

Then he grabbed my hand and I found myself trading the traditional male Tahitian greeting: a searching handshake, like a lie-detector reading your pulse, accompanied by a searching stare that plummetted through your eyes to whatever lay beneath.

"French?" he asked me.

"Non! Non! Australien. Australien!"

"Australien iss in America?"

"Fuck it! No! Not fucken American! Not fucken French! Fucken Australian!"

"Ahhh!" A light switched on inside his skull. "Non French?"

"Yeah, mate. Non fucken French."

A smile transformed the face from gorilla to angel. He shook my hand again and walked away.

The blowsy woman appeared from out of the gloom. Suddenly I was smothered in her flesh. As I came up for air her lips sucked on to mine like leeches.

"I luff you," she breathed.

Tahiti is a big enough island for the Papeete madness to be easily avoided. Take a drive down the coast road. Surf curling up on the reef. Board-riders sitting out there. Little kids playing in the black sand on the water's edge.

Stop for a sandwich at a roadside cafe. Lean against the tin counter. Without preamble, rain falls effortlessly out of the sky. Coconut palms recede into the distance. A boy makes a ukelele out of a piece of wood; cuts a sound hole in it, covers that with a can lid, adds a bridge and some fishing line. Walks down the road playing. The old Tahitian woman behind the counter sees Gonzo, me and Jimmy laughing and beams her approval. A couple of Frenchmen hunch, scowling about the price of copra, on the other side. She ignores them. The rain stops.

We sit at the Gauguin Museum, drinking Hinano and watching the landcrabs slide out of their holes. In the lagoon an outrigger canoe glides towards us.

In the grounds of the museum (which contains no Gauguin paintings — they're all in Amsterdam, Moscow, and America, but it does have a collection of his old underpants) are two stone tikis. "Mummy" and "Daddy." Sitting here, safe in my Magill office, typing, I feel a chill in my guts just mentioning her name.

"Daddy" is quite insignificant. But "Mummy" is full of power, full of *mana*. She kills men who do not take her seriously. This is an analogy of the relations between men and women in Tahiti.

"I want a shot of the tiki," I tell Gonzo.

He looks at her. She glares back. Primordial. Rough-hewn. Squat. Wide-open vagina that could suck all three of us up.

"It looks like a garden gnome in that park," Gonzo says. "I can't get a decent shot of it."

Jimmy and I tremble, exchanging nervous glances. We wait for him to burst into boils, or for the earth to open and swallow him. But nothing happens. Gonzo only sees light and shade. He doesn't see *mana*.

Night comes again, and the 50,000 or so inhabitants of Papeete and its district are back on the streets and in the bars. There's no moment when day ceases and night begins, for the music's been going all day long. In all the trucks, bars, shops, hotels, arcades. The work day begins at 7.30am, though the jets take off at 4. Thoughtfully, they are flight-pathed straight over the tourist hotels. A Gallic revenge. But when the sun goes down and the tide goes out, the people gather round and just shout a bit louder.

Where are we now? A Tahitian band at the *Pitate*. At first they play the Tahitian hit parade. Everyone but me and Gonzo knows the words. But, as the night wears on, the old guy on ukelele (it's always an old guy) nods off. The band relaxes and begins to play jazz. "The Girl From Ipanema" done as if it were a stripper's intro. A long drum break in the middle.

Gonzo has started dancing with a Chinese-Tahitian girl with hair that caresses her swaying bum as she walks. I know I have seen her before. Gonzo is in love, but he has his cool well under control. She speaks ten words of English. He has mastered "*Bonswarr*." Jimmy is translating their love for them.

But we run out of time. It's 2am and the bar closes. Gonzo last sees her disappearing into the churning traffic on her Lambretta, a vision of brown thighs, black hair, snub nose beneath limpid eyes. Now I remember when I last saw her, in the city, an infant clinging to her back.

"Where are we going?" Gonzo slurs as he falls into the back of the car.

Jimmy is driving. We've emptied two champagne bottles of water down the Golf's gullet, but it could do with more. We are in a sea of brake lights, blinking indicators, horns honking like mating wild geese.

"Everything's under control," Jimmy lies. "Did you get her number?"

"Oh, Holy God, she is beautiful," Gonzo sighs. "I'm going to . . ." He falls inarticulate under her spell.

"Finished man," Jimmy says sadly. "Pistol shot in the toilet." He looks over at me. "Hey, how come you guys knocked the windshield out?"

"The car stank of fish-heads."

"You looked better without your specs, you know."

I shrug. "I couldn't see a fucken thing."

All the traffic, except Gonzo's vision of delight, who is heading home for the baby and the 3am feed, is moving towards the same parking lot. It's the Princess Heiata club. Fifty thousand locals and two tourists. We walk down a narrow chute. It feels subterranean. You have to buy booze tickets from a woman in a glass cage. The ground shakes with music. I wait for Mephistopheles to appear and offer me a deal I can't refuse. I lean on the wall and then realise it is a woofer. Now the whole mass of people is moving in dance.

Then I realise that there are no country music licks here. The drumming is pure island voodoo. The bass growls and pulses. The guitarist sits with his feet up on another chair. He doesn't move one unnecessary muscle. His hands flash and slide, cut and curl, slicing out music that would make J.J. Cale's hair stand on end. In the vocal chorus two members of the band start chanting on the off-beat. It's like a kick in the back. They dispense with words, melodies, beginnings and ends, turnarounds, and repeats. It's a growling sound above a thumping pulse, then a slicing guitar, hacking through the jungle. The drums begin to pound.

The crowd sways together, smiling bemusedly. Army crewcuts. Tahitian woolly locks. French moustaches. Gorgeous Tahitian women with intricate floral wreaths in their hair. Chic Frenchwomen with hungry eyes. A Western crowd of this size, this drunk, this late at night, would be in one open-ended, non-stop fight.

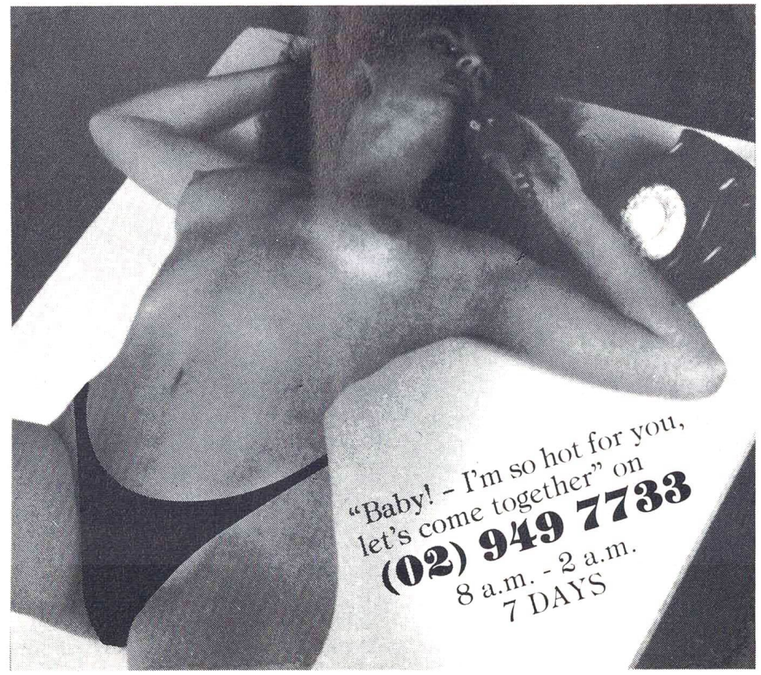
I dance with someone. Long black hair caresses me. She smiles and disappears into the crowd. Was she real? Gonzo is dancing, too. Grinning like the maniac he is. Jimmy has fallen asleep and the car keys have slid somewhere on to the floor.

Mephistopheles appears in the form of a giant black man.

He wears a black, blister pearl around his throat. He grins and holds up the fallen car keys to me. He watches as Gonzo and I lug the sleeping Jimmy through the crowd, which parts for us, not like the Red Sea, but like a crowd of sympathetic drunks seeing one of their number fall by the wayside.

Outside, the roosters are crowing. It is Sunday morning. We are scheduled to go and shoot the market. But we make it back to the pad and crash. The sun is coming up, hot and steaming. The island of Moorea glides on the western horizon, jagged peaks like a Chinese landscape painting, beautiful as a Tahitian girl. Gonzo has not scored, but he sleeps with a look of bemused contentment on his face, remembering the touch of a hand, the electric shimmer of hair against his flesh. Jimmy snores in the closet.

I put my head down and the first truck goes by and I hear it again. The thump of the electric bass, the rickety-tickety ukelele. It permeates sleep — the beat of Polynesia. For this, Fletcher Christian mutinied. He was a wise man.

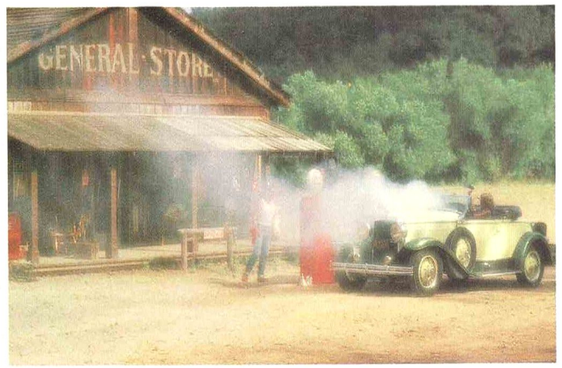


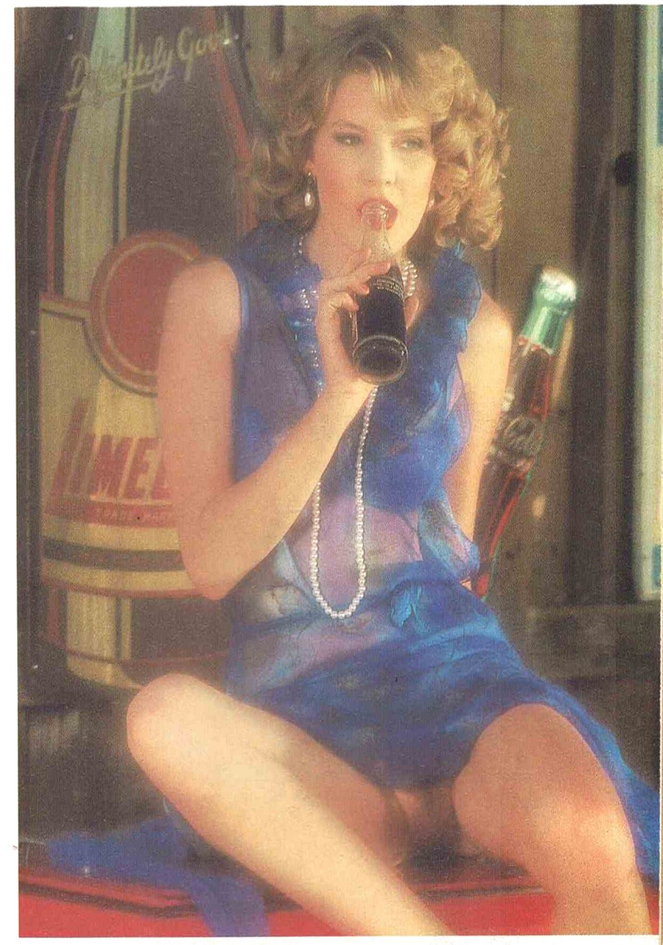
For sale. Fully furnished bachelor unit, built-in stereo, air cond., remote control security system, panoramic views.

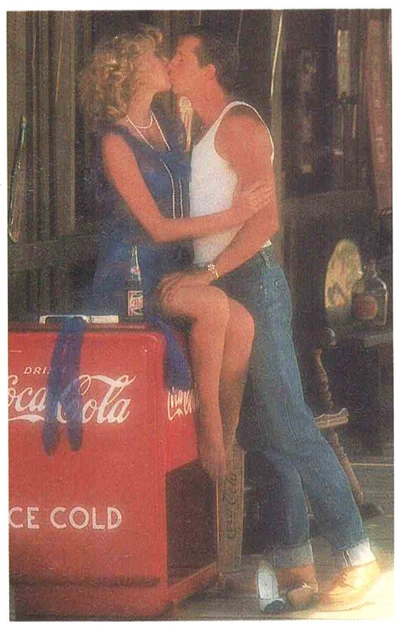
Fully optioned European luxury for under $21,000.* RENAULT FUEGO

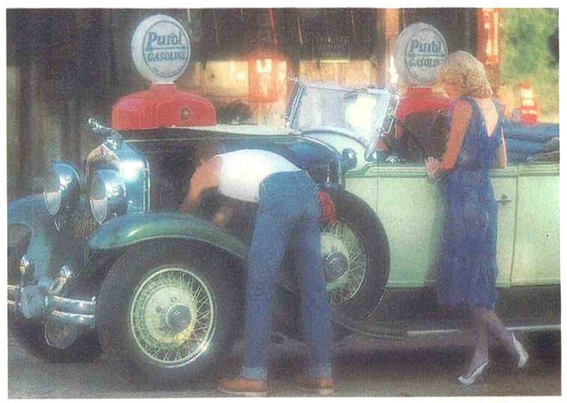
For your nearest Renault Dealer, please contact your State Distributor. NSW: LNC Distribution (02) 888 0222. VICTORIA: LNC Distribution (03) 791 5888. QUEENSLAND: Annand & Thompson (07) 399 0999. SOUTH AUSTRALIA: LNC Distribution. (08) 519222. WESTERN AUSTRALIA: Eurocars Pty. Ltd. (09) 367 6699. CANBERRA: Corin Motors (062) 80 4409. Or call toll-free 24 hours a day on 008 226 643. *Price as at 20/5/86 and does not include statutory and dealer charges. Renault Importers (A member of the LNC Group). MN&C/DDB REN4277/NAT

SERVICE STATION





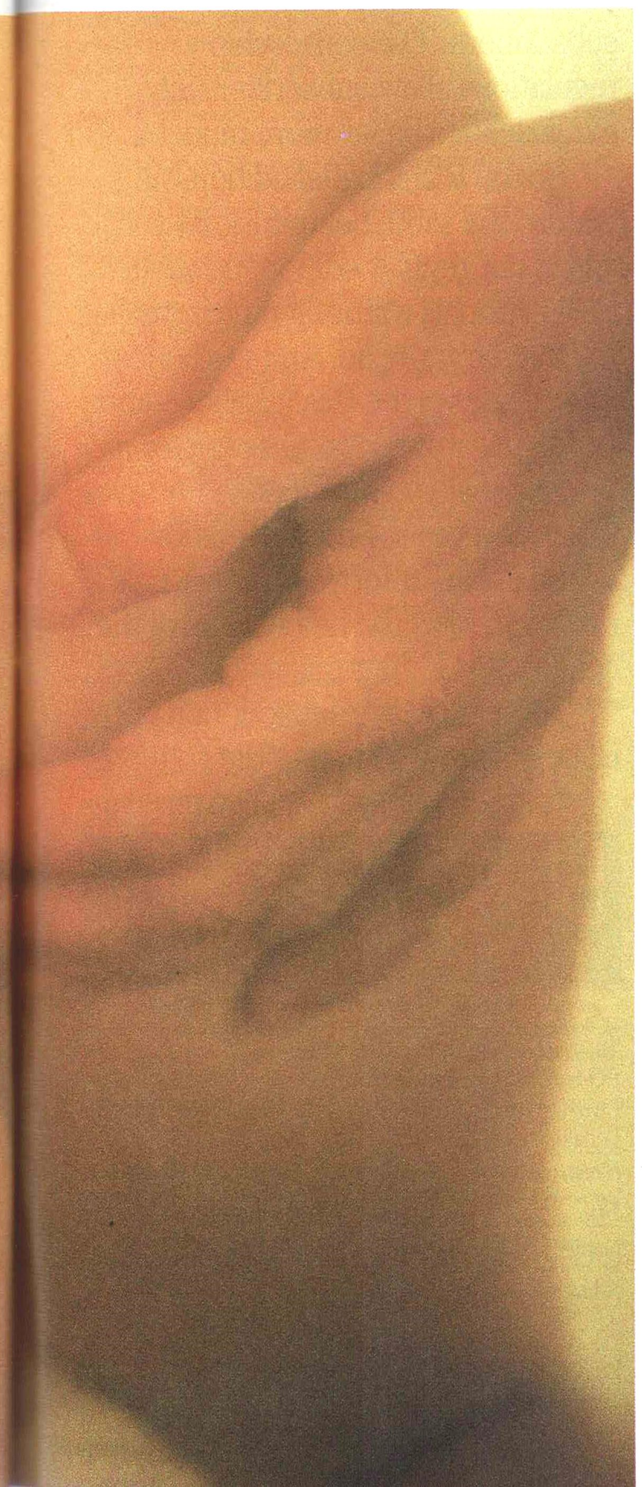




PHOTOGRAPHY BY STEPHEN HICKS AND ED HOLZMAN

This woman has a habit of driving things into the ground . . . "Excuse me, sir," she asks innocently. "My engine is overheating. Is there anything we can do to cool it down.?" "You know our motto: service with a smile," he tells her, straight-faced . . .

As he begins her service, checking out all moving parts, she admires the thoroughness of his approach to his trade. "What's that tool you're using now?" she asks. "I just thought I'd convert you to the idea of a four-on-the-floor," he tells her, engrossed in his work.

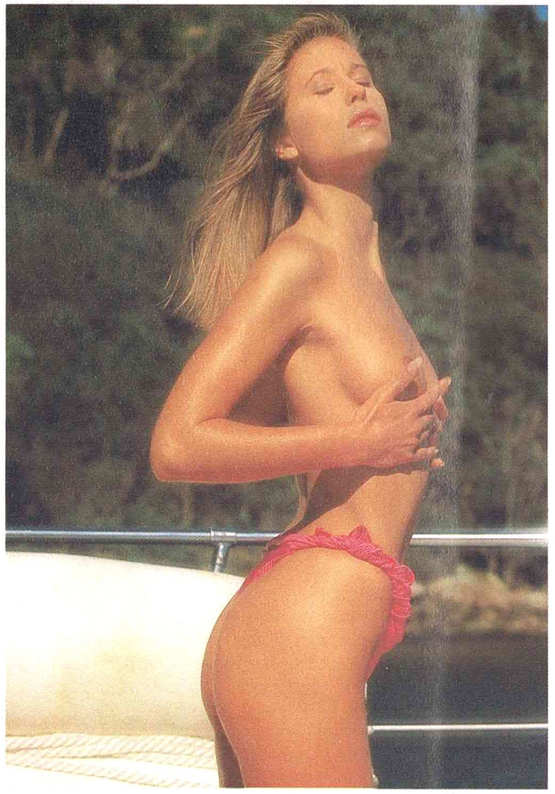


Believe us, the new *Penthouse Love Stories* video (which includes this tale) isn't exactly a mechanic's manual, but there are a few handy hints: "Whoops," he says. "Can you please apply the handbrake?" "I do that with the clutch, don't I?" she responds . . . Hmm, now you know why mechanics always take longer to fix things than they intend . . .

The new Black Label edition of Australian Penthouse picks up where this one leaves off.

While you may have thought Australian Penthouse's pictorial content was provocative, the fact is the degree of explicitness in our pictorials is restricted by censorship regulations.

Which is why the copy of Australian Penthouse you're reading now is not



as raunchy as you might like it.

However a much more daring edition of the magazine is now being printed each month.

It's our Black Label edition and it's sold only through the mail to subscribers. The censorship regulations allow subscriber-only magazines to be far more raunchy.

So the Black Label edition will feature the same beautiful girls you'll find in our regular edition, however their pictorials will be far more revealing.

Far, far more so. And as a bonus, most issues of the Black Label edition will also feature a "couples" pictorial.

And that you won't find in any form whatsoever in the regular edition.

So if you prefer your reading matter to miss the heavy hand of the censor, this is your magazine.

For a full year's subscription (12 issues) simply complete the coupon.

And see what you've been missing.

BLACK LABEL
EDITION

It picks up where Australian Penthouse leaves off.

To Australian Penthouse Magazine,
PO Box 32, Cammeray NSW 2062.
I wish to receive 12 issues of your Black Label edition.
I enclose a cheque/money order for $48.
Please debit my ☐ Bankcard, ☐ Amex, ☐ Diners
No. Expiry Date
Name
Address
Postcode
Signature

Allow 6 weeks for initial subscription copy. Offer applicable only in Australia and to persons over 18 years of age.

Jacka 1259

LOOSE ENDS

PINKE ZINKE IS A COMMIE PLOT

Illustration by Jim Mitchell

The first blowfly of the season called by the office yesterday to buzz around a few light fittings and bump into a few walls. A blue-arsed harbinger of the summer ahead, I thought, as much a symbol of beach weather as those light planes that buzz up and down the coastline on hot days trailing advertising banners for the benefit of the sun crowd. "A bloody nuisance," thought someone else aloud as he swatted the little blighter right alongside a framed poster of the Pet Of The Year. But even in death poor Louie conjured up images of the Australian summer.

It was a terrible wank, of course, this flight of fancy for the beach months. Frankly, I hate the beach, and passing years render me more incapable of understanding the national obsession with it. I used to like it, or at least I think I did. I spent a lot of time basking on the beach and frolicking in the surf when I was a nipper. So I've done my skin damage and I've learned my lesson. No-one's going to catch me on the beach while the sun's shining — not for a fear of cancer or wrinkles, but for a powerful loathing of the place. Let me explain this un-Australian attitude.

You wake up, and you see that it's a nice day for the beach so you go down there and see everyone else has had the same idea. You have to pick your way through a sea of flesh cooking in coconut oil, and it's not easy because the sand's so hot you can't take more than a couple of steps in any direction without having to stand on your towel. If you've got thongs on people call you an arsehole for flicking little loads of sand on them as you walk by. You find yourself a space with the dimensions of a palette in the morgue and you lie down on your "I Love Australia" towel.

Just when you've applied some suntan lotion some arsehole walks by flicking thongloads of sand on you. Then some pesky kids run by, squealing and giggling and kicking more sand. Then a group of Latin types start a game of beach soccer, making a lot of noise and kicking a lot of sand on you. Then someone's dog runs out of the surf, rolls in the sand and decides to have a shake right near you. Then the Latin types stop the soccer and turn their ghetto blaster up. And it's always disco music. Then a light plane flies by to make a bit more noise and confuse you by trailing an advertising banner that doesn't make the slightest bit of sense.

Around about now you feel like getting wet, trying to forget that everyone looks better in their swimming costume than you do. You pick your way through legions of ankle biters in Donald Duck swim donuts and stride purposely in, trying to avoid the weed and what look suspiciously like flecks of dunny paper. When you're out the back you start thinking about sharks. Your shadow looks like a shark, the shadows of the waves look like sharks and just when you've convinced yourself not to be so bloody stupid and that there hasn't been an attack in years, the shark alarm goes. The beach looks like it's about a mile away as you feverishly make your way back, thinking that the more you kick the more you'll grab the shark's attention.

Back on the beach you look for five minutes before you find your towel. People swear at you when you shake it out to dry yourself, and just when you've lain down you start feeling itchy and figure that you've been bitten by a blue bottle. You wait in a line of kids to have some calomine lotion slapped on you by some over-muscled, over-sunned and overcool lifesaver wearing mirrored shades and a pair of speedos pulled firmly up his crack. After this, but not as a result of this, you feel hungry.

The beach pub is out of the question, it's packed and there's not a snowball's chance in hell of getting a table outside. So you go to the shop and get aggressively jostled to get a pie and a soft drink.

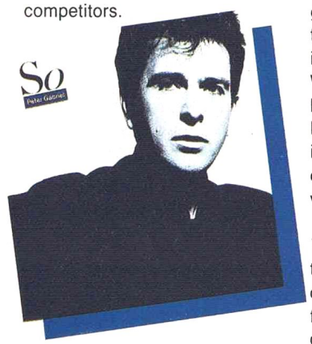
The afternoon is a replica of the morning, but there's even more people and all the waves are dumpers. They've moved the flags till they're about five metres apart because a rip has developed and you start regretting that you forgot the Aerogard and curse the crust of sand stuck around the neck of your suntan lotion. When the wind starts picking up people start leaving, giving you a bit more space, but leaving you an easy target for the pointy ends of runaway beach umbrellas. So you decide to go home but you can't do it immediately because you've got to leave your car open for 15 minutes before it's even near cool enough to get into. Then you have to sit on your towel and wrap your T-shirt around the steering wheel. At home you realise how burnt you've got and you resign yourself to a lousy night's sleep. So you start drinking.

Which is what you should have done in the first place. That's what I'll be doing this summer — drinking a lot of beer at home, far away from the crowds at the beach. I can see it now. Brilliant sunshine outside and me inside with a few cold ones. I'll probably be watching a lot of old Elvis Presley and Jerry Lewis movies. And occasionally, if I've got the energy, I may just get up and swat a few blowflies. — *C.J. Mackay*

SOUNDS

THE GENESIS EXODUS

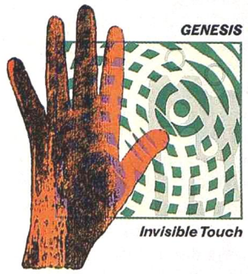
It's been three years since **Genesis** delivered any music under their corporate monniker. In the interim Phil Collins has achieved mega-person status and discovered that life as a solo artist can be a many Grammied thing. Why then another Genesis album, I hear you ask? The current trio of Collins, Mike Rutherford and Tony Banks have worked together well over a dozen years and, shock horror, they possibly still enjoy the process of making music together. *Invisible Touch* (Virgin) shows little development from the previous *Genesis*. There are a couple of strong pop songs like the title track and "In Too Deep" that would sit comfortably on a Collins disc. Yet the material shows the brush strokes of all three players as they jam before turning the collage of ideas into songs. Consequently they often take circuitous, doodling routes and are still not above the odd epic "Domino." Collins has the sometimes onerous task of having to find subjects to sing about using the collective's music as a backdrop. His old marital problems ("Throwing It All Away") and paternal doting ("Anything She Does") are mined as well as a sense of the world's more pressing problems ("Domino", "Land Of Confusion") — possibly a result of his working around Bob Geldof. Lumbered from the start with the tag "art rock" along with bands like Yes and ELP, they nevertheless have scored many more Top 40 spots than their immediate competitors.



Peter Gabriel, the original face and voice of Genesis, has also resurfaced after a few years with *So* (Virgin), his fifth solo disc. He's been responsible for many interesting textural innovations on past albums. Here he has gone for fairly simple arrangements with more than a dash of funk. The atmospheric tracks have many of his previous synth layers conspicuously absent and the voices pushed to the fore to communicate the emotions directly. It's definitely his most human (vulnerable) album as a result. The mood is often sombre as he tackles radiation fallout ("Red Rain") and other delights of the current age, like being without a home or work ("Don't Give Up" with Kate Bush) — but still manages a brave smile with "Sledgehammer" and "Big Time Success."

When Matt Finish reformed they were a bit of a doomed beast. They hadn't really come back with any killer songs, rather relying on their powerful and distinctive approach to feels centring on the core of Moffit's guitar and John Prior's drums. That chemistry is still in evidence on **Matt Moffit's** solo *As Little As A Look* (CBS), recorded after a lengthy sabbatical in London, where he teamed up and wrote with guitarist Pete Glenister. "Ocean Chimes" and "Heathen Kind" have a modicum of synths and what sounds like Fairlight percussion — as a departure from Moffit's former gung-ho guitarisms. He falls back on trying to hang a song on competent riffing in "Thursday", "Save Your Worry" and "BB's", though the latter does sport a flash of scat and Dire Straits twang. Moffit's voice is in fine form throughout — a re-entry with an understated vengeance.

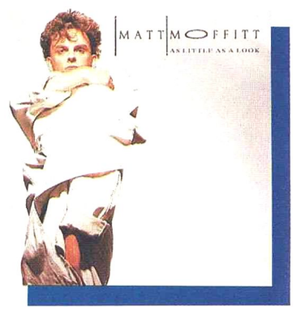
The **Venetians** are *Calling In The Lions* (Parole) for their round-two disc. It hasn't got the feeling of a posthumous release that their first album had and they do accomplish a well balanced modern radio sound of the rock kind. Keyboards and guitars complement simple strong feels but the most memorable sections are the chorus lines beefed up by female backing vocals on "Stay" and "Inspiration." The latter has an unwitting parody of their malaise: "*Inspiration, La la la la la la.*" All suggestions gratefully accepted by the band.



The **Pet Shop Boys** aim to *Please* (EMI) on their debut and it's comforting to know the leasehold on New Age disco machinery has passed to capable hands. This duo aim to marry tacky Euro beats with poet laureate sentiments. The pop/disco pull is strongest but they manage flashes of lyrical humor in "Opportunities" ("*I've got the brains, you've got the looks, let's make lots of money*"). Continuing in part the legacy of Heaven 17 and Blancmange, they still manage a ballad ("Later Tonight") and an honest banality in "I Want A Lover."

Others to have renewed their lease on disco are **Bronski Beat** with *Truth Dare, Double Dare* (London). The album follows the blueprint of their initial piece of *Forbidden Fruit* to the letter except for the vital absence of Jimmy Sommerville's vocals. The singles are as tongue-in-cheek as the Village People's were but the rest of the album has the Bronski feet firmly planted on their gay soap box. Sommerville sometimes succeeded in turning a song of gay persecution into a moving personal statement, but new voice John Jon sounds to be merely having a whinge at being kept at home till 21 (the English legal age of homosexual consent) by an unloving mum and dad. The songs go straight from gratuitous, no frills sex ("Do It") to the AIDS spectre ("Dr John"), most to the tune of busy, fiddly sequencers. As exciting as most party political broadcasts.

The brilliance of **Roxy Music** and **Bryan Ferry** solo projects makes *Street Life, 20 Great Hits* (EG) from the years 1972-85 a must. — *Jeremy Cook*



Clockwise from top: Genesis possibly enjoy making music together; Pet Shop Boys make capable disco; Matt Moffitt departs from gung-ho guitarisms; Peter Gabriel at his most human.

FILM

AH SO! KING REAR

After viewing Akira Kurosawa's epic film **Ran** I hopped a cab home from Sydney's mammoth Hoyts Entertainment Centre. The cabbie, a friendly young bloke who liked a chat, asked me what film I had been to see, as friendly cabbies usually do.

I told him it was a Japanese film and before I could get any further he leapt in excitedly with: "I really like those Japanese films, especially the ones with monsters in them like Godzilla, Gamera and Mothra."

I explained that it wasn't that sort of Japanese film. It was set in feudal times and it was all about an old warlord who relinquishes his power to his oldest son only to see vicious struggles erupt to tear apart the kingdom he's spent all his life uniting.

"So it's a ninja film?" asked the driver.

I had to let him down again. No ninjas, no star-knives, no Tombei The Mist, no-one disappearing into the walls. "But there's a lot of fighting and bloodshed," I tried, hoping to kindle a little interest. "When the warlord's sons muster their armies the result is wholesale slaughter. There's a cast of thousands and all the war scenes are spectacular." I thought I had him.

"Yeah? Is it dubbed?"

"No, it's got subtitles."

"Oh, I can't stand subtitles. Can't read 'em fast enough."

We spent the rest of the trip talking about Astro Boy and Dr Elephant.

Rather a shame that he should miss *Ran*, though there will be no shortage of punters queuing up to take his place and be swept up in the sheer scale of one of the mightiest films to come along in a while. The film's storyline dates from 16th Century England, but in Kurosawa's hands it becomes a vehicle for the particularly Japanese ability to juxtapose exquisite beauty and serenity with excruciating violence.

Kurosawa has freely adapted Shakespeare's *King Lear* for *Ran*, taking the essence of that tragedy of misinterpreted love, sibling rivalry, passion for power and revenge.

The result is a film that is at once theatre and breathtaking big screen spectacle. And it's got subtitles.

A very different kettle of fish — and none of them raw — comes from Australian husband and wife team David Parker and Nadia Tass in the form of **Malcolm**. This is a rare species — an Australian comedy that's honest to goodness funny. Never really pants-pissingly funny, but rather heartwarmingly and delightfully so, from its happy opening sequences through its ups and downs to its happy ending.

Colin Friels plays Malcolm, a mechanical genius who hasn't got his social act together — to say the least. He barely ever talks to anyone and he crosses the road rather than walk past on the footpath. When he gets sacked from his job at the tramways for making his own little tram the lady at his corner shop suggests that he take in a boarder to help pay for food.

Enter Frank (John Hargreaves), a tattooed tough fresh from a prison sentence for break and enter. He immediately sizes Malcolm up as a cretin and wastes no time in installing his blowsy girlfriend Judith (Lindy Davies) and getting on with knocking over warehouses. As the three get to know one another through a series of funny and bittersweet incidents, Malcolm decides that he wants to be a bank robber too. Then, using Malcolm's mechanical genius, Frank's criminal mind and a level-headed female touch from Judith, a robbery is planned and executed that makes The Great Bookie Robbery look like a bunch of amateurs knocking over a lolly shop . . .

A sensitive script is matched by fine playing by the three central characters. The interaction makes for a film that is at times very touching and at times very funny. This is a first-up effort from Parker (co-producer, scriptwriter and cinematographer) and Tass (director and co-producer). More, please.

Quickies. There used to be eight million stories in the Naked City. Director Hal Ashby puts a twist on that with **Eight Million Ways To Die**, but fails to deliver more than a couple of ways to snuff it. Or sniff it or stuff it. This film's about an alcoholic ex-cop delving into the world of cocaine and prostitution. Stars Jeff Bridges, Rosanna Arquette and most interesting newcomer Andy Garcia. Slick and sleazy.

Nasty venereal diseases aren't the only dangers of one-night stands. Full blown relationships, with all their responsibilities, have to start somewhere. **"About Last Night . . ."** traces the results of a wild roll in the sack through a year-long relationship, and does it in an easy-to-relate-to manner with a lot of laughs besides. Stars pretty Rob Lowe, gorgeous Demi Moore and very funny Jim Belushi. Recommended for anyone considering moving in with their girlfriend. — *C.J. Mackay*

From the top: Scene from Akira Kurosawa's Ran; Demi Moore and Rob Lowe engage in good clean fun in "About Last Night . . ."; Colin Friels plays the title role in Malcolm.

WIN THE LATEST PENTHOUSE VIDEO

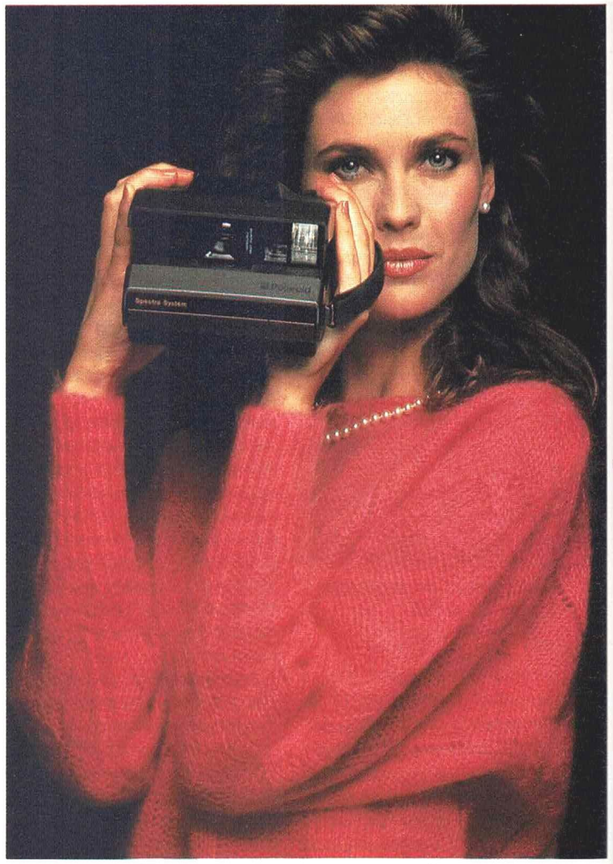
The latest Penthouse video is just about to hit the video shops and we've got eight to give away to readers. If you caught the first video, *The Girls Of Penthouse*, released in Australia last year, you'll know that it broke new ground in erotic entertainment for both men and women. The new one, *Love Stories*, will blow you and your wife or girlfriend away.

Love Stories is not an X-rated film. It is an exquisitely cinematographed erotic video featuring gorgeous couples playing out their sexual fantasies. Subscribers to *Penthouse* will have seen a preview of *Love Stories* in this month's couples pictorial entitled Service Station. Those who don't subscribe will have to hire or buy this Vestron video when it reaches the stores. Or maybe they'd like the chance to win one of the copies we're giving away this month.

To win a copy of the *Penthouse* video *Love Stories* simply write and tell us the name of the pictorial that previews the video in the subscribers' Black Label edition of *Australian Penthouse*. Be sure to include your name and address and your video format — VHS or Beta. Address your entries to *Penthouse* Video Competition, Loose Ends, PO Box 42, Cammeray NSW 2062. The first eight correct entries drawn will win. Prizes will be posted and winners' names will appear in a forthcoming *Penthouse* Loose Ends section.

PUT ON THE RITZ

If you're blue, and you don't happen to know where to go to buy that special someone the right gift this summer, why not check out your local Sunoroid stockist for the Ritz collection of sunnies. Makes any woman feel super-dooper — just ask Aussie popper Lisa Bade (pictured).



INSTANT WINNER

Since the introduction of Polaroid's first instant camera in 1948, its name has been synonymous with photographic breakthroughs. And now it's done it again with the Polaroid Spectra System. The Spectra produces instant shots rivalling the color quality of 35mm equipment. As well, the camera has an even more comfortable feel to it, and produces large, rectangular shots — along with a host of user-friendly, hi-tech extras. Well worth checking out.

TANNING YOUR HIDE

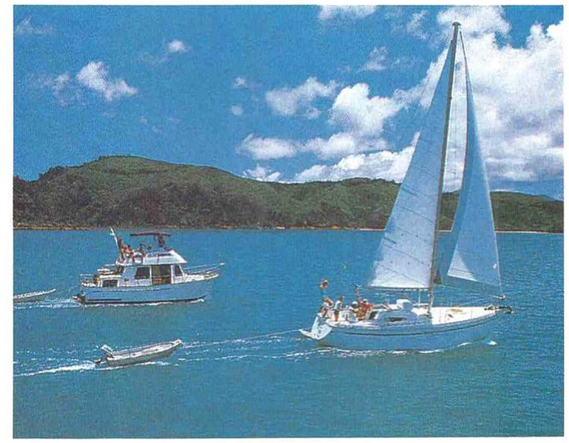
While most sunlovers want to tan as quickly and deeply as possible, they often end up sore, sorry and sunburnt by trying to get their tan all in one day. Juvena Pre-Sun Activator, containing the melanin producing ingredient Biomelangogen, prepares the skin for the sun so you need far less time to get a good tan. Applied for one or two weeks before going out in the sun, it will protect fair-skinned types and will contribute to a richer tone in tanned complexions. It's not a suntan lotion, but the first step to a great tan. Juvena's complete range of suntanning, protection and after sun products are available nationally at selected pharmacies and department stores.

ABOUT FACE

Ever been busted by your girlfriend/wife nicking dobs of her skin care products? To avoid such ugly scenes, Clinique have launched a range so that fellas, too, can have their very own skin regimen. They're in ''masculine'' grey flasks, elegant and portable — gear ranging from ''scruffing lotions'' (not as exciting as the name suggests) to Non-Streak Bronzer for instant tans. And being totally macho, they are all allergy tested and 100 percent fragrance free.

SAIL AWAY

What's the best way to escape the America's Cup hype? Go sailing at the direct opposite end of the country. Whitsunday Rent-A-Yacht gives the chance for just that, either skippering your own clipper or onboard a crewed yacht. *This* is what sailing's all about . . .



CROC AROUND THE CLOCK

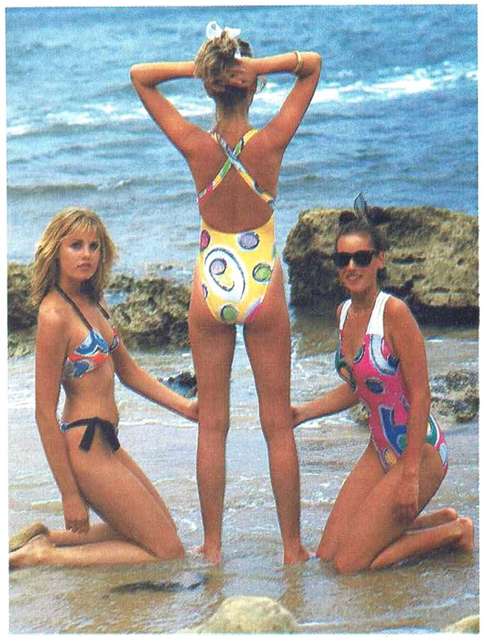
You'd never catch Crocodile Dundee wearing the stuff, but Lacoste fragrance — with its famous laughing crocodile motif — appears to be taking off in more civilised circles. The fragrance range has just arrived in Australia courtesy of that French sportswear house that conquered the left pectorals of the male population a couple of years back. The collection is distinctive for its light minty scent, which appeals to sophisticated sporty types and never overwhelms. Prices range from $14.50 for 100 gram soap to $54 for 100 ml eau de toilette spray.

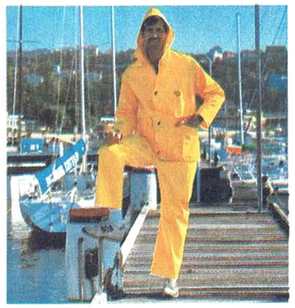
SURF 'N' SKI

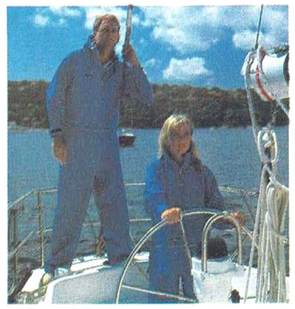
Ski boards are a new, all-Australian concept in water-sports combining the fun factors in surfing and waterskiing. Modern plastics technology has been applied to McSki's seamless hull construction with safety in mind. What used to be known as freeboarding when riding a surfboard is now taken to a level of high performance — a great thought for coming summer fun. Ring Ski Boards Australia on (02) 997 7526 to find out more.

SUMMER SIZZLERS

We've never needed much of an excuse to run pictures like this one showing a selection from the Summer '86 swimwear range from Sablon. If you're looking for gift ideas for summer sweethearts you'll find these cossies in selected department stores and swimwear shops from October. If you just like looking, you'll find them on Australian beaches when things start hotting up.





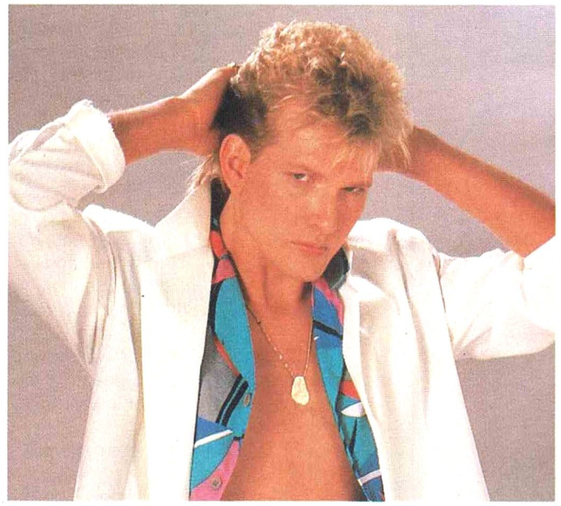


SWELL IDEA

If the Indian Ocean becomes troubled water during the coming semi-religious zealotry off Fremantle, we're all likely to see the men of the cloth donned out in the latest foul-weather gear — in a variety of cloths. Taft produce a range of materials — from Gortex (a microporous membrane insert which breathes) to the standard PVC — in a great range of colors guaranteed to beat the sting of salt spray and squalls. Whether you're into blue water bravado or the scream of the reel, they're sure to last at least until the next America's Cup challenge. (Prediction: they'll come in extra handy in the chill weather off Auckland in 1992 — you read it here first . . .)

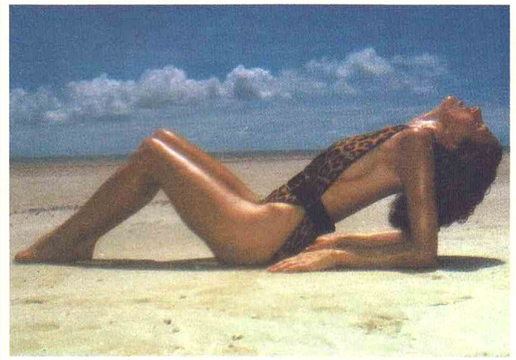
MANE MAINTENANCE

The Czar Collection from Redken has been designed especially for men's hair needs. The latest addition to the range is Czar Daily Maintenance Shampoo, a highly concentrated product to be used frequently to keep the scalp clean and refreshed without stripping the essential oils that give healthy hair its lustre. Daily Maintenance Shampoo (354 ml for $12) along with other products in the Czar range is available nationally through hairdressers.



KEEP YOUR HEAD

This writer actually gave up the ghost on his cricketing career when the young, fierce Lillee clones started zinging balls relentlessly around his ears — I had better things to do than worry about wired jaws and dentures. All that's changed, anyway. C&D Sporting Helmets, a Sydney company, supply all the Test and state players, and many clubs, with their protective headgear, as well as helmets for footy, cycling, waterskiing, horseriding, and more. Ring them on (02) 698 8344. (If only they had them in *my* day . . .)



PENTHOUSE POLAROID PHOTO COMPETITION

Feel the heat! Brett Mooney and Jasmin Whiteman invaded Australia's far north to come up with this month's Polaroid winner. Brett, of Fannie Bay in the Territory, and Jasmin, a Darwin waitress, captured a fine perspective to win for themselves the choice of either the Polaroid Sun 670 AutoFocus QS camera or the 35mm Auto Process System — an ingenious device which lets you develop your own slides at home.

We're keen to see any samples of imaginative and unusual photo-art. They can be on any film — but we'd particularly like to reward originality in the view of the female form.

Think you can better Brett and Jasmin's effort? Just post off your shots with the coupon below attached and you can be in the running.

Please fill in this confidential form and return with your entry to: *Australian Penthouse*, PO Box 42, Cammeray 2062.

Name of photographer: _____

Address of photographer: _____

_____ Telephone number of photographer: _____

Name of subject: _____ Telephone number of subject: _____

I (the subject) . . . . . of . . . . . am aware that my photograph has been submitted as an entry in the Polaroid SLR 680 competition. If my entry should win, I have no objection to it being published in *Australian Penthouse*. I am 18 years old or over.

Signature of subject: . . . . . Date . . . . . .

Signature of witness: . . . . . Date . . . . . .

Brisbane's Jennine Caiphness

COMING IN NOVEMBER AUSTRALIAN PENTHOUSE

Reefer Madness — In Part I of a series on the conservative backlash in Australian society, *Penthouse* looks at recent developments in marijuana law which have made Australia one of the most rabid anti-dope countries in the Western world. This article exposes the hypocrisy, puritanical ignorance and political gutlessness of the proponents of pot prohibition.

All In The Family — Domestic disputes in Australia frequently erupt into multiple murder suicides. More than 30 people died in the first six months of this year in a spate of family killings. What's the problem? Many people blame a Family Court system which creates legal battles of astonishing vindictiveness and complexity. *Penthouse* profiles an organisation aimed at ending the tragedy and injustice of divorce Australian style.

Heart To Hartwig — Lindsay Hartwig is the only independent member of the Queensland Parliament. Unencumbered by the restrictions of party politics, he's in an excellent position to offer qualified and candid opinions on politics in the Sunshine State. His acid comments on the eve of the Queensland elections will leave red faces on both sides of the political fence.

Snow White And The Seven Minority Groups — In this hilarious fractured fairy-tale, Snow White is a modern girl with a social conscience, the seven dwarves have some serious problems and no-one lives happily ever after.

Pet Of The Month — Brisbane's Jennine Caiphness may well share a fairly typical lust for good times with other 18-year-olds, but there's nothing typical or average about her pictorial spread in November *Penthouse*. Catch her act.

CURRENCY

Continued from page 43

privately employed by the Singapore government."

"You see," he continued, "all the tax-squandering, self-important agencies and commissions in America and Italy — they can never, they will never, succeed. The only hope" — he slammed his hand down, then lowered his voice just as suddenly — "and it is perhaps not a pretty thing to say" — he smiled — "is to change the drug laws, to legalise heroin, to destroy the source of wealth that fuels the furnaces, before it is too late.

"But no, they continue with their meaningless, sensational arrests, far from the furnaces' heat. And all the young prosecutors are celebrated by the press, and in that way they build their careers. And the dirty billions stay in the hands of those untouchable men who use them to buy death and stoke the furnaces of their power."

The moments of daylight were dwindling. The face of a guard appeared at the small pane in the chamber's wall, then, turning, vanished.

"How did you learn of these systems?" I asked.

"Like everything else I know" — he tapped his index finger to his silvered temple, winking — "it began with those Latin lessons. *Homo sum: humani nihil a me alienum puto, no?*" He was smiling, but his voice was grave. "I bought and sold my share of this world." His eyes passed over the scar that crossed the veins of his left wrist.

"I have been around a long time," he said. "Perhaps too long."

I asked him then if he had ever used the systems of which he spoke.

"Yes," he said. "I used them to transmute the taxable profits of some of my clients. It was not for nothing" — he grinned — "that I had the most successful tax-law firm in Italy.

"You see, until 1972, tax evasion in Italy was punishable only under the civil code. The penalties one risked were generally only fines. But in 1972 tax evasion became subject to the penal code. And so, in 1972, I closed my practice.

"Never," he said, "did I launder dirty money. Never," he said, "did I lie down with the Mafia. Not until after my career was destroyed did I ever even meet any of those men. And never, despite their greatest efforts, blackmails, and dreams, have the prosecutors here or in America been able to produce one mafioso to say otherwise. In all their wiretaps, not once have they ever heard the name of Michele Sindona mentioned." His voice had risen excitedly.

Now it lightened. "Their truth and justice" — he smiled — "are not too unlike the Mafia's honor." ○┼

KENWOOD

SYSTEM STEREO
Concert Master Ⅳ
SYSTEM 1500
■KD-65F (B) Linear-Tracking Direct-Drive Automatic Turntable ■KM-105 (B) Stereo Power Amplifier: 125 watts per channel RMS ■KC-105 (B) Control Amplifier with Graphic Equalizer ■KT-75 (B) Digital Tuner with 2-Programme System Timer ■KX-75R (B) Auto-Reverse Cassette Deck with Dolby* B/C NR
Options: ■SC-75 (B) Surround Sound Processor ■RC-95 System Remote Controller ■GE-75 (B) Equalizer/Reverberation Amp ■DP-850 (B) Programmable Compact Disc Player ■LS-P5000D 250W Super Bass Radiator System ■S-3S 60W Rear Surround Speakers ■SRC-40H Deluxe System Cabinet
*Trademark of Dolby Laboratories Licencing Corp.

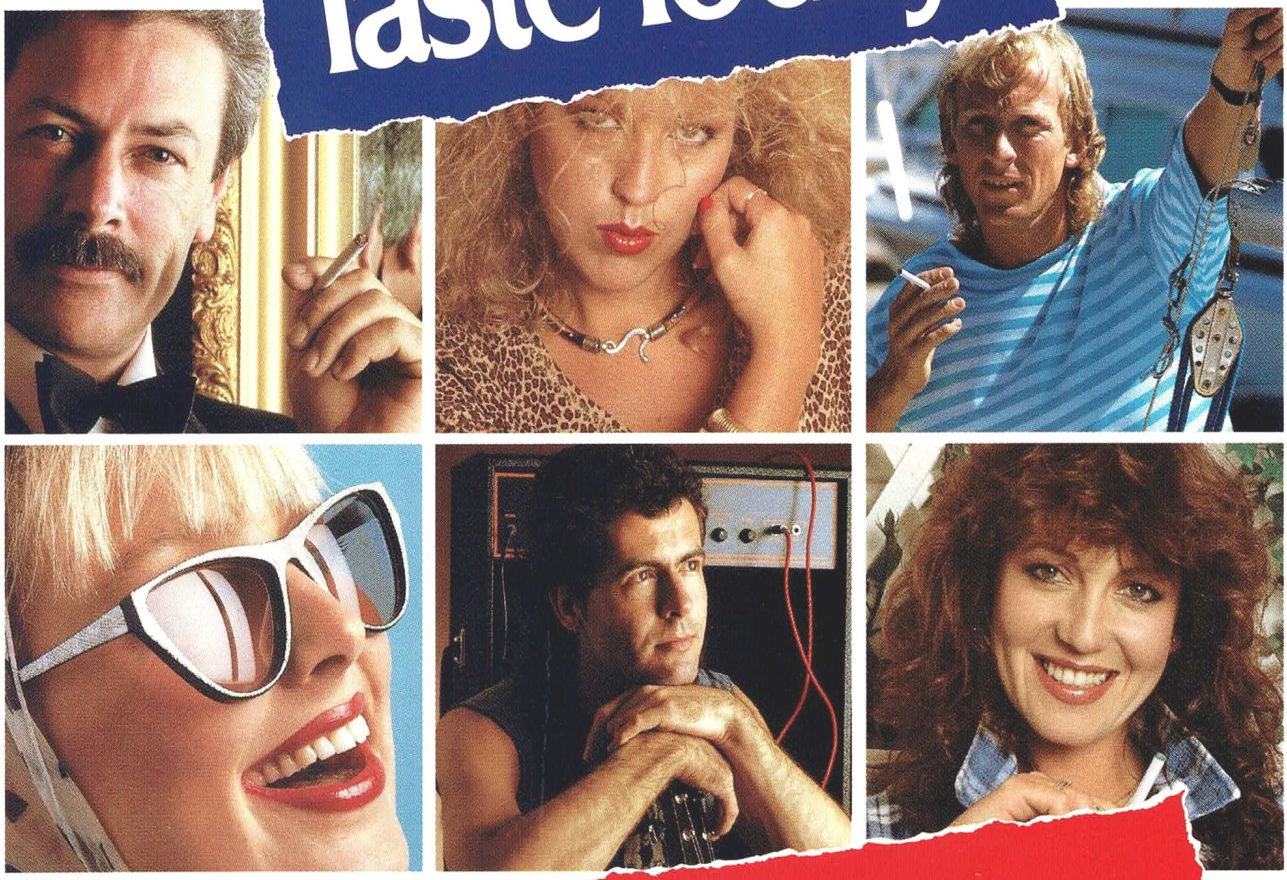
So Much Music!

You'll never believe the System 1500 can give you so much sheer pleasure. All the grandeur and emotion, all the dynamics and subtlety written into the music can be yours. Provided by some of the most talented and experienced specialist engineers in the audio world!

The System 1500 also offers you computerized electronic operation. And you can easily expand it with our optional components. Its separate power amplifier reproduces compact discs to perfection. And it's ready to give you top-quality video sound. So much for so little effort!

KENWOOD CORPORATION Shionogi Shibuya Building, 17-5, 2-chome Shibuya, Shibuya-ku, Tokyo 150, Japan
KENWOOD ELECTRONICS AUSTRALIA PTY. LTD. (INCORPORATED IN N.S.W.) 4E Woodcock Place, Lane Cove, N.S.W. 2066, Australia

Taste Today!



New Superlights™

Not strong, not too weak –just right for today's tastes.

™ Trademark of Philip Morris Inc. New York, U.S.A.

APB1118-C LBV 8245 PML